



# MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

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# MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

September to December, 1875.

## THE GREAT WARS OF INDIA.

### IX. THE INVASION OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

B. C. 332 TO 325.

AFTER the overthrow of the Persian Empire, Alexander, indulging in dreams of universal dominion, advanced towards India, which he believed to be the extremity of the earth. His army at the outset consisted only of 30,000 foot and 5,000 horse; but these represented the flower of the warriors of Greece especially selected to avenge her wrongs on Persia, and their number was afterwards considerably increased by the additions made to them out of the turbulent races which were subdued. The total army brought against India is estimated at 120,000 men. The onward march of the invader was first opposed by some of the frontier tribes known by the now undistinguishable names of the Aspîi, Thyraîi, and Arasaci. He had next to fight the Assaceni, whose capital, Massaga, did not surrender without a vigorous defence in which Alexander himself was wounded; and he was considerably surprised at a display of valor which he had not expected. He had next to reduce the important out-posts of Bazirâ, Orobantes, Ecbolina, and Aornus, the last a rock-crowned fortress reputed to have baffled even the efforts of Hercules; and it was not till all these conquests were effected that the Macedonians found an open passage to the banks of the Indus.

The first country arrived at was Taxila, the kingdom of Taxilus, which lay between the Indus and the Jhelum; but the king of it offering no resistance, Alexander gave him a favorable reception. The case was different with Astes, the king of Peuceilaotes, which lay between the Indus and the Cophen, or Cow river, who, having endeavoured to oppose the Macedonians, was slain, and his capital taken after a siege of thirty days, and given over to one Saugæus, a native nobleman not friendly to the house of Astes. The passage of Alexander inwards was rendered facile mainly by this disunion among the native princes, one of the peculiar traits of their character from the remotest times. The sole cause of the easy submission of Taxilus is said to have been his enmity to Porus, or Pauráva, whose territory lay between the Jhelum and the Chenáb, who was preparing to oppose the Greeks, but had two internal enemies to watch over, namely, Taxilus on one side, and Porus the younger, his own nephew, on the other. The other princes who submitted were Abisarus and Dioxoreas, the first of whom is said to have possessed two dragons, one 80 and the other 140 cubits long, which guarded his mountainous country naturally difficult of access.

The demand of Alexander calling upon Porus to submit and pay tribute received the high-minded reply that he, Porus, was not accustomed either to acknowledge a victor or to pay tribute, and that if Alexander wanted to fight with him he would meet him on his frontier, as befitted the position of both, in arms. Alexander received the challenge with pleasure; and Porus, true to his vaunt, guarded the passage of the Jhelum at the head of an army, consisting of 30,000 foot, 7000 horse, 300 armed chariots, and 200 elephants. The stake on either side was great, the ardour for glory on both nearly equal; but, while Porus and his men trusted to valor only for success, Alexander perceived that his surest chance of victory depended on judicious *manœuvre*. To attempt to cross an impetuous river before a foe so daring was soon understood by him to be hopeless. He therefore waited on the bank with appa-

rent indifference, till Porus was thrown off his guard, and then, taking advantage of a tremendous thunderstorm, crossed over when Porus little expected that he would venture to do so. The Hindu army was thus taken entirely by surprise, but still showed better fight than Alexander had anywhere encountered. The first to turn out was a son of Porus at the head of 2,000 men, almost all of whom, including the prince, were cut up. This drew forth the veteran hero himself, at the head of his whole army, consisting upwards of 34,000 men, while the force which had crossed over with Alexander was only 11,000 strong; with this difference that the strength of Porus lay in his infantry, while that of Alexander lay entirely in his cavalry. The Indian horse nevertheless broke through and penetrated the centre of the Macedonian army, giving proof of an intrepidity which Alexander was totally unprepared for; and the issue of the battle might have been very different from what it was but for an unanticipated occurrence. The arm on which Porus had chiefly depended for success was his elephant corps, and this effectually contributed to his defeat. The main efforts of the Greeks were directed to frightening the elephants, and in this they succeeded so well that the foot soldiers of the Indian king, who were crowded around the elephants, were broken through and actually trampled over by the animals they themselves had brought to the field. The tumult and confusion thus created forced a precipitate retreat; but Porus still fought with a valor that commanded admiration and respect. Foiled on every side he yet persisted in continuing the war; till Alexander sent to him his bosom-friend Meroc, by whom he was induced to submit to fortune and the generosity of a victor who was not vindictive when his passions were not inflamed. Alexander, won by his valor, treated his opponent with unusual liberality. He felt the natural delight of a conqueror who had vanquished one worthy of his arms. Porus was at once restored to liberty, and a free gift made to him of his kingdom, which was largely extended by the addition of the several provinces which Alexander had taken

from others, Alexander contenting himself by erecting two cities in commemoration of his triumph, one of which was consecrated to the memory of (Peritas) a dog, and the other to that of (Bucephalus) a horse !

The invader next crossed the Chenáb, to occupy the country of Porus the younger, who, deserting his throne, fled for his life. Alexander then passed the Ravee, on the eastern bank of which he found a formidable enemy in the three confederated tribes of the Cathæi, Oxydracæ, and Malli, against whom he was obliged to bring the entire force of his army. The Cathæi, understood to be the same as the Kshetriyas, offered him the most vigorous opposition, but were eventually defeated, and their capital, Sangala, taken by storm, 17,000 men being killed and 70,000 taken prisoners. The success of the invader spread terror through the adjacent places, a good many of which were abandoned, the people flying to the mountains for shelter, while all who could not do so—the aged, the wounded, and the infirm—were barbarously butchered by the Macedonians, on the plea that no second Sangala might arise behind them.

Inflamed with these successes, Alexander crossed the Beyah, burning to approach the Ganges and meet the Práchi and the Gángárides, whose king, Agrammes, (Mahánanda) was said to be preparing to meet him with an army far more numerous than any he had yet encountered, and whose country was described to him as being the the richest in India. But his troops refused to go further. The battles with Porus and the Cathæi had taken off the edge of their courage, and they heard with dismay of the mighty preparations which were being made by Agrammes to receive them, it being reported that he had already assembled an army of 200,000 foot, 80,000 horse, 2,000 fighting chariots, and 3,000 fighting elephants. The rage and indignation of Alexander at their obstinacy knew no bounds ; but he covered both and tried to win them over by re-awakening their minds to ambition. "Have you forgotten," he exclaimed, "the armies of "Darius, the uncounted millions who perished before us "at Issus and in the defiles of Cilicia, the myriads who

“ vainly opposed us on the plains of Arbela? Are the Gángárides a braver and hardier race than those you have conquered in the Bactrian hills, or those who drenched with blood the Sogdian plain, or those who precipitated themselves before you down the rocky steeps of Aornus? \* \* \* Does the broad and rapid Ganges fill you with dismay? Have you not crossed the unfathomable deep itself? Or is it less safe to pass a wide and majestic river, flowing on with an even though rapid course, than an impetuous current like the Hydaspes (Jhelum), or a stream foaming over a rocky bed like the Acesines (Chenáb )” But all his exhortations and elocution were of no avail. They were received by the soldiers without response or applause, in silence more expressive than words; and Alexander, submitting to circumstances, was compelled to abandon an enterprise from which even his most favorite generals agreed in dissuading him. The Hyphasis or Sutledge was the extreme limit of his progress in India, and he built on the banks of it twelve altars of hewn stone, fifty cubits high, as standing memorials of his triumph, before he returned.

In retreating backwards from the Sutledge, Alexander had again to fight the Oxydracæ and the Malli, who, subdued before, had re-assembled to obstruct the return of his army. But Alexander, by marching through a desert country with great rapidity, was able to pierce into the very heart of the kingdom of the Malli unawares, and to reduce them, which so disconcerted the Oxydracæ that they also sent deputies to tender their submission. He then conquered several other mountain races, captured and crucified one Musicanus, who had revolted after having submitted to him, and similarly punished a large number of Bráhmans who had instigated the revolt.

The further course of Alexander does not require to be followed. After a short excursion to the mouths of the Indus, he reduced the Oritæ (the Beloochees of modern times), and then quitted India by the way of Gedrosia (Mekran), by crossing the desert, to Persia. His expedition to India partook more of the character of a



raid than a conquest. The progress of his arms was rapid ; but all the countries subdued re-asserted their independence the moment his back was turned on them. What his invasion was chiefly characterised by was its unmitigated barbarity. The ravages and massacres he committed, the barbarous treatment the people suffered from him in many places, exhibit his character in the worst light. But the Indians had mainly themselves to blame for what they suffered. Alexander would probably never have been able to make any impression against them if they had united their forces to resist him.

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#### X.—THE SEQUEL OF ALEXANDER'S EXPEDITION.

B. C. 323 TO 310.

NANDA, the king of Magadha or Práchi, was killed by his minister, Sácátara, who had an intrigue with one of his wives named Mura. He was succeeded by his nine sons by his first wife, Ratnávatí, all of whom are also called Nandas by some authorities, and by others Sumalyadicas ; but Chandra-gupta, the son of Mura, who had always an eye to the throne, and who in his youth had proceeded to Alexander's camp with a view to induce him to push on his conquests to the Ganges, applied to Parvateswara, king of Nepal, for assistance against his step-brothers and opposed the rule of the Sumalyadicas with a formidable army consisting of Nepalese, Greeks, and Scythians. The army of the Sumalyadicas, though equally large, was defeated after a great battle which ended with dreadful carnage. All the Sumalyadicas being destroyed in this battle, Chandra-gupta was firmly established on the throne, and in the true spirit of a Bengali turned round upon his allies as soon as he was able to do so, and drove them away. The king of Nepal, who had been promised one half of the kingdom of Práchi, being unable to enforce his claim, returned to his mountains meditating vengeance, but was soon after murdered by an assassin whom he himself had engaged to destroy

Chandra-gupta. The Scythians were also sent back ; but they did not resent this, as they led a predatory life and returned home loaded with booty. The Greeks, or Javanas, were the only foreigners retained by Chandra-gupta in his pay. He kept them simply to over-awe his native enemies, till he could conciliate their favour ; but he did not the less oppose the establishment of any permanent footing in India by the Greeks. To this end he subsequently collected a large native army with which he drove out the Greek garrisons from all the fortresses occupied by them, and thus finally delivered the country from the Macedonian yoke.

This was the state of India when Seleucus Nicator, who succeeded Alexander as king of Persia, endeavoured to emulate his conquests, and appeared with an immense army on the banks of the Indus. His ardour was considerably cooled when he learnt that the army of Chandra-gupta was much larger than his own, numbering 600,000 men and a prodigious train of elephants ; and that with this army he was advancing to give him battle. At this moment also, he received tidings of the successes of Antigonus in Lesser Asia, which filled his mind with rage and jealousy ; and considering it imprudent to risk a defeat in India, he patched up a peace with Chandra-gupta by giving him a daughter, probably an illegitimate child born in Persia, to wife ; while his satisfied son-in-law agreed on his part to furnish 500 elephants to Seleucus in his war against Antigonus. The real subverter of the power of Alexander in the East was thus Chandra-gupta, though the subversion was effected without a contest, beyond what was unavoidable in regaining possession of the forts which the Macedonians had occupied.

#### XI.—THE WARS OF VIKRĀMADITYA AND SALIVĀHANA.

B. C. 56 to A. D. 1.

“Vikramāditya,” says Elphinstone, “is the Haroun al Rashid of Hindu tales ; and, by drawing freely from “such sources, Wilford collected such a mass of traditions

“as required the supposition of no less than eight Vikramádityas to reconcile their dates.” Our present reference is to the Vikramáditya from whom the Samvat era, which commences with B. C. 56, is dated. The story regarding him is that, like Rávana and others, he made a desperate *tapasya* in order to obtain power and a long life, and that he obtained both as a boon from Káli. His greatest services to India consisted in the resolute stand he made against the inroads of the Scythians, which attained for him the name of Sákári or Sákádwhisha, the conqueror or foe of the Sákás, many tribes of whom surrendered to him at discretion, while others were exterminated. As the Sákás at this time held a fabulous character, all the stories about their conqueror are equally wild and extravagant. His power, we are told, was so great that it extended even over the genii and demons, by whom the uncouth raiders from Central Asia are doubtless meant. He chastised Vátáldeva, the king of the devils (*i. e.*, Tartars), and made him his slave, in which capacity Vetála relates the twenty-five curious stories so well-known to all oriental scholars by the name of *Vetála-panchabingsati*. His principal conquests comprised *Dakshinapatha* or the Deccan, *Madhyadesa* or Hindustan Proper, Cashmere, and *Surusthra* or Surat. He is also said to have held the countries to the east of the Ganges in subordination, and to have extended his influence even to Ceylon.

The principal event of Vikramáditya's reign was the last, or his quarrel with Saliváhana, who headed an insurrection from the Deccan. Saliváhana is reputed to have been the son of a carpenter of the Takshak or serpent race, that is, a Scythian by birth; also, that he was virgin-born, or a bastard. He was apparently the greatest of the Scythian kings then in India, who turned round to attack Vikramáditya from the south when he found him determined to oppose the further accession of Scythian blood into the country. The battle between them was fought at or about the commencement of the Christian era, when both Vikramáditya and his general Vikram-sakti were slain. The darkest period of Indian

history follows this era, during which the Sákás, no longer kept back by a strong hand, seem to have gradually spread themselves over the best part of the peninsula, in distinct bands or clans which appropriated distinct names to themselves. Among these may be counted the four primitive races that settled in Rájasthán, namely, the Pariháras, the Promáras, the Solánkas or Chálukyás, and the Choháns, the first of whom settled in Marwar, the second in Malwa, the third in Guzerat, and the fourth in and about Delhi. Besides these were the Grahilotés of Mewar, the Játs of Jessulmere, the Kachwáhás of Jodpore, the Ráhtores of Kanouj, and all the other tribes that cut a distinguished figure in the subsequent annals of India. They all claim descent from the old families of Ráma and Krishna; but their affinity with the Scythians seems to be less doubtful.

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## XII.—THE ARAB INVASIONS.

A. D. 642 TO 834.

THE era of Mahomet's birth witnessed two Persian invasions of India, of which the first was undertaken by Noshirwan, the king of Persia, against Pratápa, the rajah of Kanouj, for the exaction of a tribute said to have been agreed upon previously between Báseó of Kanouj and his son-in-law Byramgore, during the latter's travelling expedition through the country. The next was an attack conducted by Noshized, the son of Noshirwan, against Balabhipore in Surat, the original seat of the Oodypore family, who were driven from it and the city destroyed. The accounts given of these invasions rest however, on very doubtful authority, nor were they of any particular importance. We pass on therefore, after this brief notice of them, to the Arab invasions which followed them.

The invasions of the Arabs commenced within half a century of the Hegirá, and were almost simultaneously directed against Kabool, Kandahar, and Scinde, all of which were at that period regarded as Indian territory.

The first attack was undertaken by Abdooláh, governor of Irák, on the part of Kaliph Osmán, in A. D. 642. His orders were to explore the passage to India, and in pursuance of them he subdued the country between Zaranj and Kish, and also that between Arachosia and Dáwár, in the last of which he attacked the idolaters in the mountain of Zur, and obtained from them a large booty, including an idol of gold which had eyes of rubies.

In 663 an eminent commander, named Mahálib, with an army, consisting chiefly of the tribe of Azd, penetrated in the direction of Bánu and Lahore. Ferishta regards this as the first Arab invasion of India. Mahálib plundered the country about Mooltan, and made many prisoners. He is said to have also made 12,000 converts before he retired.

About the same time another chief, named Abbád made an incursion on the Indian frontier by way of Sistan. He moved through Rudbar to Helmund, and, after staying at Kish, crossed the desert and reached Kandahar. This expedition was successful so far as conquest of territory was concerned; but a great many of the invaders were killed.

Under the Kaliphat of Muawiya, Abdoor Rahmán, a young Arab general, penetrated into Kabool and conquered the adjacent countries, whereupon the king of Kabool called upon his neighbours to assist him, and the Arabs were driven out. Subsequently however, another Arab army appeared before Kabool, and forced the king to submit and pay tribute. Many efforts were made after this by the Kaboolse to recover their independence, but they were invariably defeated.

One of the most violent of these efforts was made by Ranbál, or Rattan Pál, the king of Kabool, in 697, when Abdooláh was governor of Sistan. Abdooláh turned out at once to enforce payment of the tribute on its being refused, and also to resubjugate the country which had revolted. But Ranbál, retiring before his assailants, detached troops to their rear, and, blocking up the defiles, entirely intercepted their retreat; upon which Abdooláh, exposed to the danger of perishing

by famine, was compelled to purchase his liberation by the payment of a large ransom.

This reverse was avenged in 700, by Abdoor Rahmán, who had intermediately become governor of Khorassan, and who marched again into Kabool, this time at the head of 40,000 men, reconquered the greater part of the country, and retired from it with a large booty. The Kaliph, however, was displeased with him for not remaining on the frontier to secure his conquest; and this compelled him to rebel against him, and, failing in his rebellion, to seek the protection of Rattan Pál, by whom he was betrayed, upon which he killed himself by throwing himself headlong from a precipice.

Intermediately, in 685, Mánick Rai, the rajah of Ajmere and Sámbehur, was attacked in his capital by an Arab army which crossed the desert from Scinde, to revenge, it is said, the ill-treatment of an Islamite missionary, named Rooshun Ali, whose thumb had been cut off by the Hindus. The invading force came disguised as a caravan of horse-merchants, and surprised and took possession of Guh Beetli, the citadel of Ajmere, Doola Rai, the brother of Manick Rai, and Lot-deo, the son of Doola Rai, being slain.

The most important of the Arab invasions was the next, undertaken in 713, by Mahomed Ben Kasim, the general of Kaliph Wálid, who conquered the whole of Scinde, and penetrated even to the Ganges. The way for this conquest had been prepared by several previous incursions in the same direction. The post of Bussorah was built at the mouth of the Tigris, during the Kaliphath of Omár, chiefly to secure the trade of Guzerat and Scinde, and a powerful army was sent by the Kaliph to Scinde under the command of Aboul Aziz, who was killed in battle before Aloré. Kaliph Osmán, who succeeded Omár, also collected a large army to take up the work which had been left unfinished by his predecessor; but his intention was never carried into effect. Better progress was made by the generals of Kaliph Ali, who made some conquests in Scinde, which however were abandoned on Ali's death; and Yezed, the governor of

Khorassan, also made several attempts in the same direction, but without any lasting results. Finally, Kaliph Wálid was provoked to make up for lost time on being informed of the seizure of an Arab ship by the Hindus at Dewal, a seaport of Scinde. The restitution of the ship was first demanded at the head of a small force of 1,300 men, and being refused and the detachment defeated, a regular army of 6,000 Arabs was sent under Kasim to enforce it. The first place captured was Dewal itself, after which the strongholds of Brámanábád, Nerun, Schwan, and Sálím were successively reduced. Finally, Kasim appeared before Alore, where Abool Aziz had been slain. The army under him had now been raised to 8,000 men, but that commanded by Rajah Dáhir was, or at least is reported by the Mahomedan authors to have been, 50,000 strong. Kásim chose therefore a strong position for himself, and there awaited the attack of the Hindus. In the action which followed he was particularly favored by fortune, the Hindu chief being wounded during the heat of the attack and carried off from the field by the elephant he rode, which so dispirited his followers that they were easily defeated, notwithstanding the return of the rajah and his desperate attempts to rally them. Dáhir Despáti fell fighting bravely in the midst of the Arab cavalry. His widow made a strong defence of the citadel, but, failing to retain it, burnt herself to death in the usual Rajpoot style, while her followers rushed sword in hand on the enemy and perished to a man. The whole of Scinde was then conquered by the Arabs, and all the adjoining states, even up to the Ganges, were made tributary. But the further conquests which were contemplated by them were suddenly, in a strange manner, cut short. Among the spoils of victory sent to the Kaliph were two daughters of Dáhir, who, to revenge their father's death, represented falsely to Wálid that they had been violated by Kásim before being sent to him, and were therefore unworthy of his notice. This so enraged the Kaliph that he gave orders for Kásim's destruction, which were promptly carried out; and the advance of the Arabs in that direction ceased with the life of their chief.

The efforts in the direction of Kabool were still continued. In 725, under the Kaliphath of Hášhem, a part of that kingdom was again taken ; and the conquest of the whole of it was afterwards completed by Almáman, governor of Khorassan, when the king of Kabool was converted to Islamism. Subsequently however, Kabool appears to have been repossessed by Hindu kings, for in the days of Subaktágin the authority of the kings of Lahore are stated to have extended over both Kabool and Kandahar.

Fifty years after the acquisition of Kabool, the Arabs were seen in another direction, Kaliph Al Mahdi having, in 776, despatched an army by sea under Abdool Málík, which embarked at Baroda and besieged it. The people of the place defended themselves vigorously, but the town was nevertheless reduced. The sea however, rose against the invaders, and they were obliged to wait a long time before they could attempt to return. After they did so, the winds arose again when they had all but reached the coast of Persia, where many of their vessels were wrecked ; and while some escaped, many were drowned.

The only other expedition that need be here noticed was that sent out in 834, by Kaliph Al Mutásim, under the command of Asaph Ben Isá, against the Jâts, who had seized upon certain roads which cut off the Arabs settled in India from the coast, and had also plundered the corn which they had stacked for their use. The attack of the invaders was continued for twenty-five days, and, the Jâts being defeated, a great many of them were taken prisoners, while the rest were compelled to ask for quarter. After this, the sword of conquest and conversion was temporarily withdrawn from Hindustan, the Arabs being too desperately engaged with the Christians in the west to think much of India. We accordingly do not read of any further Mahomedan invasions till Subaktágin, the governor of Khorassan, had hoisted the standard of independent sovereignty in Ghazni.



## XIII.--THE EXPEDITIONS OF SUBAKTÁGIN.

A. D. 967 TO 997.

SUBAKTÁGIN was a soldier of fortune, who acquired the throne of Ghazni by marrying the daughter of the previous ruler, Abistágin or Alptágin, under whom he had first served as a private dragoon. As this claim however, was not fully recognised by the turbulent Afghans, he determined to divert their attention from his personal pretensions by keeping them actively engaged abroad, and under the pretext of religion commenced a destructive war with his neighbours, the Hindus. He not only ravaged the frontiers of India, but captured many of its hill-forts and cities, which forced Jaipál, the Tuár king of Delhi and Lahore, whose empire included Kabool and Kandahar, to think of reprisals. A large army was accordingly led by Jaipál into Langhan, at the mouth of the valley extending from Peshawar to Kabool, where it was met by Subaktágin; and a desultory warfare was carried on between the two parties for several days. On the eve of a general engagement, the armies on both sides were overtaken by a tremendous hurricane accompanied by thunder, lightning, and rain, upon which great fear fell upon the Hindus, who, unaccustomed to the coldness of the place, regarded the fury of the elements as an interposition of Providence against them, which induced Jaipál to send a deputation to Subaktágin to solicit peace. To this Subaktágin reluctantly consented, the terms proposed by him being the payment of 1,000,000 dirhems and the present of fifty elephants, besides the surrender of certain forts and cities on the frontier. These conditions were so exorbitant that Jaipál considered himself justified in meeting extortion with perfidy, and he refused to complete the agreement the moment he saw the backs of the Afghans turned upon India. He had sent hostages to Subaktágin in acceptance of his proposals, and Subaktágin on his part had sent him some of his chief officers to take possession of the fortresses and towns to be ceded. These latter were detained as prisoners by Jaipál against

the return of the hostages he had given ; and this made Subaktāgin particularly indignant.

The result was a second invasion of India by Subaktāgin, at the head of 70,000 horse, the opening attack being directed against the city of Lamghan, which was captured. Several other cities also were successively reduced, and many idol-temples demolished, which made the Hindu rajahs unite against the common enemy. The Mahomedan authors say that the ruler of Lahore and Delhi was confederated with the rulers of Ajmere, Kálinjar, and Kanouj, and that their united forces amounted to 100,000 horse and 200,000 foot. They add that Subaktāgin regarded these vast numbers as but a flock of sheep, and felt like a wolf in attacking them. He divided his army into small squadrons of 500 men each, and ordered them to attack the enemy with maces in their hands, relieving each other in succession as they got tired, whereby fresh men and horses were perpetually brought in contact with the Hindus. This so harassed the latter that they soon began to waver, when Subaktāgin ordered a general assault which completed their defeat, and forced a precipitate flight towards the banks of the Nilab. A considerable number of the fugitives were cut to pieces ; the jungles were filled with the bodies of the dead, some wounded by swords, and others fallen dead through fright : still greater numbers perished in attempting the passage of the river. The plunder of the Indian camp was excessively rich, besides which heavy contributions were realised by the Afghans from all the surrounding districts. Jaipál was now content to submit, and agreed to pay tribute, besides making a present of 200 elephants to the conqueror. Subaktāgin also took direct possession of the country up to the Indus, and left an Afghan governor at Peshawar.

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#### XIV.—THE INVASIONS OF MAHMOOD OF GHAZNI.

A. D. 1000 To 1027.

MAHMOOD, the son of Subaktāgin, made seventeen expeditions into India, not so much for the purposes of con-

quest, as for the suppression of idolatry and for plunder. He is said to have made a vow to Heaven on his accession to the throne of Ghazni that, if his own dominions were blessed with tranquillity, he would follow his father's example and try to extirpate idolatry from India. The period for giving effect to this vow arrived when Ishmail, his brother, who disputed his succession, was defeated and made prisoner; and he fully vindicated his promise by raising a succession of storms and tumults in India which desolated her peaceful plains. The number of his expeditions is usually taken at twelve; but particulars are given of not less than the number we have mentioned at the outset.

The first expedition of Máhmood was undertaken in 1000, when many of the frontier forts and provinces, which had before been taken by Subaktágin, were occupied, which was followed by the Mahomedan government being established in them. No detailed accounts of this expedition are extant; but it is said that near the Lamghan valley two actions were fought, both of which were miraculously decided in favour of the Mahomedans.

The second expedition was undertaken in 1001-2, when Máhmood entered India at the head of 15,000 horse, and was met at Peshawar by Jaipál, his father's opponent, with 12,000 horse, 30,000 foot and 300 elephants. An obstinate battle was terminated by the defeat of the Hindu king, who was taken prisoner with fifteen of his chiefs and relatives, after a loss of 5000 men. Among the plunder taken was a necklace snatched from the neck of Jaipál, which was valued at £320,000. The next move of the invader was to Bihand or Waihand, a strong fort about fifteen miles distant from Attock, which was reduced. But, unwilling to go further on this occasion, he here released all his prisoners on receipt of a large ransom, and after stipulating for the payment of an annual tribute. He then went back to Ghazni, while Jaipál, unwilling to survive his overthrow, burnt himself to death, and was succeeded by his son, Anang Pál, on the throne.

The third expedition of Máhmood was undertaken in 1004-5, in consequence of the alleged non-payment of the tribute above stipulated for. The first attack was on Bhera, on the left bank of the Jhelum, the capital of a powerful prince of the Punjab, named Biji Rai, who drew out his troops to receive him, and fought on equal terms for three days and nights. On the fourth day a great battle was fought, when Máhmood, turning his face towards the holy Caaba, invoked the aid of the Prophet in the presence of his army. Biji Rai, on his part, also invoked the aid of his gods. But the superstitious fervour of the Mahomedans was greater than that of the Hindus, and the latter were therefore obliged to give ground, being pursued even to the gates of their capital, which was invested. Biji Rai was subsequently able to escape; but, being pursued by his enemies and deserted by his friends, he turned his sword against his own breast to avoid being captured. A great slaughter followed, and Bhera being taken was plundered, and yielded a rich booty.

In the following year (1005-6) Máhmood invaded Mooltan, the king of which, Daood, an Afghan, was not to his liking, as he was supposed to have seditious designs in his heart, the best proof of which was his indifference in the matter of proselytes. The way of Máhmood to Mooltan lay through the territories of Anang Pál, who, refusing him passage, met him with an army at Peshawar, but was defeated and compelled to fly for refuge to Cashmere. Mooltan was now entered by Máhmood by the way of Bhera; but Daood, surrendering himself and soliciting to be pardoned, was received into favour as he was a Mahomedan. A fine of 20,000,000 dirhems had however to be paid by the people, who were Hindus, and a tribute of 20,000 dinars annually was fixed on Daood; after which Máhmood hastened back to Ghazni on hearing that the king of Kashgar had invaded it, leaving the settlement of other affairs in India in the hands of Záb Sais, a converted Hindu, better known by his original name of Sookpál.

The bad faith of Sookpál, who threw off his allegiance when he thought he could do so with impunity, gave occasion to Máhmood's fifth expedition into India in 1007, that is, after he had settled the affairs of his own country. But nothing was done this time beyond defeating Sookpál and carrying him off as a prisoner, after extorting from him a fine of 400,000 dirhems.

Máhmood's sixth expedition was undertaken in 1008-9, and was at first directed only against Anang Pál, who had been raising disturbances in Mooltan. But Anang Pál appealing to his brother Hindu princes for assistance, and offering to make common cause against the Mahomedans, a confederacy was formed by the rulers of Oujein, Gwalior, Kálinjar, Kanouj, Delhi, and Ajmere, who collected all their forces together to give battle to the invader. The opposing armies met near the confines of Peshawar, but for forty days remained inactive, watching each other. The Hindus were intermediately joined by the Gickers and other mountain tribes, and, thus strengthened, began to surround the Mahomedans, who, fearing a general assault, entrenched themselves. Within these entrenchments they were attacked by the Gickers, and 5,000 of them were slain. In the action that followed Máhmood is said to have used naptha-balls, which so frightened the elephant of Anang Pál that it became ungovernable and fled, disconcerting the whole Hindu army and causing a general rout. The flying Hindus were pursued for two days and nights, and 8,000 of them were killed. Máhmood then marched down to Nágrakote, now known as Kote-kangra, breaking down idols and subverting temples. The fort of Bheemnugger, which protected the district, was invested, and the country around it was destroyed with fire and sword. Inside the fort, which was considered to be of great strength, a large amount of wealth had been concealed, all of which fell into the hands of the invader on its being reduced. Ferishta describes the plunder as consisting of 700,000 golden dinars, 700 maunds of gold and silver plate, 40 maunds of gold ingots, 2,000 maunds of silver bullion, and 20 maunds of jewels set.

The seventh invasion was undertaken in 1010, and was in the direction of Nárdain, by which Anhalwára, the capital of Guzerat, is understood to be meant. This was probably a preparative expedition towards Somnáth. The result of it is not very clearly stated, but must have been successful, since it caused so much alarm in Anang Pál as induced him to offer submission and the payment of a tribute of fifty elephants annually, besides the supply of a hireling Indian force of 2,000 men.

The eighth invasion of India was undertaken in 1011, to reconquer Mooltan, which had again revolted. It was soon reduced, a great many chiefs were killed, and the son of the governor was carried off to Ghazni, as hostage for future good faith.

The ninth invasion was undertaken by Máhmood in 1013. It had reached his ears that Tánnessur, a place near Delhi, was held by the Hindus in as much veneration as Mecca itself was by the Mahomedans, and that they had there set up a large number of rich idols, of which the chief was Jugsoom. Máhmood determined to destroy the idols. As there was peace between him and Anang Pál who had submitted to him, the rajah ventured to expostulate with Máhmood for the preservation of Tánnessur, offering on behalf of the ruler of Delhi to whom it belonged, the tribute of the country annually, and fifty elephants and jewels as a present. But the bigot would accept no compromise, and sent for reply that it was his firm resolution to root out idolatry from the land, naïvely asking—"Why then should Tánnessur be spared?" On receipt of this answer the rajah of Delhi attempted to induce the other Hindu princes to join him in opposing the assailant. But before any combination could be formed, Máhmood was again upon him, and after a fierce fight reduced Tánnessur and plundered it, broke down all the idols, and sent off Jugsoom to Ghazni, to be thrown on the highway that it might be trampled over by the faithful. A large plunder was also secured, the richest of which was a ruby of fabulous size. Máhmood then wanted to reduce Delhi, but was dissuaded from attempting it on its being represented to

him that it would not be possible to keep possession of the place till all the country between Delhi and his own dominions was thoroughly subdued. Assenting to this representation he retired with his booty to Ghazni.

In 1014, Máhmood attacked the fort of Nindooná, situated upon the mountains of Balnát, which was in the possession of the king of Lahore. Anang Pál had died intermediately, and had been succeeded by Pur Jaipál, or Jaipál II, who was defeated at the Márgalá Pass, and retreated to Cashmere. Máhmood then invested Nindooná in regular form, and by mining and other processes compelled the garrison to capitulate. He afterwards pursued Jaipál to the hills; but, failing to get at him, plundered Cashmere, forcibly converting the people to Mahometanism.

In 1015, Máhmood made a fresh attempt to penetrate the higher fastnesses of Cashmere, and besieged several forts not previously reduced. One of them, however, named Lohkote, which was famous for its high position and strength, defied his utmost efforts, upon which he returned to Ghazni in disgust. On the way he was led astray by his guides, and fell into an extensive morass covered with water, from which he could not for several days extricate his army. This chagrined him so much that he swore that he would have nothing more to do with the horrid country of the idolaters; but, like a good Mahomedan, he did not allow himself to be long held down by such a renegade oath.

The twelfth expedition was undertaken in 1018, and was on a very large scale. A hundred thousand horse and 30,000 foot had been raised by him in the warlike countries of Turkestan, Maverulnere, and Khorassan, and he determined with these to lay siege to Kanouj, at this time one of the most important cities in India, which, situated in the heart of the country, had not yet been approached. The route followed has been much disputed. It would appear that he passed by the borders of Cashmere, that is, close under the Sub-Himálayan range, and crossing the Jumna, invaded Báran, the modern Bolundshahar, which belonged to Rajah Hardat,

and which capitulated, the rajah agreeing to pay Rs. 2,50,000 and thirty elephants as a present. He then passed on to Mahában, another strong place on the Jumna, which was also invested. The prince, Kálchund, offered to submit and came out for that purpose, when a quarrel was got up for the sake of plunder, upon which Kálchund killed himself, which placed much rich spoil in the hands of the invader, including seventy elephants. He then proceeded to Mathoorá, which was entered without much opposition, and where all the idols were broken down or melted, which brought him an immense quantity of gold and silver. He intended to break down the temples also, but was dissuaded from the attempt by the beauty and structure of the edifices, even bigotry submitting to the influence of taste. Among the plunder taken were five great idols of pure gold with eyes of rubies, one idol of sapphire, besides a large number of silver idols which loaded a hundred camels. The Mahomedans did indeed find India a country of fabulous wealth: alas, that similar luck was not reserved for their successors! For twenty days the bigoted barbarian sacked the city with fire and sword, and then marched on to other forts and districts to reduce them. Recrossing the Jumna he now suddenly appeared before Kanouj,—so suddenly that Korrá, the king, was entirely taken by surprise, and, having made no preparations for resistance, was obliged to submit without a contest, and sue for peace. This was granted to him, but, some relate, only on his agreeing to become a Mahomedan. The victor then proceeded to Munj, or Munjháwan, a strong fort which made a spirited resistance, and the garrison of which, consisting entirely of Kanoujia Bráhmans, rushed through the breaches when the place became untenable, and flung themselves right upon the enemy to certain destruction, or burnt themselves to death along with their wives and children, not one surviving their defeat. The fort of Asni, belonging to Chánd Pál, was next taken, but after it had been evacuated, Máhmood getting however what he wanted—a large plunder. From Chánd Rai, a prince who fled to the Bundelkund hills, an enor-



mous elephant of great docility and courage was obtained ; after which, loaded with spoils, the victor went back to his mountain-home. The sum total of the spoils in this expedition amounted to 20,000,000 dirhems, 53,000 captives, and 350 elephants.

The thirteenth expedition, in 1021, was again directed towards Kanouj, the princes of the country adjoining to which had fallen upon Korrá for having entered into an alliance with the invader. Máhmood was however, not able to arrive in time to save Korrá, who was attacked by Nanda, the rajah of Kálinjar, and slain. All that the Afghan could do was to pursue Nanda to his own frontiers, where he received Máhmood at the head of 36,000 horse, 45,000 foot, and 650 elephants. But Máhmood succeeded in defeating him, and Nanda was barely able to escape from the field ; whereupon the victor reaped a large booty, which included 580 elephants.

The next expedition was, in 1023, directed against two frontier countries named Kirat and Noor, which had refused to accept Mahometanism in preference to Buddhism which they professed. Kirat, unable to contend with the invader, received the prophet's faith ; but Noor still would not, and was overrun and pillaged, and the temples destroyed. Máhmood went thence to Lahore, after a second vain attempt to capture the fortress of Lohkote, in Cashmere. As Jaipál had obstructed the invader's march to Kanouj, Lahore was now given up to be sacked, and was then formally annexed to Ghazni, Jaipál flying to Ajmere for security.

In 1024, Máhmood undertook a fresh expedition against Nanda, the king of Kálinjar. In passing by the fort of Gwalior he wished to take it, but was bought off by rich presents ; after which Kálinjar was invested. To get the siege raised Nanda offered 300 elephants and other presents ; but, upon the terms being agreed to, he intoxicated the animals with drugs and let them loose without drivers against the Mahomedan camp. The wish to intimidate the invaders did not, however, succeed : the Afghans and Turks mounted the animals and

reduced them to obedience ; upon which Nanda again made his peace by other large presents and a flattering epistle, with the latter of which the Afghan king was so well pleased that he conferred on Nanda the government of fifteen forts.

The sixteenth invasion of Máhmood was undertaken in 1026, and was directed against the temple of Sonnáth, in Guzerat, which was said to be very rich and greatly respected by the Hindus. He collected an army of 30,000 horse, besides volunteers who flocked in large numbers, and, marching through Mooltan, was first opposed on the banks of the Sutledge by Gogá Chohán, who held the whole of *Junguldes*, or the forest lands from the Sutledge to Huriana, and who came out to oppose him accompanied by forty-five sons and sixty nephews. The opposition however was fruitless, all the family of Gogá being slain, after which Máhmood proceeded on to Ajmere, crossing the desert. He attacked Gurh Beetli, but was repulsed from it, retreating to Nadole, which he sacked. He afterwards captured Anhalwára, which he found deserted, and to which he did as much mischief as could be done by fire and sword. When Somnáth was reached he discovered it to be a lofty castle situated on a narrow peninsula washed on three sides by the sea. The people were found in high spirits, expecting a miraculous interposition on the part of their deity and the entire destruction of the invading army. But the god was singularly cold-hearted, and declined to interfere ; and the Hindus, after a violent defence, in which two of their princes, named Byram Deo and Dabshilima, particularly distinguished themselves, were obliged to submit. An attempt at flight by sea was made by some ; but their boats were overtaken and many of them sunk. Máhmood then entered the temple, and was enraged at the sight of the idol, a Linga of stone five yards high. He is said to have struck the block with his mace, after which it was ordered to be broken into two and the parts sent to Ghazni, one to be placed at the threshold of the Jami Musjeed and the other at the court of the king's palace, that they might be trod-

den over daily by the devout. The gates of the temple were at the same time removed to Ghazni, to be brought back by another zealot after the Afghan war! In the hollow of the Linga a large quantity of diamonds, rubies, and pearls were found, to reward the cupidity of the victor when he was just beginning to regret that he had not accepted the offer of the Bráhmans to ransom their god for a large sum of money. Among the other spoils was a chain of gold weighing forty maunds, which hung from the top of the temple and supported a large bell. One Mahomedan historian gravely records that no light was maintained in the temple besides a pendant lamp, the rays of which reflected from the jewels all round spread a brilliant refulgence over the whole place. The prince who had endeavoured to defend the place—Byram Deo and Dabshilima—were next hunted down by the vindictive Afghan, the fort of Náhrwára, belonging to the first, being carried by assault. The other chief also was vanquished, and is said to have been carried a prisoner to Ghazni, the government of Guzerat being entrusted to another Dabshilima, a Bráhman. It is more probable however, that the Bráhman and the prince were one and the same person, who by subsequent submission found favour in the eyes of the victor.

The last of Máhmood's invasions was undertaken in 1027, and was directed against the Jâts, who had insulted him and molested his army on his way back from Somnâth. This people inhabited the country on the borders of Mooltan, near the banks of the Jhelum. To approach them with greater facility Máhmood ordered 1400 boats to be built, each of which was armed with three firm iron pikes and boarded by twenty archers, besides five others who carried inflammable and explosive missiles to burn the craft of the Jâts. The conflict was deadly. All the Jât boats were set on fire, or set fire to each other. Very few of the invaded people were able to escape death, and of such as did so most were taken prisoners.

At the time of Máhmood's invasions, the four primary states of India were (1) Delhi, under the Tuárs and Choháns, (2) Kanouj, under the Ráhtores, (3) Mewar,

under the Ghelots, and (4) Anhalwára, under the Chaurás and Solánkis. All these states were at war with each other. It is no wonder therefore, that the Mahomedans were able so easily to vanquish the Hindus.

XV.—THE INVASIONS OF MAHOMED GHORI, AND THE CONQUEST OF INDIA BY THE MAHOMEDANS.

A. D. 1176 To 1204.

THE house of Ghazni was overturned by that of Ghor, after which Mahomed, the brother of Yeasuludeen, the Ghorian prince, undertook the subjugation of India.

His first invasion was in 1176, when the provinces of Peshawar, Mooltan, and Scinde were overrun. He then advanced to Adja, the prince of which shut himself up in a strong fort which was besieged. Finding it very difficult to reduce the place, Mahomed opened secret negotiations with the rajah's wife, promising to marry her if she made away with her husband and delivered up the fort. The ranec promised to comply, provided Mahomed agreed to appoint her to the government of the country, and to marry her daughter instead of herself, as she was already past the age for a second union to be desirable to her. The baseness on both sides being equal the modified proposal was accepted, upon which the king of Adja was killed by his wife and his fortress surrendered. Mahomed married the daughter of the rajah as he had promised, but she died of a broken heart. Her mother, instead of being left in charge of the country, as she had bargained for, was sent a prisoner to Ghazni, where she died.

In 1178 Mahomed reinvaded India, and, proceeding through Mooltan and Adja, passed into Guzerat, the king of which, Bheem Deo, advanced with a large army to give him battle. In this action Mahomed was defeated with great slaughter, and suffered many hardships on his way back to Ghazni through the desert.

In 1179 he reattacked Peshawar and conquered it ; and in the year following proceeded towards Lahore, which was held by Chusero, the last of the Ghaznian kings, who bought him off with presents, sending his son as a hostage for good faith. Chusero does not appear however, to have acted loyally, and Lahore was therefore reinvested in 1184, when it was able to withstand a long siege. A third attack was made on it two years after, and succeeded fully from deceit and stratagem. Finding that the city held out so obstinately Mahomed proposed to accomodate differences by a peace, and to lull Chusero to a belief in his professions, sent back his son with a splendid retinue. This drew out Chusero from the fort to meet him ; whereupon Mahomed cut him off from his stronghold, the possession of which was demanded as a condition of Chusero's release. The city was thus obliged to throw open its gates to the conqueror, and the last refuge of the house of Ghazni was taken ; while Chusero and his family, instead of being released, were sent as prisoners to a fort in Ghirgistan, and there put to death.

In 1190-1 Mahomed penetrated again into India, and further than he had ever done before, proceeding to Ajmere, where he took the capital of Tiberbind. He was already on his way back when he heard that Prithu Rai, the king of Ajmere, and Chánd Rai, his brother and viceroy in Delhi, in alliance with other Hindu princes, were in pursuit of him with 200,000 horse and 3,000 elephants. Mahomed went back to give them battle, which was fought at Tirouri, on the banks of the Seraswati, fourteen miles from Tánnessur. At the first onset his right and left wings were broken, and, being outflanked, his army was entirely surrounded, while he busied himself vainly in attempting to break the centre of the enemy. In this situation he defended himself with great courage ; but, Chánd Rai having succeeded in wounding him, the whole of his army was routed, and he was himself rescued with great difficulty, the Hindus running after him forty miles in pursuit, till he found safety in Lahore, where he got cured of his wounds.

To avenge this defeat Mahomed recruited a fresh army of 100,000 horsemen, picked out of Turks, Persians, and Afghans, and returned to India in 1192. "Since my defeat in India," said he, "I have never slumbered in ease, nor waked but in sorrow and anxiety. I have therefore determined with this army to recover my lost honor or die in the attempt." He now called forth the Omrahs who had deserted him on the last occasion and whom he had placed under confinement, and told them that he gave them one further opportunity to wipe out their disgrace. Prithu Rai, on his part, was not slow in making preparations to resist the invader. The Mahomedan authors, who always give the Hindus the credit of superior numbers on the field, to enhance the value of the victories won by their co-religionists, assert that he was assisted by 150 confederate princes, and brought together an army of 300,000 horse, 3,000 elephants, and a great body of infantry. The action was fought on the banks of the Seraswati, nearly on the same spot where his former victory was won. The Indian princes, elated with their previous success, anticipated an easy conquest again; while Mahomed to gain time affected to be doubtful of his position, and gave out that he had written to his brother, the king of Ghor, to ask if the war was to be pursued. This pretence of indecision threw the Hindus off their guard, and enabled Mahomed to surprise them in the midst of their festivities. They were nevertheless able to form in line to oppose him, and gave him a warmer reception than he had expected; till, becoming lulled by a certainty of victory, they began to flag in their exertions, when Mahomed made a sudden and resolute charge on them at the head of a chosen reserve of 12,000 horses, and breaking through their ranks, scattered them in dismay. Chánd Rai was killed, and Prithu Rai taken prisoner and afterwards put to death. The plunder was immensely rich, and the forts of Seraswati, Sámáná, Koram, and Hánsi surrendered of themselves. Ajmere was also taken, the inhabitants being butchered in cold blood or sold to slavery; but, upon promise of the payment of a large tribute, the government of the

country was given up to Gola, the son of Prithu, while Kuttubudeen Ibek, one of the slaves of Mahomed, was left at Koram with a considerable detachment. Kuttub was shortly after able to capture the fort of Meerut and the city of Delhi, and this gave rise to the assertion that the empire of Delhi was founded by a slave.

In 1194 Mahomed again invaded India with an army of 50,000 horse, to attack Jayachánd, king of Kanouj and Benares, who opposed him at the head of a stronger army that included 400 fighting elephants. The battle was fought on the banks of the Jumna, at a place midway between Chundwar and Etáwáh, where Jayachánd was defeated, mainly by Kuttub, and flying whence he got drowned in crossing the Ganges. The fort of Asni was next taken, where property in gold, silver, and precious stones was found to a considerable amount. Mahomed then proceeded to Benares, where he broke down the idols in above one thousand temples, and collected an immense plunder. Kuttub at the same time, operating in other directions, first defeated Hemráj, a relative of Prithu Rai of Ajmere, and then, marching against Bheem Deo of Guzerat, destroyed his army and plundered his country. All the great kingdoms of India were thus simultaneously overthrown.

The secret history of India shows that these disasters were mainly brought upon the country by the disunion of the Hindu princes themselves. Anang Pál II, the last Tuar king of Delhi, being childless, adopted and abdicated his throne in favour of his grandson Prithu Rai, king of Ajmere, the son of one of his daughters. This gave offence to Jayachánd, who was similarly related to the Tuar king, and heightened the rivalry and jealousy already subsisting between the Choháns and the Ráhtores. The ill-feeling on both sides was augmented when Jayachánd, aspiring at paramount sovereignty, undertook to perform the *Rájsuya* sacrifice, at which the presence of all dependent kings was required, which Prithu necessarily did not attend. The disagreement was yet further complicated by a love affair. Jayachánd in an errant expedition to Ceylon had captured a beauti-

ful damsel whom he had adopted as his daughter, and whom he wanted to marry to some powerful king who would acknowledge his supremacy. The girl, however, obstinately refused to wed any one but Prithu, having heard of his valor and achievements, and, being kept under confinement for her recusancy, was released by the Chohán and carried off. The sinews of Delhi were lost by Prithu in this devoir, and his best warriors slain. Jayachánd leagued himself immediately with Mahomed Ghori to destroy Prithu; and Mahomed took advantage of their quarrels to destroy both. After the conquest of Delhi, Ajmere, and Kanouj by the Mahomedans, the son of Jayachánd, flying from the last place, founded a new Ráhtore empire in the desert of Marwar; but the Tuár and the Chohán dynasties were never able to rise again.

In 1195, Mahomed attacked and took Biáná, and directed Togril to lay siege to Gwálíor, which was eventually taken; but, attempting to extend his conquests further to the south, Togril received a terrible defeat from the Rajpoots, and was forced to fly to his forts for refuge. Kuttubudeen, likewise, was hard pressed at Guzerat and Ajmere; but succeeded at last in reducing Anhalwára with its immediate dependencies, after a severe battle fought from dawn till midday, from which Rai Karan, the ruler of the place, only fled with his life. He also succeeded in reducing the forts of Kalinjar and Kalpee in Bundelkund, which had belonged to Rai Parmár; and it is said of him that, instead of demolishing them, he converted all the temples which were taken into mosques.

Previous to this Mahomed, hitherto acting as his brother's general, was, on the demise of Yeasaludeen, called to the Ghaznian throne. His last expedition to India was undertaken in 1203, when he came to it to chastise the Gickers, who inhabited the country between the Niláb and the Sewálik mountains, and had rebelled against him. The Gickers were defeated by a joint attack made on them by Mahomed from one side and Kuttub from another, and the carnage was so great that in their country "there remained not an inhabitant to



light a fire." A band of twenty Gickers made up their minds to avenge this unnecessary and heartless slaughter, and, seeking for an opportunity, burst into the tent of Mahomed at Rimeik—some say at night, and others in the evening, when Mahomed was engaged in prayer—and assassinated him, piercing him with no less than forty wounds.

The empire left by Mahomed in India included the whole of Hindustan Proper, except Málwa and some contiguous districts. In Guzerat, the capital, Anhalwára, and the districts adjacent to it, had been acquired. Extensive conquests had also been made in the direction of Scinde; and a great part of Bengal and Behar had already submitted to Buktyár Khiliji, while the rest was being rapidly reduced.

#### XVI.—THE CONQUESTS OF BUKTYÁR KHIILJI.

A. D. 1199 TO 1204.

THE name of Buktyár Khiliji is known as that of the first Mahomedan conqueror of Behar and Bengal. He served under Kuttubudeen Ibek, and obtained for his activity and valor two places, named Sáhlat and Sáhli, to the east of the Oude frontier, in jagheer. Being a bold and enterprising man he began to make excursions into the contiguous districts of Behar and Monghyr, from which he brought away much money, and plenty of horses, arms, and men. The fame of his bravery and raids invited down a body of Khilijis from Afghánistán, who took service under him; and he led these into Behar every year to plunder it. He was at last, in 1199, placed at the head of an army especially collected for the conquest of Behar; and, succeeding in the enterprise, was made governor of the country. The fort of Behar was captured by him at the head of only 200 horse.

Both his orders and his inclination next directed him to the conquest of Bengal, the ruler of which was Lakhmaniya or Lakhman II, who reigned with the

assistance of astrologers and Bráhmans. When the intention of the Khilijí came to be known, the astrologers and Bráhmans fled to Jagganáth, Banga, and Kámroop, and advised Lakhmaniya to do likewise; but, at that time, the rajah vindicated his valor by refusing to comply. A year after Buktyár appeared suddenly before Nuddea, the capital of Bengal, with only eighteen horsemen at his back, and drawing his sword attacked the palace. The apprehension in the palace was that he had a large army behind him, and the rajah, who was at dinner, leaving the dishes untouched, escaped barefooted by the back door of his residence, and taking boat went to Jagganáth, where he died. All his wealth and women fell into the hands of the invader.

Bengal was entirely subdued in one year, and the seat of government removed to Gour; after which Buktyár declared his independence of the sovereign at Delhi. His easy success thus far emboldened him to look for further conquest to the east. With this object he marched to the banks of the Brahmapootra, whence he wished to proceed to Thibet; but a desperate opposition was here made by the natives, who fought only with bamboos and spears, and bows and arrows; and a large number of the Mahomedans was slain. Buktyár was yet more disheartened on becoming acquainted with the nature of the country and the difficulty of the mountain-passes by which he had expected to enter Thibet; and he therefore determined to retire. This however, was no longer an easy matter. He was again beset by the natives at Kámroop, and approaching a river which he thought fordable, his followers threw themselves into it and were mostly drowned. Buktyár and about a hundred others were only able to swim over and escape; but his ill success seized him with an excess of grief, and he fell sick and died. Others say that he was murdered by one of his own officers, named Aly Merdan.

The wars of Buktyár were not actually great; but the results derived from them were of considerable importance.

# THE RAVINGS OF PROMETHEUS.

## I.

**I** SEE thee in thy vastness, Jove !  
I feel thee in thy power ;  
The earth, it heaves and quakes beneath,  
The skies around me lower ;  
I hear thy thunder's loud rebound,  
I see the wreaths of lightning glare ;  
But know'st thou not, Oh vengeful king !  
How much the broken heart will dare ?

## II.

The rock is riven by the blast ;  
The hurricane sweeps the sea ;  
The sky confounded seeks to hide  
Beneath the grassy lea :  
Th' unyielding spirit, pride begirt,  
Albeit 'twill break will never bend ;  
Shiver the mountains from their base,  
My heart, Oh, Sire, you will not rend.

## III.

Invent a flame more piercing still  
Than lightning's fiery flash ;  
Brandish a deadlier bolt to mock  
The thunder's pounding crash ;  
A louder din than whirlwind's raise :  
Through all the elemental cry  
Thou yet will hear my curses deep,  
The ravings that can never die.

## IV.

O'erpower my soul and body too ;  
Command the eagle's beak  
To lacerate my living frame,  
My chains with blood to streak :

Defiance of thy fiendish power  
Will yet assuage my gnawing pain ;  
Crumble my form to ashes light,  
Thou smit'st to crush my heart in vain.

V.

Still unsubdued and undismay'd,  
I lift not hands to thee ;  
Beyond endurance though my pain,  
Endured it shall be :  
Thy heart no softness feels, I know,  
And never glutted is thine ire ;  
My heart no weakness can admit,  
Above thy hate it doth aspire.

VI.

I ransom'd mortals from thy wiles,  
For them thy power defied ;  
Think'st thou for self I'll meanly bow,  
And my own act deride ?  
Hiss forth thy vengeance undisturb'd,  
Fire thou the artillery of hell ;  
Of fiends thou art the greatest fiend,  
And this to thee shall Prometheus tell.

VII.

Come, horrors come ! enwrap me round ;  
I care not where I go ;  
The earthquake and the hurricane  
Point to the abyss below :  
I feel the whirl that flings me down,  
I yield not yet the reverent knee ;  
Oh mother Earth, behold my wrongs !  
Oh Jove supreme, I spit at thee !

S.

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## E V A D N E.

### I.

AND is he dead, the iron-armed,  
Struck by the fire of Jove ?  
And is the pyre that him consumes  
Now ready for my love ?  
Ah, why prolong a weary life ?  
Yon pyre can hold both man and wife.

### II.

Capaneus, husband of my love !  
Behold, I come to thee !  
I cannot live from thee apart ;  
That were no life for me :  
The rock is high ; one leap below,  
The hungry flames will end my woe.

### III.

Nay, father, nay, obstruct me not :  
Farewell, old man, farewell !  
The sweetest death I'll surely die ;  
Let Argive maidens tell  
To future days my husband's name,  
And how I married him in flame.

S.



## THE STREET-MUSIC OF CALCUTTA.

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I DEVOTED a whole day to listen to the street-music of Calcutta, and report the result for the information of the readers of *Maga*. The cries to which I refer are to be heard daily in the native part of the town. Those peculiar to the European portion of it are of course very different.

### I.—KOOAR-GHOTEE-TOLLAH!

ALMOST the first cry every morning is that of the *Kooar-ghotee-tollah*. Be the day ever so cold or so rainy there is the man ready to extricate from the bottom of the well whatever you may have dropt in it, though the cry speaks of brass *lotahs* only. The Moorish lady cried her heart out for the earrings she had dropt in the well, which she could not recover. There must have been no *kooar-ghotee-tollah* in Spain in her day, for earrings, or nose-rings, or finger-rings, are all picked out of wells in Calcutta with the greatest facility. Look at the man as he stands before you—an elderly, stout fellow, with elephantiasis on one leg—and you would hardly think him capable of the feat by which he earns his daily bread. He must dive at least five or six times a day to earn a decent pittance, for two or three pice is all he gets each time; and the frail steps on the well-side by which he gets down are not contemptible dangers to brave for the price paid to him. Talk of old Bazaine's escape from Fort St. Marguerite! It surely was not half so perilous as these incessant descents into wells kept as dirty as can be imagined and in indifferent repair; and yet who ever heard of a *ghotee-tollah* having died in the execution of his duty?

But have not water-pipes superseded the use of wells in every family residence in Calcutta? asks the English reader entirely innocent of native ways and doings.

No, Aryan brother, they have not. The supply of Municipal water is little to be depended upon, and fails frequently at very inconvenient hours; and our Hindu ladies are so aquatic in their habits, and delight so much in water, that an unfailing supply of it from 4 A. M. to 10 P. M. is an absolute necessity of their lives. Almost every act of housewifery requires the washing of hands or clothes, and many make entire ablutions of the body imperative; and since the filtered water of the Justices is not to be had at all hours there is no alternative for the mass but the well and the *ghotee*. They speak again, of the compulsory setting up of metres in private houses to regulate the supply of water according to the rate paid for it. The idea is not particularly liberal; to our thinking the supply of water, like that of air and light, should be unchecked. But, as our sapient Justices seem to think otherwise, "don't fill up your wells yet" is our warning and advice to all whom it may concern.

## II.—THE SONG OF THE MAKHUM CHORA.

THIS is a song of the boyhood of Krishna, when that mischievous urchin used to go about from dairy to dairy stealing butter. The itinerant singer goes, Homer-like, from house to house, singing the delinquencies of the little god, that the morning might be commenced auspiciously by all, with the achievements of the deity fresh in their recollections. It is rather odd giving lessons in thieving to business-people at this early hour, as the instruction is not unapt to stick in the minds of those who buy and sell, and to influence their actions throughout the day. Songs about Rámchandra are also sung. For these regular reminders the singers claim a small *buxis* (varying from four pice to two annas) at the end of each month. The songs are good to hear, and some of the singers have very musical voices; and so, for one reason or another, the imposition is tolerated by all families.

## III.—JYE RADHAY—BHIKAYAPYE, BABA !

THE begging appeals in Calcutta are intolerable nuisances that recur from daybreak to dusk; and there is

no means of putting them down, as the Police will *never* interfere. I don't object to an old woman, or a blind or lame man, appealing to one for charity; but for two real objects of sympathy that accost you, there are four or six stalwart claimants whose only plea for appeal is that they are Bysnubs, which they think gives them a right to *demand* alms. They actually give you *galles* if you send them away empty-handed. "What, such a "Burra Baboo, with such a house to live in, and not "give alms! Remember there is another place to go to; "for he that turns away the beggar from his door gets "no admittance in Bycant." Cheek of this sort is constantly given; and as you can't condescend to resent it, you are obliged to submit to it with the best grace you can. Often, very often, a sturdy beggar will refuse to leave your door without a reasonable dole. If you ask the *pāhārāwāllā* to eject him, the man of authority laughs at your face; if you tell your own people to push out the applicant there is an action for assault, sometimes resulting in a fine: at all events I remember having once read of such a case in which the learned (?) Magistrate held that force should not have been used for expulsion, without laying down however how the expulsion was otherwise to be effected when the party to be dealt with is stronglimbed, obstinate, and clamorous.

Of course, as I have said, there are many real objects of charity, who, in a city where there is absolutely no provision for them, well deserve the attention of the humane. But, when your temper is once upset by stubbornness, it rarely happens that you are able to do your duty to the rest. "Don't admit any of them," is the snappish order the master gives to his door-keeper; and so many a poor woman loses the pice or grain that she would otherwise have received.

#### IV.—SISSEE, BOTTOLE BIKREE!

THIS is an expressive cry, a proof of the march of civilisation as represented by the Brandy-bottle. From house to house the *Bikreewāllā* collects all the empty bottles,



in broad daylight, as a matter of course, and without any attempt whatever at concealment. The cry is constantly raised that Young Bengal is afraid to avow his liberalism; but surely the avowal as regards the consumption of spirituous liquors is distinct enough. *Sissees* (medicine phials) are of course also asked for; but you see every *Bikreewállá* passing by loaded with Champagne, Beer, and Brandy bottles with their labels on. It is an every-day and every-hour matter now, and the number of *Bikreewállás* is so large that one is staggered in attempting to compute the amount of consumption it represents. If you detect me in giving out bottles from my house, I have my answer ready: "Some rose-water bottles only, which I do not know what to do with. But pray, don't smell them; bad gases may have generated in them, and you may fare the worse for doing so."

V.—POORANA KÁGOCH!

WHAT a stentorian voice that bearded Mahomedan has who every morning cries out at your door for old newspapers! Do the worthy gents of the fourth estate know what their bad grammar and worse taste actually sell for second-hand in the Calcutta Bazaars? Fourteen pice the quire; not a cowrie more! I haggled very hard once for four annas; but the devout Mahomedan swore by Allah Bismallah that he barely gets that rate from the shopkeepers, and could not therefore give me more than the fixed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  annas a quire. Twenty four sheets of an *Indian Thunderer* for fourteen pice only! With this data given, will any B. A. or M. A. work out for us how much each furious leader is appraised at? I am not a dab at figures, but my calculations give just  $9\frac{1}{2}$  cowries for the biggest thunder—English or Patriotic. One of these thunder-makers asked sometime ago for immortality in a lamp-post. The immortality of the whole genus will be found in the shops of the *Pānchunwálláhs*, if they will only seek for it there.

Akin to the above cry are the cries of

VI.—POORĀNĀ LOHĀ BIKREE,

VII.—POORĀNĀ CHĀTTA BIKREE.

VIII.—POORĀNĀ NAKRĀ KĀNI BIKREE.

THERE is no such thing as destruction in the world, says the philosopher. What we consider as such is only change. Your old iron, your old *chatta* or parasol, all your tattered rags, are marketable articles: there is no destruction for them but a salutary change? The broken padlock will do service again in another shape; the *chāttā* will receive a new era of existence after it is mended and a new cloth put on to it; the rags will be converted into paper—probably to print some big daily, to be sold again at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  annas a quire! O tempora! O mores.

IX.—DHONG! DHONG! DHONG!

THRE goes the Kānsāri's music! A coolie carries with him all the articles he has for sale. The gong and the bell are for *poojahs*, if you are particularly fond of them; the *thāllā*, or dining plate, for your first-born, if he has commenced to eat rice; the *lotah*, the *pilsorj*, the *gāroo*, anything you stand in need of, Sir! But I don't want anything; still the infernal *dhong! dhong!* continues. It is enough to awaken the dead in their graves!

The Kānsāri is a man well to do in life. He has a shop in the nearest bazaar; and both in going to it and in coming back from it he makes it a point to carry a coolie's load with him, if only to try the temper of the people whose houses he passes by. Braziers from other places, especially from Jagganath, also frequent the streets, crying *Thākoorbāteer bāssan go! Thākoorbāteer bāssan!* But this you don't hear every day, probably because the sellers are few in number and perambulate different parts of the town by turns.

## X.—KATAO SEEL-CHAKTEE, JANTA!

THIS is a horrible voice between a bawl and a screech. I wonder how much the man makes a day by this cry. Who on earth requires grinding-stones to be recut and repaired? And yet here is a man who makes his living by cutting them anew.

## XI.—BHALO, BHALO, NAYA, NAYA, SAP; SAPAY

## BANDORAY TAMASAR KHAYLE.

HERE is poetry for you, reader; the serpent-charmer's poetry as he goes about with his baskets full of serpents, a baboon following at his heels that will play many tricks with the serpents, if you will pay a trifle for the *tamashá*. It is of course well-known that the serpents are fangless; but what if one of the reptiles escapes while being played with and burrows in your house? Wont it get new fangs in time? Why then is the play permitted in a densely crowded city? I never could look at serpents without dread. Our native dress at home gives us no protection against them if they are unwarily crossed, and I would unhesitatingly vote for the expulsion of all such players from the town. I know that there are many who take a delight in looking at the reptiles—particularly children. The impression left on these little fellows is various. One child, after such a sight in the day, woke up at night in convulsions, with the cry of "Sap," "Sap," and with froth foaming in his mouth. But this was an exceptional case. Generally, they are well pleased with the play so long as it lasts, and forget all about it afterwards; what especially delights them being the music of the charmer, which certainly does charm all simple-hearted listeners—including the serpents of course. These charmers, they say, can charm out serpents from their holes and capture them. I saw one attempt myself, but that was a failure. The serpent did come out to listen to the music, but snapped at the charmer every time that he approached it; and, as it was a rather large-sized

cobra, the man did not much like the idea of cultivating any intimate acquaintance with it. But there is no doubt that they do capture many serpents in this way, for many good people have seen them do so.

XII.—CHYE MOONG-KE-DÁL?

A VERY good edible is *Moong-ke-dál*, the Arabica Revelenta of the doctors, which has been known in this country from time anterior to the flood as a very wholesome food for the convalescent. The man who sells the *dál* is an up-country man, and the grains are very clean and have been well picked. The Bengali does not know, or does not care, to clean his grains in the way these up-country people do it. The fact is he is more partial to his fish and his *torkáree* than to his *dál*, though the *dál* is both more wholesome and more strengthening. Altogether, in the matter of food, the natives of Bengal are very much less particular than up-country Hindus. The former will take anything they can get that caste rules allow, and then hurry on to money-making; while the latter, though not less fond of money-making, will still find full time for cleaning and cooking their dinner well.

XIII.—HÁNSAYR DEEM CHYE; HÁNSAYR DEEM, GO!

HÁNSAYR DEEM!

How loud the man bawls! His custom perhaps is not as profitable as it used to be of old. Young Bengal is more fond of *Moorgeer Deem* (fowl's eggs) than of *Hánsayr Deem* (duck's eggs); but of course the former cannot be hawked about openly except in Mahomedan quarters. The *Hánsayr Deem* is a loathsome food. Of fowl's eggs I have no personal experience, but they are said to be better. Both are taken by some people raw!!! and I have heard that doctors advise their being so taken. The idea makes the blood run cold.

XIV.—BELATTEE AMRA CHYE; CHYE PAT-BADAM!

XV.—ALOO CHYE; PIÁZ CHYE!

THE first may pass without comment; but *Aloo* (potatoes) and *Piáz* (onions) selling together in the streets of an orthodox town! O Menu and Vyasa! what are we coming to! There was a time when people lost caste for eating onions; while now potatoes and onions are carried round in the same basket from door to door, and even widows and Bráhmans buy the potatoes quite heedless of their unorthodox contamination.

XVI.—CHYE MÁLSEE DOHI CHYE; MÁLSEE DOHI CHYE, GO!

THE cry is drawn out in lengthened sweetness, and reaches a great distance; and very great is the demand for the *dohi*. All people who can afford to pay for it buy it eagerly, for it very much facilitates the taking of rice—particularly when the days are hot. It is also very wholesome, notwithstanding some medical opinions expressed of late to the contrary. In bowel complaints it acts as a charm. The other variety of it, called *Malje Dohi*, is less digestible, and is only liked because it is more acid. Both sell in the streets with the greatest promptitude.

XVII.—TOOK-TAP—TOOK-TOOM.

PLAY things to sell! What a crowd of ragged children follow in the wake of the seller; all anxious to buy, but having no pice to pay! And what a variety of nick-nacks the man has got: birds made of colored rags and decked with tinsel, paper palkees, garies, umbrellas, trees, flowers, whistles, bells, cards, balloons, looking glasses; every thing, in fact, that is likely to catch a child's fancy. With villainous pertinacity these are displayed ostentatiously at every door. In vain do poor mothers tell the man to pass on, not having the pice to pay for what their children clamorously ask for. The man knows that the pice will be forthcoming, and generally succeeds in getting it out.

XVIII.—CHOOREE LIBEE, GO!

WHAT a sweet melodious voice that girl has who goes from house to house selling *choorees*, or bracelets made of sealing wax or glass! But all the poetry evoked by her voice vanishes the moment you get a full view of her face. The phiz of Medusa could scarcely have had a more petrifying effect. You close your eyes involuntarily, while the ear continues to drink the melody that floats by. *Chooree libi, go!* Yes, my love, I will buy up all your *choorees* if you will go on hawking them in your own pretty way; but don't break the spell by turning your face towards me, or you will convert me into stone. Throw a veil over your features, and you will enhance the value of your wares.

XIX.—GHOTEE BATEE SARABAY! GHORA, PILSOOJ SARTAY  
ACHYA! BHANGABASUN SARTAY ACHAY!

No man, no; I have no broken utensils to repair; pass on, please; your pertinacity is most annoying. Who can possibly require a tinker at his door every day of the year!

XX.—RIPOOR KORMO!

XXI.—SALIE JOOTEA; JOOTA BROOSH!

XXII.—DO GOLIE SOOTA EK PYSA!

XXIII.—DHAMA BANDA BAY GO?

XXIV.—BAXO SARTAY ACHAY?

THESE shricks and screeches are very trying indeed. There is no poetry in the voices. They are all matter-of-fact calls, for things or services which you cannot possibly stand in need of more than, say, once, twice, or four times a year; and yet you have to bear with the calls every blessed day of your existence, and fortunate is he who does not receive each more than once in twenty-four hours.

XXV.—JARUCK LABOO, BELMOROA, HUZMEE GOLEE, AMBACHAH,  
TOPACOO, KASUNDI!

A good long yarn this, and rather melodiously bawled out, hawking for sale *chutnies* and acids which are dear to every epicure and gourmand.

XXVI.—MONDA METOY !

XXVII.—ROOTEE, BISKOOT, NANKHATAYA !

XXVIII.—GOLAPEE AOOREE CHYE ?

XXIX.—CHYE NAKOLE DANA ?

We pass over all these cries as calling for no particular remark.

Immediately after them follows the cry of

XXX.—CHANACHOOR GURMA GURRUM.

YOUR syce is a great scoundrel and steals gram, the horse is getting thinner, you are afraid of being some day hawled up before the Magistrate by the Cruelty-Prevention-Society, which is so vigilant. But where the deuce does the gram go to ? Ask this man and you will know. All the stolen gram is converted into *Chanachoor*, which, made hot with chillies, is much valued by drunkards both of high and low degree. *Brandy-pawny* and *Chanachoor Gurma-Gurram* comprise a feast for the gods, leaving aside the exquisites of the Calcutta University. What Young-Bengal is there who has been able to resist the temptation of sharing them with his syce or his sirdar-bearer, if not in worse company ?

XXXI.—CHYE BUROPH ?

AND there is the Burophwalla coming in good time to cool down both the liquid fire and chilled gram ! Does any one wish to have revelations of pandemonium or the purgatory without the intervention of the Planchette ? Let him accompany a Burophwalla for the nonce, and he will see both places with his own eyes and learn all that he may require to know. O, what secrets these Burophwallas could divulge if they had a mind to !

Night now closes up the city of palaces, brothels, and iniquities for a brief while ; and no calls but those of the Páháráwállá and the jackal will be heard for the next few hours. I may therefore close for the present with

XXXII.—YAPEED MOOSHKILLASHIAN KARAYGA,

Which is announced by a broad flaring light in the hands of a bearded *fakir*, who goes about from door to door asking for that dole in the name of a Mahomedan saint which no Hindu housewife dares to refuse. All *Moosh-kill*, or difficulties, will be made *ashan*, or easy. Child's sickness, husband's irregularity of life, crustiness of old mother-in-law—every impediment to happiness will be removed at once. And what is the price to pay for this? One pice only!

I wish Maga would pay me a pice per line for this luminous contribution which may not soon be equalled. A pice-a-liner is doubtless a poorer designation than a penny-a-liner; but something is better than nothing, and I am not very hard to please.

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## THE FAVORITES OF THE HINDU POETS.

### IX.—MAYURA—(THE PEACOCK.)

THE Peacock is too well known a bird to require any remarks on his general structure and appearance. The Sanskrit synonyms of the word *Mayūra* are all expressive of the physical characteristics of this magnificent bird of the Old-World and of India in particular. The word वह्निष् or वह्निन् means the bird of the long train of feathers, the epithet नीलकण्ठ means he with a blue throat, भुजङ्ग-भुज् means the snake-eater, शिखावल, शिखिन् and शिखिण्डिन् signify the bird ornamented with a crest, while मेघनादानुनाभिन् indicates that the bird delights at the roaring of clouds.

“The peacock during the courting season raises his tail vertically, and with it of course the lengthened train, spreading it out and strutting about to captivate the hen-birds, and he has the power of clattering the feathers in a most curious manner. It is a beautiful sight to come suddenly on twenty or thirty pea-fowls, the males displaying their gorgeous trains and strutting about in all the pomp of pride before the gratified females.” But let us see what our poets have to say of this fine spectacle. The following is from Bhavabhūti, a poet who flourished in the eighth century of the Christian Era :—

अतरुणमदताण्डवोत्सवान्ते

स्वयमचिरौद्गतमुग्धलोलवर्हः ।

मणिमुकुट इवोच्छिखः कदम्बे

नदति स एष बधूसखः शिखण्डी ।

“Here is this same peacock accompanied by his mate  
“uttering his cry upon the Kadamba tree at the end  
“of the festive joys of the dance caused by excessive  
“gladness, who, as his beautiful waving tail has lately  
“grown, appears like a blazing diadem of jewels.”—  
Tawney’s *Uttara Rāma Charita*.

The Peacock was a great favorite of the Antahpura ;  
he is so still with our ladies. His shanks are very often  
ornamented with golden bells, which jingle musically  
when he dances before his mistress, who keeps time by  
clapping her begemmed fair hands. The following ex-  
tracts are to the point :—

इदातदे विविच-मणि-चित्तलिदे विच्य अच्यं  
सहरिसं नचन्तो रविकिरणमन्तप्तं पक्षुस्त्वेवेष्टिं  
विधुवेदि विच्य पासदं घरमेरो ।

“The domestic peacock dances about delighted and  
“fans the place with gem-emblazoned tail, as if to cool  
“its heated walls.”—

Wilson’s *Mrichchhakati*.

The following is from the *Meghaduta* of Kālidāsa :—

तन्मध्ये च स्फटिकफलका काञ्चनी वासयष्टि  
मूलेवद्वा मणिभिरनतिप्रौढवंशप्रकाशैः ।  
तानैः सिञ्जदलय-समगैर्नर्तितः कान्तया मे  
यामध्यास्ते दिवसविगमे नीलकण्ठः मुहूढः ॥”

“There, in their midst, stands the golden house-staff  
“surmounted by a blade of crystal, its nether part  
“made of a lump of emerald resembling a ripe bamboo  
“in lustre ; there, at the decline of day, dances thy  
“friend, the peacock, while the time is kept by my wife,  
“as the bangles jingle in her hands.”

Our poets often compare the long tresses of the fair  
with the pendent feathery train of the peacock. The  
hair was generally worn by the ladies in ancient India,

in thick clustering braids ornamented with flowers or gems, as is often seen in the temple sculpture of Southern India. The following passage taken from the *Vicramorvasi* is a gem of its kind :—

वरहिणपद्म पद्म अम्भत्यमि आचक्रुच्छि मे ता  
एतत् अरणे भमन्ते जइ पइ दिट्ठो सा मज्झ कन्ता ।  
निसम्भइ मिअङ्कसरिसे वल्लगे, हंसगई  
ए चिण्हे जाणीहिमि, आअक्खिउ तुज्झ मइ ॥  
[ चर्चरिकयोपविशय अञ्जलिं वधू ॥ ]

नीलकण्ठ ममेत्कण्ठा वनेऽस्मिन् वनिता त्वया ।  
दीर्घापाङ्गा, सितापाङ्गा दृष्टा दृष्टिस्तथा भवेत् ॥

कथमदत्त्वैव प्रतिवचनं नर्तितुमारब्धः ? तत् किन्नु खनु  
प्रहर्षकारणमस्य ? आ ज्ञातं ।

वृद्धपवनविभिन्नो मत्प्रियायाः प्रणाश  
ह्वनरुचिरकलापो निःसपत्नोऽधजातः ।  
रतिविगलितबन्धे केशपाशे मुक्तेयाः  
सति कुसुमसनाये कं हरेदेष वर्हः ॥

I will speak to this peacock—Oh tell,  
If, free on the wing as you soar,  
In forest, or meadow, or dell,  
You have seen the loved nymph I deplore.  
You will know her, the fairest of damsels fair  
By her large soft eye, and her graceful air ;  
(Advancing to the bird and bowing)  
Bird of the dark blue throat and eye of jet,  
Oh tell me have you seen the lovely face,  
Of my fair bride—lost in the dreary wilderness :  
Her charms deserve your gaze : How—no reply !  
He answers not, but beats a measure. How—  
What means this merry mood ! Oh yes, I know  
The cause, he now may boast his plumage—  
Without a peer, nor shame to shew her glories  
Before the floating tresses of my Urvashi.

The following pieces of poetry on the peacock are taken from the *Sārngadhara Paddhati*, a collection of Sanscrit verses from various authors; it will be seen that the last two pieces point each a moral :—

कैका कर्णामृतन्ते सकुसुमकवरी कान्तिहारः कलापः  
कण्टस्थायाः पुराणैर्गलरुचि रुचिरा सौहृदं मेघनादैः ।  
• विश्वदेविदिजिह्वस्फुरदुपि शितनित्यमाहारवृत्तिः ।  
कैः पुण्यैः प्राप्तमेतत् सकलमपि सखे चिचवृत्तं मयूर ॥

Thy voice is nectar, thy dazzling train vies with the tresses of lady fair,—bedecked with flowers of gold and gems. The lustrous tints of thy throat rival that of Iswara, thou lovest the musical roarings of clouds. Thy daily meat is the flesh of the double-tongued serpent race, who are deadly enemies to the world. So friend peacock! by what austerities hast thou achieved all these good and noble things?

हारीताः सरसं रसन्तु मधुरं कूजन्तु पुंस्कोकिलाः  
सानन्दं गिरमुद्गिरन्तु च शुकाः किन्तैः स्थिरस्थैरपि ।  
एकेनापि तलस्थितेन मदता ओखण्डनिस्तर्जना—  
द्वारालानाञ्च शिखण्डिना ननु मच्चत् पाण्डित्यमुत्पादितं ॥

Let the pigeons green, gush forth their liquid notes,  
Or Koels coo, or Parrots' prattling throats  
Pour out their sweetest talk in blithesome mood.  
They all belong to the aerial brotherhood.  
But the peacock, tho' confined to lowly ground,  
Its one, but one, commanding clarion sound  
Strikes the double-tongued serpents dumb, who fly away,  
And hurriedly leave the sandal tree.

The moral of course is, that heroism is not incompatible with low station in life.

वेगज्वलद्विदपि पुञ्जमहारवोऽयम् ।  
गर्जत्यतीव्रतरहेतिरियन्न सप्ता ॥  
दावाग्निधूमनिवहोऽमयन्नमेघः ।  
किं नृत्यसि द्रुतमितो ब्रज तत् कलापिन् ॥

The woods are in fire, and hence the roar,  
'Tis not the noise of clouds o'er  
Thy head, thou bird o' the lengthened train,  
'Tis not the lightning's glare but rise amain  
The flames' splendour, 'mong vapours dense,  
Which thou takest for the cloud's presence ;  
Then why this dance, mid smoke and fire ?  
Ah ! fly my friend ! this forest dire.

The moral is, that appearances often deceive.

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# BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

## THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

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### Chapter XXIX.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF EARLY MARRIAGE.—DIFFERENT FORMATIONS PRECEDING A HUSBAND'S APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE. AN EMBRYO HUSBAND APPEARS IN THE FORM OF A VEGETABLE (PREPARATION), IS THEN SUCCEEDED BY A WINGED BIPED, WHICH GRADUALLY DEVELOPES INTO A MONKEY,—FROM WHICH, IN DUE COURSE, IS DECENDED MAN OR HUSBAND,—THUS PROVING THE TRUTH OF DARWIN'S THEORY. BHOOBONESHOREE'S NOW EAXPERIENCE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY MARRIAGE.

BUT (continued Preonath) however advantageous or interesting the approaching marriage might be to other parties, it was not so to the poor infant bride. For the little boys and girls surrounding Jogen, frightened her with a description of the bridegroom. At first she seems to have thought that a bridegroom, or husband as it was otherwise called, was something eatable,—very sweet to the taste. It was in her estimation the name of a peculiarly delicious sweetmeat, which was to be kept in an earthen jar suspended from the ceiling, and given to her alone by little and little every day, no other boys or girls sharing in it,—no, not even her younger brother, who generally had a lion's share of her parents' favors. When it was consumed or became unfit for use, her great-grandfather would again send Ghottocks to purchase another earthen pot full of bridegroom or husband, and she would eat it alone sitting in a corner where no one else would be admitted.

This was the impression formed in her mind from the imperfect description of the article and its use that she had yet heard. For the women had taught her to be

shy when the subject was mentioned in her presence : they laughed and reproached her if she asked any question about it. But afterwards she often heard verbs of motion predicated about her bridegroom. It could not be a sweetmeat, she thought. It must be a nice bird, far superior to any of those which her grand-father Sham owned in his menagerie. O ! how, when first confined, it would try to come out of its cage ! ! With its beautiful little beak, it would be now picking this part of the cage, now that part : but all to no purpose ! She would feed the husband with her own hand, and stroke its back ! By degrees, it would become so fond of her, that her sight would make it impatient in its prison house ! She would then take it out of its cage, and keep it near her heart ! It would sit over her fingers, and thrusting its pretty beak between her lips, take the food from her mouth ! When going to bed at night, she would, in spite of its struggles, again put it into its cage !

Poor Jogen did not know that a husband could be made to do all she proposed, except the last. She had however no objection to its being released from cage at night provided there was no cat to pounce upon it.

But she was horror-struck at the description which the little boys and girls gave of her intended play-thing. They said her husband had a very thick pair of mustaches and large eyes, not to say big hands with which it would raise her to his Palkee, shut the door and carry her away, leaving her parents weeping behind. To frighten her the more, one little urchin said, "your husband's eyes would swallow you up entire." Another said, "O ! look ! behold, there it is coming !"

At this last exclamation, made with a shew of affected fear, the poor girl ran without turning behind, or right or left, followed by the wicked boys and girls with a chorus. "Oh, there it is coming !" Jogen rushed into Bhooboneshoree's chamber, and plunging into her breast, burst into tears. The urchins finding whom she had got for her protector, sneaked away, being afraid to lose the good opinion of one whom they regarded as their common mother. Bhooboneshoree had great difficulty in

soothing the child. She kissed away her tears, pressed her to her bosom, bid her fear no one, and encouraged her to explain the cause of her fright.

“Mother!” said Jogen at last, “the terrible husband is coming to swallow me with its eyes!”

Bhooboneshoree saw what mischief the little urchins had done, and said:—“No, child, your bridegroom is not so hideous as you imagine. He is a very beautiful young man, and will fall in love with your pretty face.”

“No, mother, I don’t want it, I don’t want it, give it to any other child!”—and Jogen plunged deeper and deeper into her bosom, while her whole body trembled with fear, as if the obnoxious animal was at the door to carry her off.

“Don’t you be afraid, my child. There is no one here to molest you in my arms. Your bridegroom lives a day’s journey from this place, and would not be here till several days hence. Even if he were here, there would be no cause for fear.”

“No, mother! shut the door, good mother, do not let it be brought here. I will die if you do so!”

The “good mother,” seeing the child still tremble and cast affrighted looks behind, rose and shut the door. Jogen raised her head and surveyed the apartment very carefully, while Bhooboneshoree proceeded to disabuse her mind of the false impressions it had imbibed. Jogen had now evidently got into her head that the husband was neither an eatable nor a bird, but a large doll,—probably an imitation monkey—which by Feringee ingenuity, could roll its eyes, open its jaws, move its head and stretch its arms. She preferred her little dolls to this frightful monster. So after Bhooboneshoree had graphically described the joys to be derived from associating with a husband, the child asked:—“Does it bite, mother? my cousins say, it will bite my lips and cheeks till they are red.

“Your husband,” said the fair aunt, “won’t bite you, but will only kiss you as I do”—and she kissed her cheeks.



"But will those kisses be like yours, mother? Will that horrid monster clasp me in his arms as your fair arms do?"

"His kisses," replied Bhooboneshoree smiling, "may not seem very agreeable at first, but when you learn to love him, they will appear more delicious than any thing you have ever tasted. He is not a terrible monster, but a nice young man, just like your uncles who are husbands to your aunts. Your aunts, instead of being frightened, are fond of their respective husbands' company."

"No, mother! my aunts are not at all fond of my uncles' company. On the contrary, they are much afraid of them, and shun their very sight."

Bhooboneshoree hardly knew how to make the child understand that the Hindoo lady's seeming aversion to her husband during the day, proceeded from false modesty, and that during the night they were as great friends as ever. She tried her best to explain the mystery, but Jogen was still incredulous.

"Mother!" said she, "I prefer my little dolls to a big man. The money your grandfather is about to spend in my marriage, will purchase several nice dolls, which will retire with me to bed, lie in my arms, and may kiss me as often as they like. I don't want to sleep with a big man. If husbands are really so very nice things to sleep with, why, mother, don't you take the one your grandfather is bringing for me?"

Bhooboneshoree hardly knew whether to laugh or weep. After a pause she said she had possessed a husband whom she loved better than her life, but it had pleased Heaven to take him away, and she hoped to join him at an early date.

Seeing tears glide down her aunt's cheeks, Jogen kissed them away and said, "mother! do not weep. Tell me what you require of me, and I will do it to please you."

Several minutes elapsed before Bhooboneshoree found voice amidst her sobs and tears.

"My child! your feelings are natural. How can girls of your age appreciate the inestimable jewel of a husband. Alas! our countrymen do not see the impropriety

of early marriage or the evils attendant upon it. You cannot possibly help regarding your husband with horror, although you will be enjoined on the altar to love him with all your soul and to revere him next to the Deity. But when you come to years of discretion, you will deeply repent of the feelings which now find a place in your heart. I was married in my thirteenth year, an age in which Hindoo ladies generally become mothers. Even then I did not know the value of a husband. He did not love me at first, as he was forced to marry me against his will, his heart having been previously captivated by a lady of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments. I was partly to blame for his indifference. Force was at first required to lead me to his room, and to detain me there at night. My cousins carried me thither and left me, but as my husband, in spite of their remonstrances, did not care to compel me to remain, I often slipped out of the room, though sure to be again pushed in by them. One night before they could again push me in, my husband had shut the door, and as I could not return to my own room for fear of my mother's reproaches, I had to stand out in the cold with them the whole night through, their entreaties to him to open the door having proved unavailing. In justice to myself I must say that far from feeling the aversion that I shewed, I cherished a secret love for my husband which I was not willing to express in my actions. This was owing to the coyness of our sex, encouraged as it had been by the wretched custom of our country. For if I made any advances towards my husband, my cousins who, surrounding our room in private, watched our slightest motions and overheard our faintest whispers, would raise a laugh at my expense, as if I had done something wrong. So I stifled all the regard I felt for him, and manifested uncompromising aversion. But, thanks to his education and religious turn of mind, though he did not at the time feel a particle of affection for me, yet his sense of duty to his wife made him not only bear with my petulance, but show great kindness in return. Thus when he discovered that I passed the night standing like a pillar at his door, he would gently lead me to

his bed, and that I might not feel uncomfortable, would turn his back upon me, and fall asleep. In a day or two coming to know that I passed the night sitting in the posture he left me in, he made me lie down. But I moved slowly to the hard brink of the bed, that my cousins might see how I placed the greatest distance between him and me. To allow me greater space for the motion of my limbs without coming in contact with him, which I seemed to dread, he betook himself to the other brink of the bed, and carefully covering me with the entire quilt meant for the use of us both, himself lay exposed to cold. Finding all attempts unavailing, he left the whole bed to myself at last, and spreading a mat on the bare floor, there lay down to sleep."

Here the fair narrator's voice was choked, and streams ran down her cheeks. When she recovered her voice, she continued :—

"My child! you will be surprised to hear that for about a year after our marriage, he did not see my face. We met only for a fortnight or so during the Durga Pooja vacation when he came home from College. After our cousins had relaxed their espionage over our actions, we exchanged a word or two in whispers, but not till the candle had been extinguished. As I grew up, my feelings towards him underwent a change, and at last we began to love each other so intensely that unable to express it in words, we often expressed our love in tears. Then as often as I cast my eyes on the bed and rooms in which I had played the part of a coy maiden, I felt supremely wretched. I know that every lady in Bengal, married very young, was more or less guilty like myself, and that I was not so much to blame as the wretched custom of our country which promotes early marriage, discourages conjugal love, and prohibits the husband's company during the day. But still my feelings of repentance were not the less acute. I cursed myself for throwing away in wretched coyness the long period of three years during which I might have enjoyed the highest felicity that human life could bestow. For when I learnt to love my husband, I seemed to tread the land

of enchantment; every object on which I cast my eyes seemed redolent with joy; I often doubted whether I was awake or dreaming of happiness which I did not feel; whether everything around me was not created solely for imparting pleasure to me, and whether heaven was a place distinct from this sublunary world. There occurred nothing to break this illusion till—till—.”

Here the fair narrator's voice was again choked, and tears ran down her cheeks. Jogen was alarmed and shrieked—which put a check to the torrent from her aunt's eyes that had threatened to carry her away.

“Do not weep, mother! my dear mother, do not weep! I will marry the big man you give me, and sleep with him in the same bed, even though his eyes actually swallow me.”

The poor child was evidently convinced by Bhooboneshoree's tears, and not by her arguments, which she could not understand. Indeed I doubt whether I understand them myself. Finding a docile child for her listener, she indulged herself in a subject on which she was known to be crazy. Those who know the monomania with which she is afflicted, change the subject whenever she tries to enlarge on it. You laugh, Doctor, to hear me characterize her disease by the name of monomania. Pray, who, in discussing the subject of early marriage, would ever pour her griefs into the ear of a child six years old, unless she had been afflicted with some such mental disease! Had Bhooboneshoree known what sort of husband Jogen was going to be united to, she would have shed more tears for the poor girl than for herself, instead of trying to reconcile her to her doom. But of this when we come to the marriage.

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### Chapter XXX.

SHEWS HOW JOGEN TASTES, IN ANTICIPATION, THE SWEETS OF EARLY MARRIAGE, AND HOW A HUSBAND IS A STANDING SUBJECT OF JEST AMONG HINDU LADIES. BHOOBONESHOREE EXPOSES THE EVILS OF EARLY MARRIAGE.

**A**LTHOUGH (continued Preonath) Jogen had promised to submit quietly to the marriage ceremony,

she found it not easy to conquer her infant feelings. When the children again attempted to frighten her with a description of the bridegroom, she told them indeed that her "better mother" had assured her there was very great pleasure in the company of a husband. But at night she would often get up in bed dreaming that a man with large mustaches, big eyes, and wide mouth came to swallow her up. Her cries on such occasions were so loud and incessant that her mother Mukhoda finding it impossible to soothe her, sent for Bhooboneshree who, she said, knew some charms to govern little children at her pleasure. As these fits came upon Jogen several times at night, it was at last thought necessary to transfer her entirely to the charge of Bhooboneshoree till the time of marriage. The latter not only tried all her arts to disabuse her mind of every wrong impression on the subject, but also forbad her playmates to frighten her any more.

But the fears and prejudices of childhood could not be eradicated in a day. Though Jogen generally lay quiet in Bhooboneshoree's bed, the idea of being wedded to a frightful monster whom she had seen in her dreams, haunted her even during her waking hours. When questioned by the ladies, (who take especial delight in jesting on such subjects,) Jogen refused, in spite of Bhooboneshoree's coaxing, to sleep with her husband unless that more-than-mother accompanied her to his bed. This excited great laughter, and the ladies proposed that Bhooboneshoree should sleep with Jogen and her husband at least for the first two nights. Bhooboneshoree replied that being nearest to Jogen, they ought to have the preference. But some of them retorted that if the bridegroom were left to choose, he was sure to prefer Bhooboneshoree to the rest. As Bhooboneshoree disputed the truth of this proposition, they proposed to ask Jogen's opinion on the point, but this Bhooboneshoree would by no means allow to be done, which caused increased merriment.

But however they might laugh and jest, it was no light matter to Jogen. The poor girl burst into tears,

and implored Bhooboneshoree to take pity upon her. Mukhoda happening just to come in, thought this a good opportunity of venting her spleen.

"I curse myself," said she, "for allowing Jogen to associate with Bhooboneshoree. She has spoilt the child so much, that I do not know how to eradicate from her mind the pernicious ideas she has apparently imbibed. Who has ever heard of a girl being afraid to approach her husband's bed-room, unless she is cursed with some hysteric fits!! When first married, girls feign a repugnance to their husband's company, because a contrary conduct exposes them to ridicule. I do not wonder if my Jogen learns all the evil principles which have made Bhooboneshoree's name a bye word of reproach everywhere. Oh! may I not live to see Jogen renounce Hindu dress, Hindu customs, and Hindu religion, shew her face to strangers, speak with her husband in public, write to his elder brother, and, when a widow, eat on the eleventh day of the moon!" Then hearing the ladies tax her with ingratitude, Mukhoda continued:—"Ingratitude indeed! My girl's affections have been alienated from me. Your children have also been spoilt in that way. But you can bear to see you children prefer another—I cannot."

Saying this, Mukhoda snatched up Jogen from Bhooboneshoree's arms, and striking her blow after blow, threatened to kill her if she was again found in Bhooboneshoree's company. But as soon as Jogen had got loose from her mother's iron grasp, she ran and plunged into Bhooboneshoree's breast. Mukhoda now came in a still more furious rage, and wrenching her with great force, dashed her to the ground. The child stunned by the blow, cast appealing looks towards Bhooboneshoree, though evidently afraid to seek her protection. Bhooboneshoree covered her face with her hands.

Before Jogen had ceased crying, or before Bhooboneshoree could efface all traces of her recent emotions, a maid-servant announced the near approach of Bindoo, the mother of Mukhoda. The latter aware of her mother's extreme partiality and fondness for Jogen, looked aghast, fearing a terrific explosion over her own

head. She wished to conceal all marks of her cruelty, but stood irresolute, not knowing how to do it. She was however relieved by Bhooboneshoree, who snatching up Jogen from the ground, covered her with the skirts of her cloth, and kissed away her tears. Before the necessary precautions could however be taken, Bindoo arrived.

"Why is that angelic face," said she looking at Bhooboneshoree, "covered with a cloud, instead of beaming with smile which eternally plays on those lips. Ah! Jogen is trembling. Has that monster of cruelty, my Mukhoda, been again beating the girl?"

As Bindoo approached to examine Jogen's body, Bhooboneshoree bent over the child, and said with a smile—"Mother, the long and short of the matter is, we have usurped your function, and been gravely discussing whether we cannot dispense with that idle ceremony which requires a bride to associate with the bridegroom on the marriage night. For Jogen is mortally afraid to enter her husband's room, unless you or some of us accompany her"—and she attempted a laugh.

"No child, no, we cannot dispense with that part of the ceremony which is essential to the marriage. If you were to remain with Jogen in her husband's room, you will not, I assure you, find it an idle ceremony after all."

This sally was followed by tremendous laughter. Seeing Bhooboneshoree glide along with the current of merriment instead of attempting a retort on which she was known to be expert, the old lady expressed surprise.

"It is natural," said Bhooboneshoree, "for a niece to yield victory to her aunt. I am not ashamed to own my defeat to you."

Bindoo was highly delighted, and lifting Bhooboneshoree with her burden into her lap, repeatedly kissed her cheeks.

"Dear aunt" said Bhooboneshoree, "you appear younger than myself, displaying such strength as you do."

"Is not this sight very happy," said the aunt, evidently pleased with the compliment, "we are three genera-

tions joined here, and in four or five years, there may be four generations thus sitting in one another's lap. For Jogen may get children at eleven, and then how happy we shall be!"

"Why, aunt! should you wish Jogen to be a mother before she has passed her childhood? If you are so very anxious to see four generations sitting in one another's lap, let us go to my grand-father. You will sit in his lap, I will sit in yours, and Jogen will sit in mine. I assure you, aunt, the old man will feel his youth revive in having in his arms a daughter-in-law who is stronger than myself, and looks so beautiful and young."

In spite of the compliment, Bindoo could not forgive the thrust which made the young ladies merry at her expense.

"There is no harm," said she, "in wishing Jogen a mother at eleven. In this iron age, ladies become almost old at sixteen. Men like your husband are very rare: though you were married at 13, still he would not taste so much beauty and loveliness for three long years, considering it criminal to become a father till you had passed the fifteenth year of your age. The man must have been a Jogee to resist such extraordinary charms and temptations, and to starve in the midst of nectar piled on every side."

The laugh was loud and long. Bhooboneshoree's face was, however, overspread with blushes, which Bindoo observed.

"Why, child! there is no shame. In one respect, your husband was right. A girl getting children at eleven, would become old at sixteen. But you appeared to have hardly reached your sixteenth. For all that, I would wish to see Jogen a mother of at least three children before she arrives at her *marriageable* age according to your husbands's ethics."

Bhooboneshoree could not let this opportunity pass without speaking a ward in her husband's defence.

"Dear aunt," said she, "a girl who is a mother at an early age, not only becomes prematurely old, but her children are all weak in body and mind. It is no



wonder, therefore, that the Hindoos die so young, and that their minds, after attaining a certain development are arrested in their progress. It is a subject of common remark that our boys appear to be highly gifted, but are incapable of achieving in their manhood, what was expected from the promises of their childhood. Indeed how can it be otherwise? A diseased or imperfectly developed seed cannot produce a healthy plant. Nor can you expect a good milch-cow or strong swift horse from parents wanting in those qualities. Many diseases and peculiarities in us are known to be hereditary. Hence it follows that children, born of a mother at an early age, partake of her bodily and mental imperfections, diversified by their father's peculiarities at the time. As this untimely birth cannot fail to affect the mother's system, children born even at her mature age, do not escape quite scatheless. A forced culture impairs the strength of the soil."

"Yes child," said the jovial aunt, "I understand you. It is by such arguments as these that your husband managed to console you during your long fast of fifteen years."

The modesty of the young ladies could no longer curb their risible faculty, and they burst into uproarious laughter. The more they tried to suppress it, the more it grew ungovernable. From the eager looks directed towards Bhooboneshoree, it appeared they immediately expected from her a retort. But it was soon evident that she would not deal with her respected aunt as she would treat her other antagonists. The old lady felt and appreciated this, and rewarded her forbearance with redoubling her kisses, as she said :—

"Don't you, my darling, mind what a foolish old woman like myself may say. I doubt whether I will be able to survive your departure from this house. For a long time I will miss from my bed the angel who has converted it into a heaven."

A maidservant whom Bhooboneshoree had sent to fetch some sweetmeat, now came and handed it to Mukhoda.

"My child!" said Bhooboneshoree to Jogen, "see, your mother calls you, holding in her dear hand the delicacy of which you are so fond. Don't you be afraid of the bridegroom. Go and take it."

The simple speech, contrived to conciliate Mukhoda, to encourage Jogen and hide from Bindoo her daughter's cruelty, drew tears from Radhica. Mukhoda's ill-nature had disappeared, and she affectionately called Jogen to her side. The child went and sat at Mukhoda's lap, and before taking the sweetmeat, raised her eyes to her mother's face to see whether she was still angry. The look seemed to upbraid her for her cruelty, and Bhooboneshoree applied the corner of her cloth to her eyes.

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## THE LEGENDS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.\*

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AMONG the many subsidiary branches of enquiry which recent oriental researches have given rise to, few are more interesting than that which is directed to the origin and dispersion of the legends of ancient times. It brings to light many a missing link in the history of nations, and affords most curious illustrations of the working of the human mind under different physical, social and moral circumstances. Mr. Thomas Lumsden Strange, late a Judge of the High Court of Madras, has directed this enquiry to the legends of the Old Testament, and the results he has arrived at, are of a character which cannot fail greatly to interest our readers. We propose, therefore, to give, in this paper, a short notice of the little book which he has recently published on the subject. We can easily conceive the deafening tattoo on the "drum ecclesiastic" which our attempt may lead to among perverts from Hinduism and European missionaries in India, and it is not without some reluctance, therefore, that we enter upon the task ; but it is due to the learned author that we should not allow his labours to remain unknown to the people of this country, with whose ancient history they are so intimately associated. The author belongs to a class of scholars whose number is daily and rapidly increasing in Europe. The thralldom which a family religion exercises on the human intellect, has been shaken off by the members of this class ; and they have taken it upon themselves to examine, critically and intelligently with the light of science and history, how far the pretensions of Christianity, the most successful of all the different systems of religion which exercise their potent influence

\* The Legends of the Old Testament traced to their apparent primitive sources.  
By Thomas Lumsden Strange, London, Trübner & Co., 1874.

to govern, for good or evil, the mind of man, are consistent with reason and truth. Such enquirers after the truth of religious systems have lived in all ages and in every civilized country, and their behaviour towards the so-called "revealed religions" of their times and countries has everywhere and at all times been the subject of the direst anathemas on the part of the faithful. "A reviler of the Vedas," "a heretic," "an atheist," "a kafir," are the mildest terms of reproach designed for them, and the pains and penalties they were at one time subjected to, including out-casting and excommunication, were the most distressing possible. Progress of education and civilization have, to a great extent, softened the rigours of these penalties, but they have not yet become obsolete; and Mr. Strange, as one of the band of "rationalists," or, as we in India would call them, *Bauddhas*, or men who resort to reason (*buddhi*) as the final court of appeal in all matters concerning religion, must have, doubtless, already in his own country, paid the penalty of his recusancy to float with the current, and for his determination to judge for himself the true character of his national religion. It is gratifying to see, therefore, that the dread of that penalty has not deterred him from persevering in his labours through four successive volumes, in exposing the hollowness of the claims which Christianity has on the respect of mankind.

The first work published by Mr. Strange was entitled "The Bible; is it the word of God?" This was followed by a dissertation on the Speaker's Commentary on the Bible, under the title of "The Speaker's Commentary Reviewed," and in it he exposed the utter worthlessness of the attempt, made by a Committee appointed by the English House of Commons, to reconcile the contradictions of the different parts of the Bible and of the Bible with modern science. He next published an essay on the "Development of Creation on Earth," in which, taking his stand on the scientific discoveries of the Huxleys and the Darwins and the Thomsons of the age, the author attempted to prove that the cosmogony of the Bible could not be true, and, therefore, not revealed by God. The last work forms the subject of this notice.

The object of the book is not to put forth the results of any original research on the subject of Biblical criticism, but to bring home to popular readers the inferences, deductions and conclusions, which have been arrived at by the more scientific workers in the field, but whose works are, from their nature, not easily accessible to the general public. This has necessitated the introduction, into the book, of much matter which does not directly bear on its main object. The dissertations, for instance, on the Aryan migration and on the history of Hinduism which take up nearly one third of the book, are quite foreign to the legends of the Bible, but they are required to prepare the readers who are not familiar with them for what follows. The same may be said of the Jewish history, which forms the next chapter of the book. The legends of the Old Testament are treated of in the last chapter (pp. 160 to 243), and as they are indubitably the best exponents of the true character of the Mosaic record, we shall attempt a summary of the author's views on the subject.

The first legend naturally refers to the creation of the universe; the author, therefore, dwells at considerable length on the discordance between the Elohist and the Jehovistic accounts, and the relation they bear to the ancient legends on the subject current among the Hindus, the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, and the Egyptians. The reign of Chaos forms the cardinal point in the cosmogonia of the Hindus. The Hellenic races carried the tradition to the west; "it having been delivered down from Orpheus and Linus by Hesiod and Homer, acknowledged by Epicharmus, and embraced by Thales, Anaxagoras, Plato, and other philosophers who were theists" (Vans Kennedy, *Hindu Myth.* 82, citing Cudworth). "Thus far the Hebrews," the author comes to the conclusion, "it is apparent have been indebted to the Hindus and their imitators for their ideas of the primitive condition of the earth and the first processes of creation. The representation that six periods were occupied in the creative action, it is equally clear, is traceable to the ancient Persians. The Zend Avesta so divides these

acts into six portions, occupying in all a year, making the last of the acts, as in Genesis, the formation of man (Max Muller, *Chips*, I, 155). The Chaldeans also described the creation as effected in six periods (Higgins, *Anac.* I. 61). The Etruscans likewise, adopted this idea, making the periods, however, extend each to a thousand years. In the first, the planets and the earth were made ; in the second, the firmament ; in the third, the sea and waters ; in the fourth, the sun, moon, and stars ; in the fifth, living creatures ; and in the sixth, man (*Ibid.*, I. 181). The Tyrrhenians had precisely the same cosmogony (Cory, *Anc. Frag.*, 309). It required the ignorance of the Hebraic mind to conceive it possible that the whole of these vast operations might be limited to the compass of six days." (pp. 174f). It should be added, however, that though the resemblance is strong between the Hindu and the Hebraic legends about the generation of the world, it is not altogether conclusive. The ancient Assyrians, a Semetic race, had current among them traditions which run on all fours with the Hebrew legend. Some remarkable discoveries have lately been made by Mr. George Smith of the British Museum, which throw quite a new light on the subject. Adverting to certain recent researches in connexion with the tablets brought to England by a body of explorers deputed sometime ago to Assyria by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper, that gentleman says : " The narrative on the Assyrian tablets commences with a description of the period before the world was created, when there existed a chaos or confusion. The desolate and empty state of the universe and the generation by chaos of monsters are vividly given. The chaos is presided over by a female power named Tislat or Tismat, corresponding to the Thalath of Berosus ; but as it proceeds, the Assyrian account agrees rather with the Bible than with the short account from Berosus. We are told in the inscriptions, of the fall of the celestial being who appears to correspond to Satan. In his ambition, he raises his hand against the sanctuary of the God of heaven, and the description of him is really magnificent. He is re-

presented riding in a chariot through celestial space surrounded by the storms, with the lightning playing before him, and wielding a thunderbolt as a weapon.

"This rebellion leads to a war in heaven and the conquest of the powers of evil, the gods, in due course, creating the universe in stages, as in the Mosaic narrative, surveying each step of the work and pronouncing it good. The divine work culminates in the creation of man, who is made upright and free from evil, and endowed by the gods with the noble faculty of speech.

"The Deity then delivers a long address to the newly-created being, instructing him in all his duties and privileges, and pointing out the glory of his state. But this condition of blessing does not last long before man, yielding to temptation, falls; and the Deity then pronounces upon him a terrible curse, invoking on his head all the evils which have since afflicted humanity. These last details are, as I have before stated, upon the fragment which I excavated during my first journey to Assyria, and the discovery of this single relic, in my opinion, increases many times over the value of "The Daily Telegraph Collection."

The Indian reader will at once perceive how close is the resemblance of Tismat, of the above extract, with the Máya of the Tántric cosmogony, but the coincidence need not necessarily lead to the conclusion, that the one is borrowed from the other. Of all mysteries that of generation struck mankind, in primitive times, as the most wonderful, and in the aspirations of man to unfold the nature of creation, the practice has everywhere been to apply to the Godhead—to the unknown—the known mystery of human genesis, and hence it is that a sexual agency has found a place, in some form or other, in almost every system of ancient cosmogony. It is the natural result of weak finite humanity trying to unveil the infinito. The nature of the human mind being everywhere the same, and being every where directed to the same end, the result cannot but be very much the same, even without any interchange of opinion and ideas. Local colourings apart, even as a lover in



the torrid zone, giving vent to his feelings in a love song, must express ideas very similar to what a person would do under like circumstances in the freezing cold of Lapland, so must other human thoughts and ideas in different climes bear a close relation to each other. And this being the case we are loath to attribute to interchange of opinion or necessary borrowing every similitude in old legends that turns up. The case doubtless becomes different when circumstantial details and local colouring are of a character that cannot result except on the assumption of borrowing, and historical evidence is of a nature which creates a strong presumption in favour of it. This is, however, not exactly what happens in regard to the Mosaic records. The race which got them up lived in close neighbourhood with the Assyrians on the one hand, and the Egyptian and the Hellenic races on the other, and it is to be presumed that many traditions must have been current among them in common, and when internal evidence of the community of such traditions are manifest, the conclusion must be inevitable that the later records borrowed from the more ancient ones. Assyrian researches, however, are yet in their infancy, and until they are matured it would be unsafe to decide dogmatically whether the Hebrew chroniclers borrowed from the Aryans, or the Assyrians, or the Egyptians, though the fact of borrowing may at once be conceded.

The next legend concerns the form in which man was originally fashioned. According to the Old Testament "Elohim created man in his own image; in the image of Elohim created he him; male and female created he them." Again, "this is the book of the generations of Adam and Eve. In the day that Elohim created man, in the likeness of Elohim made he him; male and female created he them." The obvious meaning of these passages is that the external or corporeal form of man is the counterpart of that of Elohim. It must follow consequently that the Deity had sexual attributes, the counterparts of which were reproduced in man. Some Bibli-  
cists deny this, and wish to imply that the image meant



is the moral and not the corporeal one; but in so doing they only fly from Scylla to fall into Charybdis. The legend of the fall of man is founded entirely on his ignorance of the distinction between good and evil, and omniscience is avowedly the foremost attribute of the Divinity. That the outward lineament is what the chronicler meant is evident, not only from the context but, from various passages which follow. Thus, when Cain was born, Eve recognised him as the exact counterpart of the creator. "I have gotten a man," she said, "even Jahvah himself." This passage is incorrectly translated in the current English version, but this much is certain that Cain, born after the transgression, could not have been in the moral image of the Divinity, and yet Eve sees in him the image of the Divinity. The phrase is used again of Seth whom Adam "begat in his own likeness, after his image." Nor is it remarkable that a human writer, in describing the origin of his own race, should lay claim to divine character even in his outward make. It is only the story of the lion and the painter reproduced in the genesis of man. Had the lion written the story, the details would have been different, and in favour of the lord of the forest. Mr. Strange has quoted several passages to show that the story is borrowed from the Hindus; but he seems not to have been aware of the most remarkable one in the Gopatha Bráhmāna of the Atharva Veda which is evidently the model on which the story is founded. As the Vedic legend is not well-known we will quote it entire. It runs thus: "Om! Verily, Brahma alone and only by itself existed at first. It willed. 'I alone exist as the highly adorable. Ho! I must create from myself a second Deva like unto me.' It worked upon, it well warmed, it fully heated itself. On the forehead of this working, well-warmed and fully heated (being) perspiration broke forth. Well pleased thereby, it said, 'I, the highly adorable, know well all that should be known.' It worked again, it warmed itself well again, it fully heated itself; thereupon separate streams of perspiration flowed from all the pores of the body of that

working, well-warmed, and fully-heated being. They pleased it. It said, 'by these I shall support all and every thing whatever; by these I shall create all and every thing whatever; by these I shall attain all and every thing whatever.'

"Having thus created water\* it looked down, and in the water beheld its own shadow. The seed of the beholder, of its own accord, oozed out, and dropped into the water. It (Brahma) thereupon worked and well-warmed and fully heated the water. The belaboured well-warmed and fully-heated water, along with the seed, divided into two. Thereof that which was gross, common, very saline, unpotable, unpalatable, and unsteady, along with the seed in it, became the ocean; the other which was potable, palatable and quiet, was worked upon and well-warmed and fully heated, and thereby whatever seed was in it, dried up, and because it dried up (*abhrīyatu*,) therefore it became Bhrigu," the first created man."†

The Biblical statement of man having been made last, after all other animals had been created, next engages Mr. Strange's attention; but the obvious fallacy of the statement needs no elaborate comment to expose it. The parasites which are destined to live within the body of man could not have been created with their present constitution until after the creation of man in whose body alone they could live and thrive. The same may be said of many other parasites, and parasites constitute about one half of the animal kingdom—though to the general reader this may not be at once manifest. Naturalists further know that various forms of Infusoria are even now being daily formed, and they are standing protests against the Biblical theory.

The dogma of the Sabbath, on which day the Divinity rested after his six days of arduous labour, needs no argument to show that it is founded entirely on an anthropomorphic notion of the Godhead, and is entirely

\* The word is in the plural number in the text.

† Gopatha Brāhmaṇa, Introduction, pp. 12 f.

at variance with His omnipotence. Weak narrow-minded men of the lowest calibre alone could conceive the idea of God becoming tired after his six days' labour.

The most important legend of the Old Testament is, however, that regarding the fall of man. It forms the corner stone of Christianity, and the theory of our moral responsibility and final redemption rests entirely on it. It has been conceived in unquestionably a highly poetical spirit, and the highest meed of praise is due to those who elaborated it. But for all that it is evident that it is a mythe founded on the relation of the sexes, and has no claim whatever to be considered as a historical event of such momentous importance as the Mosaic record would make it out to be. Its earliest form appears in the Zend Avesta, in which its gross carnal character is fully exposed. We read in the Banduhesh that "Meschi and Meschiane, the first man and woman, were seduced by Ahriman under the form of a serpent, and they then committed in thought, word and action, the cannal sin, and thereby tainted with the original sin all their descendants." The coarseness of this version was first taken off by the Hellenic legend of Pandora. According to it Zeus once deprived the brothers Prométheus, and Epimétheus, the first two of mankind, of the celestial fire of which they had possessed themselves. Prométheus thereupon stole and brought it back to earth. "Zeus then, the mythe goes on to relate, was incensed at this daring deed, and resolved to punish the men for it. He therefore directed Hephæstas to knead earth and water, to give it human voice and strength, and to make the fair form of a virgin like the immortal goddesses; he desired Athéna to endow her with artist-knowledge, Aphrodité to give her beauty and desire, and Hermés to inspire her with an impudent and artful disposition. When formed she was attired by the Seasons and Graces; each of the deities gave the commanded gifts, and she was named Pandóra (All-gift). Thus furnished she was brought by Hermés to the dwelling of Epimétheus; who, though his brother Prométheus had warned him to be upon his guard and to receive no gifts

from Zeus, dazzled with her charms, took her to his house, and made her his wife. The evil effects of this imprudent act were speedily felt. In the house of these first men stood a closed jar, which they had been forbidden to open. Forethought, as may be supposed, had rigidly obeyed this direction, and had hitherto kept his brother also from transgressing it. But the case was now altered : a woman, whose chief attribute is curiosity, was come into the house : dying to know what the jar contained, she raised the lid, and all the evils, hitherto unknown to man, poured out and spread over the earth. In terror at the sight of these monsters she clapped down the lid just in time to prevent the escape of Hope, who thus remained with man, his chief support and comfort.”\* Other versions of this story are also current, all founded on the same basis, and having for their substance, the creation of woman out of earth, even as Eve was made of the left rib of the first created man, and Pandora’s curiosity to open a closed jar or box, even as Eve’s led to the tasting of the forbidden apple—both old emblems of the unimpregnated womb. The tree and the serpent do not occur in the Greek story, but they are prominent in the Zend version. They are well-known phallic emblems,† and they all tend to the same result, the pains of travail and the evils of human existence proceeding from our carnal desires. The names of Prométheus (*fore-thought*) and Epimétheus (*after-thought*, i.e. of Prudence and Folly,) give the true key to the meaning of the legend, and we have no reason to doubt that the two-fold object of the myth, whether we accept the Zend, the Greek, or the Mosaic version, is first to establish a primitive state of purity from which men fell by their own acts, and 2nd, the part which our animal desires have played in bringing on that fall, making weak woman the instrument of it.

That hermits, sick of the world and its manifold evils, should entertain such notions and develop

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\* Keightley’s Mythology of Greece and Italy, p. 259.

† Some of our readers may recall to mind the popular belief in Bengal that the dream of a serpent is a sure presage of pregnancy.

them into fables and allegories is but natural, but it can have no claim to special regard as a historical revelation inspired by the Divinity. Certain it is that versions of the story more ancient than the Mosaic one being extant, right reasoning would indicate the latter to be an improvement, or amplification, of the former, and not founded on an historical basis. Bishop Harold Browne, in the Speaker's Commentary, has found himself obliged to allow the identity of the Zoroastrian and the Hebrew versions of the fall of man, and suggests how the correspondence may have been brought about. "The Persians," he says, "of all people except the Hebrews, were the most likely to have retained the memory of primitive traditions, and secondly, Zoroaster was probably brought into contact with the Hebrews, and with the prophet Daniel in the court of Darius, and may have learned much from such association." "He designates the legend as 'the great Semitic tradition,' for which he claims the possibility of a 'real historic basis' (I. 36, 49). But if the legend is to be accepted as a tradition, resting on an historic basis, it is removed at once from the sphere of revelation. It is a tale that has passed, through human channels, from mouth to mouth; it may be founded on truth, or otherwise; it may be accurately reported, or seriously impaired by exaggerations and direct misrepresentation. We must take it for what it is worth, and require to know the channels of its transmission. The learned bishop calls it 'primeval,' but we know nothing of its primitive origin, and nothing of its transmitters. We have records of the religious views of a very ancient race, the early Aryans. There were among them faint germs for such a legend, but they were far from having the legend itself. We meet with it first among an offshoot from this stock, at a time when mythological fancies had begun to take solid shapes. Because we find it transferred to the records of a much more recent and barbaric people, are these representations of a speaking serpent and a life-giving tree entitled to any more credence than any other of the superstitious imagery of the day and people from whom they have descended? To make of the younger and

more barbaric race the originators of the legend, and not its adopters, and to suppose an intercourse between Daniel and Zoroaster, to account for the transmission, is a last resource taken in a desperate cause. The age of Zoroaster is quite uncertain, occupying a range from B. C. 300 to B. C. 512 (Scholten, *Comparative view of Religions*, 13). 'It is impossible,' says Dr. Dollinger, 'to fix the age of Zoroaster precisely. He may have been somewhat junior to Moses (perhaps about 1300 B. C.); in any case he did not live, as has been frequently asserted by mistake, under the father of Darius Hystaspes' (or about B. C. 550). (*Gentile and Jew*, I. 380). The author of the book of Daniel professes to have lived during the Babylonish captivity. He has been convicted of ignorance of those days, and is unnamed among the Hebrew prophets by the author of Ecclesiasticus, writing about B. C. 200.\* "How the legend may have found its way from the Persian into the Jewish scriptures is easily illustrated. 'Now, it is known that about the same time, and in the same place, namely, at Alexandria where the Old Testament was rendered into Greek, the Avesta was also translated into the same language, so that we have at Alexandria, in the third century B. C., a well-established historical contact between the believers in Genesis and the believers in the Avesta, and an easy opening for exchange of ideas' (Max Muller, *Chips*, I., 152). That the narrative of the fall was a late introduction in the Jewish record, is also apparent from the circumstance that, notwithstanding its doctrinal import, it is not adverted to, from Genesis to Malachi, by any of the sacred personages occupied in the religious training of the people." †

Adverting to the part played by the serpent in the Mosaic story, Mr. Strange very logically observes: "The agent for the temptation is a serpent, described as more subtle than any other of the animal creation which had been formed. Subtlety implies possessing the means of judgment, so

\* "The Bible, is it the Word of God?" 175-177.

† The Legends of the Old Testament, pp. 199f.

as to be able to weigh consequences and choose the more eligible course, in view of gaining some advantage over another. The animals, consequently, were more highly endowed than man who knew not good from evil. The serpent thus acting was cursed above all other animals, and, as a special punishment, reduced to go thenceforth upon his belly, and to subsist on dust. But we know that he has always thus moved from the remotest ages, as his fossil remains indicate ; that in his movement he is graceful and surpassingly agile ; that his form is not a monstrosity assigned to him in punishment, but is one of the innumerable manifestations of the resources of the Almighty in varying his creation ; and that dust is not his food. Doubtless it has been argued that the serpent of the old Testament was not an ordinary reptile, but Satan himself in that shape, but if this be admitted it would follow that the Godhead cursed the race of serpents, which were innocent, for the transgression of a person who did not belong to that race, an act which would be highly reprehensible in a mortal judge, and infinitely more so in the Divinity whose impartial justice is his highest attribute. The Jewish chronicler seems, however, to entertain a particular predilection for curses. According to him the earth is cursed with sterility for the sake of man. One such curse, heartily pronounced by the originator and upholder of all things, would obliterate creation. But the earth stands in perpetual refutation of the Jewish scribe. It teems with regions of surpassing beauty and fertility, and in lieu of producing nothing but thorns and thistles, it liberally remunerates the labour of man. The impotency of the cursing is manifested in its repetitions, the Creator being made to go on cursing through Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, and the further books, until the process culminates in the end of all at the book of Revelation. No one having a real sense of the Almighty could thus represent him. The portraiture is that of a coarse and ignorant mind. We have its type among the Hindus when they had become debased by their advanced mythologies. By the curse of Siva was Brahmá deprived of temples and

worship; Siva himself was deprived of his share of sacrifices by the curse of Daksha; Vishnu's avatars were the consequence of his being cursed by Bhrigu; and the thousand eyes of Indra were substituted, as an alleviation of a curse pronounced by Gautama, for other unseemly marks of the saint's displeasure. In short, the whole Hindu mythology rests principally on the effects produced by such curses; and on the devotional means adopted for procuring liberation from their effects."\*

Turning now to the legends after the fall, we have the same obvious proof of adaptations and plagiarisms which characterize the so-called history of creation and of the period of innocence in the garden of Eden. The first persons born after the fall, according to the Bible, were the brothers Cain and Abel, who are obviously the counterparts of the Egyptian Osiris and Typhon. These latter, though gods according to later legends are considered to have been originally earth-born mortals, and remarkable for their being, like Cain and Abel, the representatives of goodness and evil. "Typhon, the wicked one kills Osiris, the righteous one, as Cain killed Abel; but the Egyptian legend had a significancy. Osiris stood for the defence of all that bespoke his fertilizing and beneficent influences. Typhon represented the winter and is associated with sterility,—whatever, in fact, was in contrast to the genial operations of Osiris. Typhon killing Osiris is, therefore, the winter season overcoming the Solar power. The Jewish copyist adopts as historical the elements of the myth without apprehending its meaning." (p. 201.)

The idea of purity being associated with primitive simplicity, the conclusion was at once arrived at that the span of human life in such times of purity must have been excessively long, and all ancient systems of religion adopted the theory. The Biblical writers could not resist the temptation, and accordingly they made "Adam live 930 years, Seth 912, Enos 905, and so on. This is in keeping with the lengthened years ascribed to man in the Krita Yuga of the Hindus, and the golden age of the Greeks."

\* *Legends* pp. 195f.



But there is nothing to show that there is any truth in the statement. Man in those days must have been very differently constituted to have withstood the wear and tear of such lengthened periods. If we may draw any inference from the lives of races now living in primitive simplicity, the conclusion should go quite the other way.

In their conception of angelic purity the authors of the Old Testament seem to have been as unfortunate as in their notions of divinity. In Jude we have 'angels which kept at their first state, but left their own habitation, giving themselves over to fornication and going after strange flesh.' "We have here, seemingly," says our author 'the sons of God' of Genesis, who in like manner, left their habitation under the temptation of 'strange flesh.' Bibli-cists seek to give the passage an inoffensive construction, by taking the sons of God who allied themselves to the daughters of men to mean a godly race mixing with an ungodly one. It would be singular that all the godly ones should be males, and the ungodly all females. Nor was there such a godly race to point to, especially in view of the later teaching which has included all under sin. The Hebrew scripture is in exact consonance with the credulous ideas of the early days. It was a common notion that celestials might consort with the human race and raise up progeny from them, according to the Hindu legends; as we have seen, the bisexual deity begot the race of man. The earliest beings so generated were great Rishis, possessing semi-divine constitutions and powers; others such also appeared upon the scene. Agasti was the joint son of the deities Mitra and Varuna by Urvasi; Kardama was born from the shadow of Brahjá; the sage Pulastya was the son of Brahjá; the seventh Manu was a son of Surya; Indra seduced the wife of the sage Gautama; Ráma and his three brothers were produced by Vishnu imparting the *Iáyasa* or nectar of the gods to their mothers; Sitá sprung from the furrow; the five Pándavas were the sons of the divinities, Indra, Dharma, Márut and the Aswins, and Prithá had Karna by the sun. The Egyptians and Chaldeans had dynasties of gods

and demi-gods, who at length gave place to their mortal descendants.\* \* \* \* The Greeks adopted similar ideas. Jupiter was the father of Bacchus, Castor and Pollux, Hercules, Perseus, Minos, and Amphion by human mothers. He also seduced Calliste, Io, and Antiope, daughters of various kings of Greece." Apollo, Neptune and Mars had sons also by human mothers, and amours with mortal females. Vulcan, Saturn and Mercury, likewise, mated themselves with daughters of men. Few will venture to urge on the face of these facts that the amours of the Biblic angels were other than copies of these.

We now come to the Deluge. "The earth being filled with wickedness, and 'every imagination' of the heart of man being 'only evil continually,' 'it repented Jahveh that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.' The wrath of Jahveh extended itself from man to the insentient brute creation, and he determined to 'destroy from the face of the earth, both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air,' saying that, 'it repented him that he had made them.' The representation given of the Creator is a most unworthy one. He had already cursed his creation, and what was to be expected of mankind ejected from his favor and guidance, but wickedness? \* \* \* \* To describe the Creator as disappointed and grieved on witnessing, after a trial of 1550 years, the inevitable consequences of his own appointments, is an absurdity. To extend the judgment to the irresponsible animals was an unwarrantable sacrifice of life; and if founded on any possible sense of justice, why were the fishes not embraced in the sentence? \* \* \* \* The judgment was, moreover, wholly ineffectual as a remedial measure. What was to be gained by sweeping off one wicked generation, to renew the earth with fresh generations of inevitable sinners? And why, if the judgment was suitable for correction, should the divinity have pledged himself never to repeat it? The guilt was to occur, and why not the punishment? The expression of Jahveh is, 'I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake.' " (pp. 205-6.)

It has been often said that the tradition of the flood has been preserved by almost all the ancient nations, and this universality of belief may be accepted as an evidence of the actuality of the visitation. This is, however, a mere begging of the question, and may, therefore, be dismissed without a remark. There are records of several ancient nations who have had no such tradition, and those who have it may very reasonably be named as the prompters from whom the Jews borrowed it.

"The legend first appears among the Hindus in the Satapatha Bráhmāna, which is an adjunct of the Yajur-Veda, and one of the latest of the Bráhmanas (Max Muller, Chips, I 158; Muir, Sansk. Texts, II XVIII, XIX.). This is the most ancient known version of the story. It is not where it should be if based upon reality, namely, in the primitive Vedic literature." "The Satapatha Bráhmāna describes Manu as the one person saved from the flood. A fish, which had claimed and received his protection, warned him that in a certain number of years the flood would visit the earth, and directed him to construct a ship, in which he should be saved. This he accordingly did; and when the deluge came, the fish conducted the vessel, and fastened it to a northern mountain, which the commentator explains was the Himálaya.

"The tale next appears in the Mahábhárata, where it is entitled the Mátsyaka Purána, (*sic*) or Legend of the Fish. The particulars are the same as those in the Bráhmāna, but with sundry embellishments and additions. The fish is described to be an incarnation of Brahmá, and the mountain to which the vessel was secured is explicitly stated to have been the Himavan. The world is described as submerged for many years, and the seven primeval Rishis are said to have been saved, together with Manu; the number of the saved persons being thus brought up to eight, as in the later Jewish narrative." (p. 211.)

"The legend, among the Hindus, next occurs in the Puránas, which, it will be remembered, are modern representations of ancient traditions. It appears in the Matsya,

Bhágavata, and Agni Puránas. The saved being is now said to have been the royal rishi Satyavrata, who became appointed to the office of Manu, and was thus the seventh Manu. Satya-vrata means "upright in conduct," "adhering to truth." We thus have the "just man, perfect in his generations," adopted by the Jewish narrator. The fish who saves him is represented to be an incarnation of Vishnu, the then popular divinity. The seven rishis are also among the saved, and Satyavrata provides himself not only with plants and seeds, but with specimens of all living creatures (Williams. Ind. Ep. Poet. 26; Muir, *Sansk. Texts*, I. 206, 209, 212.)

"The Chaldean version of the story is perhaps the oldest known, and it has recently been brought to light. In it the name of the hero is Sisit, who, Mr. Smith thinks, "may be identified with Xisuthrus, the saved personage figuring in Berosus's account of the flood." "He is adverted to by Sir Henry Rawlinson as a deified sage, who may have been the first civilizer of the Babylonians, and have lived about B. C. 6400." According to this version the flood was sent in judgment, "the world having turned to sin." Sisit, warned of the event, was directed to take refuge in a ship. The deity said to him, 'I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily. Enter to the midst of the ship, and shut thy door.' Sisit accordingly embarked with 'all his male and female servants, the beasts of the field, the animals of the field, and the sons of the army.'

"The deluge of Xisuthrus is recorded by the Babylonian historian Berosus, who has a priest of Belus, and of the time of Alexander the Great. The saved man was the tenth in descent of the first Chaldean kings, as Noah was the tenth from Adam. The deity Cronus (Saturn) warned him of the day when the flood should descend, and directed him to build a vessel, and take with him his friends and relations, all that was necessary to sustain life, and all species of animals, both birds and quadrupeds, and so escape the danger.'

"This Xisuthrus, was the tenth Chaldean king, just as Noah comes in as the tenth in descent from Adam (Cory,

*Anc Frag.* 26.) and the age of these Chaldean patriarchs with those the Hindus. Thus the ten Chaldean kings reigned for a total of 120 sari or 432,000 years (*Cory*, 26) and it forms the sum of the Kali Yuga, the aggregate of the four Yugas being 4,320,000 years, called a Maha or great Yuga, and a day of Brahmá, consisting of a thousand Yugas, extends to 432,000,000 years (*Williams*, *Sansk*, *Dist*, 213, 818).

"The Phœnician accounts of the deluge designates the saved man as Sydyk, a name signifying "the just man," of whom the Hebrew Noah is descriptive. He had with him his sons, who were the seven mythical being called the Cabiri."

"The Greeks have accounts of two deluges. One is said to have occurred 1600 years before the first Olympiad, or B. C. 2374, bringing it within twenty-seven years of the Hebrew flood (*Anthon's Lemp.*) Another is said to have happened B. C. 1503 (*Anthon's Lemp.*)"

So far the correspondence of the Hebrew and other ancient accounts is as close as could be made without positive and simple copying, and it is carried to the extent of even borrowing the names of the hero. In the Hebrew legend, it is "Noah," or "Nuh," which says our author, "is fairly identifiable with that of the hero of the Sanskrit legend, "Ma-un" (*Faber*, *Pag. Idol*, III. 468; *Maurice*, *Hist of Hindostan*, I pref. IX) "Nuh" was one of the most ancient of the Egyptian gods, and a divinity of the waters (*Osburn*, *Monumental Hist. of Egypt*, I 238). The name written as "Nus," or "Nusus," is also identifiable with "Dio-nusus," "the god Nusus," this being a designation of Bacchus, the god of wine. Dionusus, according to *Diodorus Siculus*, taught men to plant the vine and to make wine (*Bryant*, *Anc. Myth*, III, 19, 21; *Faber*, *Pag. Idol*, II., 268.); in keeping with which Noah is no sooner delivered from the flood than he 'began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine, and was drunken.' Another connection is Osiris, the Egyptian divinity, who was born of Mount Nysa. The Hebrew deity is accordingly termed Jahveh-Nissi in *Exod. XVII.*

15, and, by trasposition of the syllables, his holy place is termed Mount Sinai (Sharpe, *Egypt. Myth.*, 10, 11). Osiris, by a stratagem, was shut up by his wicked brother Typhon in a chest, or ark, and thrown into the Nile. This occurred on the seventeenth day of the month of Athyr (Prichard, *Egypt. Myth.*, 58, 59.) Great emphasis is laid upon Noah having been incarcerated in his ark on a given day. 'In the self-same day, the Hebrew writer points, out, he entered it. This was the 17th day of the 2nd month, or the very day in which Osiris was entombed in his ark' (Faber, *Pag. Idol*, II. 241, 242.) That Noah was the embodiment of the Pagan divinities Dionusus and Osiris, is sufficiently apparent; and as 'the just man' we recognize in him the Hindu Satya-vrata and the Phœnician Sydyk; and as the tenth in descent from the primeval man, the Chaldean Xisuthrus.' (p. 215)

The next most important legend is that of the Tower of Babel. The Hebrew delineator of the story has, as usual, been drawing his materials from pagan sources. "The legend has been recorded by Berosus as of Chaldean origin, and has been adopted by the Greek writers Hesticeus, Abydenus, and Eupolemus. It appears also in the Sibylline writings of Babylonia and of Greece, and is a version of the Titanic war (Cory, *Anc. Frag.* 34, 50, 57.). In far nobler form the Homeric poet imagines the rebellious Titans endeavouring to scale the abode of Zeus, by piling Ossa upon Pelion and Olympus." "The story of Lot is revolting in all its details, and it has not even the merit of being original. The change of Lot's wife into a pillar of Salt has a parallel in the Greek story of the change of Philemon and Baucis into trees, but while the Hebrew story is coarse and revolting in all its parts, the Greek versionist gives us a pleasant tale consistent in its details. Lot is ready to sacrifice the virtue of his daughters to the lusts of a depraved multitude, and they first inebriate and then commit incest with him. In the Greek story the saved beings are an old couple who retained their virtue in the midst of surrounding profligacy." (p. 221.)

Though the idea of human sacrifice has been reprobated in several parts of the Scriptures, Abraham is said to have intended the sacrifice of his son to Jehovah in obedience to a divine command. Jephtha again is said to have been moved by the "spirit of Jahveh" to vow that if he was successful in a certain encounter with his enemies, he would offer up as a burnt offering "whatsoever came forth from his house to meet him on his return," and the victim was his own daughter. Jephtha's sacrifice is identifiable with that of Iphigenia ("born of Iptha" or Jephtha) by her father Agamemnon. The story has a model in the ancient Sanskrit legend of the sacrifice of Sunahsepha as a substitute for Rohita, the son of king Harishchandra, but while in the Sanscrit and the Greek legends the intended victims are ultimately saved, the Hebrew story of Jephtha's sacrifice has a tragical conclusion.

The leaning the Hebrew writers evince to wars between divine beings and mortals, is of itself a proof positive of the human origin of their narratives—a *proof* of men anxious to enhance the glory of their heroes by making them victorious over gods, and one which is enough to deprive them of all claim to inspiration, and that of their writings to revelation. Nor is this peculiarity by any means original. It may be noticed in many eastern legends. In the Mahá-bhárata there are poetical delineations of mortals engaging themselves in physical struggles with Godhead. Both Arjuna and Asvathámá are said to have fought with Siva, but in their case without in the first instance having any idea of the nature of the contest they were engaged in, and the character of their opponent; while "the Hebrew Scriptures have presented to us the bald, coarse, and purposeless story of Jacob wrestling with a Divine Being as sober history."

Much of what has been said of Moses in the Hebrew Scriptures has been drawn from mythical sources. The exposure in an ark of bulrushes has a counterpart in Bacchus with his mother having been enclosed in an ark and cast into the sea. Danae and her infant Perseus, Telephus, son of Hercules, with his mother were similarly

exposed. Romulus was exposed on a river's bank, and Karna of the Mahá-bhárata was exposed in a similar way to save the credit of his mother.

Again, the idea of the visible manifestations of the deity given in the Hebrew Scriptures is certainly not a new one. "The brilliant descriptions of the Court of Mahadeva on Mount Kailasa and of Vishnu's abode on Mount Meru, resplendent with gold and jewels, exceeding in radiance the blended brightness of a dozen suns, and the splendours of the residence of Jove on Olympus, have their counterparts in what Aardi and others, invited by Moses, has in a mount (Exod. XXIV. 10) in what Micaiah (I Kings XXII. 19) Isaiah (VI. 1-4) and Ezekiel (I. 26-28) beheld.

No one in the present day can be made to believe it possible that the sun and moon can be stopped in their daily course, yet the Hebrew Scriptures ascribe to the Jewish leader such a feat. The idea, however, is not a new one. Ravana, it is narrated in the Rámáyana, seized on the sun and the moon with his arms and prevented their rising (73); and the great Hammána induced the sun to "standstill, and not rise till midday. Bacchus also is said to have wrested the sun and moon when on his march to India" (Higgins, *Anac*, II. 19).

Samson and Hercules are but counterparts of each other. Dupuis thinks Hercules represents the sun, and his twelve labors the twelve signs of the Zodiac. "The name of Samson is derivable from Shems the sun." "But while Hercules is an example of obedience, patience and fortitude, the Jewish hero exhibits nothing but brute strength."

Most of the other legends of the Old Testament have, in the same way, been traced to more ancient and foreign sources, but we have already exceeded our limit, and quoted more largely than we at first intended; we cannot, however, close this resumé of Mr. Strange's highly interesting and able work, without offering to our readers one more quotation. It illustrates in a marked manner the most vital point in the Old Testament, namely, its



morality. We take it from Inman's remarkable work on "Ancient Faiths in Ancient Names."

"Those who are," says Inman, "acquainted with the doctrine of 'election,' as enunciated by St. Paul, may well be shocked when they develop the arguments used by the apostle (Rom. IX. 41, 13, X. 15-7 28) and examine into the elections, or, what amounts to the same thing, the selections recorded in the Old Testament as having been made by the Almighty from amongst men. Can profane history show us a more drunken character than Noah, the inventor of wine-bibbing and bestial intoxication; one more contemptible than Abraham, who traded on his wife's infamy and sacrificed (in intention) his two sons without a qualm; and one more mean, deceptive, and cowardly than Jacob? Can we find therein any one to surpass David in cruelty, ruthlessness, credulity, lip reverence, and revenge, or to equal Solomon, the damning blot on his father's life the child of adultery, associated with two attempts at murder, and himself the personification of barbaric pomp and unbridled lust? Surely if these considerations stood alone we ought to recognise with certainty that what is called election by the Lord is nothing more than a fiction of the historian, who, in depicting others, to a great extent describes what he himself would be under the circumstances with which he surrounds his heroes."

KAPILA.

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*AN HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL MEMOIR ON*  
**SUB-DIVISION BANKA IN BHAUGULPORE,**  
**WITH A SHORT NOTICE OF THE CELEBRATED SHRINE AT DEOGHUR.**

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FROM the present condition of the Sub-Division,—its sparse population, the primitive state of society existing in it, and extensive forests abounding in wild beasts,—one would suppose that this part of the country has very lately become the abode of men. There are, nevertheless, remains which indisputably prove it to

ANTICQUITY. have been peopled from the most ancient times. The hill Mandár near Boicorse is mentioned in Hindu Mythology in connection with the creation of the world when the Supreme Being floated over the waters in the form of an egg, and also with the churning of the ocean that led to eternal warfare between the Gods and the Asuras. Towards the south stands the Holy City,<sup>1</sup> where Ravana is said to have left Shiva before Válmiki sung<sup>2</sup> his exploits from the Jungles near Bithoor. On the north is the scene of Chánd Sadágar's sufferings,<sup>3</sup> rendered memorable by the heroic virtue and devotion of his beautiful daughter-in-law described in the Manasár Bhásan. A few miles off<sup>4</sup> near the river, might still be seen mud pillars and vaulted roofs underground attesting the remains of human dwellings which in the lapse of ages have been swallowed up in the bosom of the earth.

Traditions again points out the foot of the Mandár as the place where once flourished a large city containing 52 bazaars, 53 streets, 88 tanks,<sup>5</sup>—a city which, as proved

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1. The present Deoghur.
  2. In the Rámáyau.
  3. Chámpánagar near Bhaugulpore.
  4. The Ganges near Bhaugulpore.
  5. *See* Account of the Mandár Hill in the "Indian Antiquary" for Feb. 1872.

by an inscription<sup>6</sup> on a triumphal arch still standing there, continued to exist till 276 years ago<sup>7</sup>. Across the Sub-Division runs the rapid Chandan, which, according to Col. Francklin, is the Eranaboas<sup>8</sup> described by the Greek Historians when Chandra Gupta reigned at Pataliputra. The inscription on the brass image dug up at the foot of the hill near Kakkowára<sup>9</sup>, as far as it has been yet deciphered, goes to shew that there were rich towns and villages within these jungles and hills in the 23rd year of Govind Pá'a's reign.<sup>10</sup> Contiguous to the western boundary of the Sub-Division, flourished the kingdom of Kharakpur whose sway once extended over fifty-two Rajas of the Kshattriya race. The remains of an old fort at Dumráwan near Amarpur (the Immortal City) which tradition connects with the last struggle of Hindu independence,<sup>11</sup> together with the ruins of many other forts and buildings belonging to the Kshattriya Rajas as situated in different parts of the Sub-Division,<sup>12</sup> points to the existence of several Hindu principalities previous to the appearance of the Mahomedan crescent in Behar.

Again, the inscription on the mosque erected by Aláuddin Husain Sháh at Bonburra, contiguous to the so-called Immortal City, as well as the names of such places as Bádsháhganj (the Imperial Ganj or mart) and Mahomedpore in its vicinity, prove that those principalities were succeeded by the establishment of a Mahomedan kingdom in the fifteenth century of the Christian era.<sup>13</sup>

6. *Vide Asiatic Society's Proceedings* for Nov. 1870, page 295.

7. *Vide Accounts of the Mandár Hill* as above.

8. *Vide Col. Francklin's Inquiry concerning the site of ancient Palibotra.* Part II.

9. *Vide Account of the Image in Mookerjee's Magazine* for October 1872, page 154.

10. This is the translation of the Inscription by Mr. J. Burgess, Editor of the *Indian Antiquary*, to whom facsimile of it was sent.

11. *Vide Bengal Asiatic Society's Journal.* Vol. XXXIX. Part 1. No. III. of 1870, page 234.

12. *Vide Ditto* Vol. XL. Part 1, No. 1. of 1871, pages 27-33.

13. *Vide Bengal Asiatic Society's Proceedings* for Nov. 1870, pp. 297-298.

But the Sub-Division, so rich in historical associations, and once the scene of mighty contests between rival dynasties and races, is now in most parts little better than a desert where beasts contend with man for sovereignty. Immense forests infested by tigers, innumerable hills abounding in wolves' dens, with patches of cultivation at considerable intervals, and dotted with miserable hamlets inhabited by the lowest specimens of humanity, almost every where meet the eye.

These tracts have been so little explored that the mineral and forest productions of the Sub-Division are scarcely known. There is a silver mine lately discovered at a place, called Khyrakhand, and a copper mine at Bagmaree, but though the ores in the former have been pronounced by competent authorities to contain the metal in quantities sufficient to repay the necessary outlay for digging, very few people appear to have ever heard anything about them. The savages in the neighbourhood, to whom the mines have been long known, entertain the apprehension that some sacrifices will be necessary to appease the presiding demon before his wealth can be appropriated to our use. This belief could not perhaps curb their cupidity if they knew how to extract the metals from the ores.

None of these difficulties stand in the way of their utilizing the iron ores which would appear to abound in the Sub-Division. There is, however, another kind of superstition connected with the smelting of iron. For none would carry on the operation except the Kols. Supposing it is not profitable enough to tempt the superior classes of the population, still there are the Sonthals, Mosars, &c., who are equally poor like the Kols. The belief that the ore would not melt unless the bellows be worked by a man with the arms of his younger brother's wife round his waist,<sup>14</sup> has probably something to do with this monopoly.

14. *Vide* Bengal Asiatic Society's Journal. Vol. XL, Part 1. No. 1, page 29.

Coal is also to be found within the Sub-Division, as appears from its being used in smelting iron. But the site and extent of the mines are only known to the Kols, no other people appearing to be inquisitive on the subject. The abundance and extreme cheapness of wood may account for this apathy.

There are kinds of white and red earth to be found in various parts of the Sub-Division. They serve the purposes of stone lime, and are used by the well-to-do people in whitewashing or painting their houses. They scarcely fetch any price, and may be had for the mere trouble of digging.

WHITE & RED  
EARTH.

FOREST PRODUCTION.

SILK COCOONS.

The productions of the forest are also rich and various. The Sál, Ebony, and Shishu wood may be had in abundance. These Sál trees yield silk cocoons that go to the manufacture of those unrivalled Tussur fabrics for which Bhaugulpore is so famous.

Beyond the trouble of protecting the worms from birds and monkeys, the cocoons hardly demand any care or attention on the part of the men who deal in them. In going from Katooria to Chanun, one has to pass through forests of trees yielding Kuth or Catechu, but as yet the

KUTH.

Zemindars have done very little to turn them into a source of profit. Almost every where, both in inhabited as well as uninhabited portions, may be met trees producing lac. This is collected principally, because it is so much prized, by the women, whose arms from

LAC.

the wrist to the elbow joint are entirely covered by it in the shape of ornament. But the forest production that is in great demand among the inhabitants, is the Mohua,

MOHUA.

the flower of which is used as an article of food and enter into the manufacture of wine, while its fruit yields an inferior kind of oil, called Koonree, which is largely consumed by the lower orders.

The general appearance of the villages is in keeping with the surrounding scenery. Especially towards the north, it is often difficult to know what a village is. A village is frequently composed of neighbourhoods Tolahs, which are very distinct from one another. One Tolah has apparently 6 or 7 houses,—another containing 3 or 4, is perhaps a mile off.—a third, as sparsely peopled, is situated a mile and half from both,—and so on. Yet all these Tolahs are said to constitute a single village.

CONSTRUCTION OF  
A VILLAGE.

SEVERAL PARTS.

The houses of the lower castes, such as, Moosars, Kaders, Domes, and Dosads, who reside in the out-skirts, are so small, low and huddled together, that on nearer inspection, one would find 20 or 30 houses where before he expected to meet with 5 or 6. These hovels are often solely made of grass, and may be carried from one place to another by the owner on his shoulder. They are hardly large enough to contain a man lying on his whole length. Each accommodates a man and his wife, and at most his little child besides, but low caste families do

not generally exceed that number. Two brothers living together in the same house, or a father dwelling with his elderly children under the same roof, is an exception rather than the rule. As soon as a young man is able to earn his bread, he separates from his parents, and sets up a hovel of his own. As might be expected, these lower castes feel no attachment for their village, and the feelings which Hindoos are universally known to cherish for their birth-place and hereditary fields, are wanting in their case. They have no tie to bind them to the place except a wretched hovel, which costs them a day's labour to build. Emigrations from one village to another are therefore very frequent. This, however, answers one useful purpose, for it serves as a check on the oppressions of the landlord.

THEIR FAMILIES.

The higher orders, *viz.*, the Rajputs, Brahmans, &c., who occupy the interior of the villages, dwell of course in

**HOUSES OF THE  
BETTER CLASSES.**

larger and better houses. But all these are built of mud and straw,—a pucca building being almost unknown. Zemindars owning extensive estates, and bankers counting Rajahs among their debtors are content to live within mud walls, and under a tiled roof, although they consider it necessary to their dignity to parade elephants in their train.

The interior of these mudhouses as well as the courtyards in front however look remarkably neat and clean.

**WALL PLASTER.**

The women daily mop them with a solution of white or red earth mixed with the sacred cow-dung, thus covering the floor and walls, with a rice plaster, which is also believed to be a protection against damp. The process lends to the whole a pleasing appearance, and imparts a degree of the neatness and freshness which is not inferior to what is worn by brick-built houses in their best days.

But however cleanly the interior of the houses may appear, the contrast between it and the outside is very striking. The latter is all plastered over with cakes of cow-dung (for fuel) stuck every where. As soon as the old cakes are removed to the kitchen, new cakes are put on in their places. So the outer walls are always disfigured with these unsightly appendages, unless the owner of the house is rich enough to dispense with the use of cowdung as fuel. But whether he uses dried cow-dung in the kitchen or not, he never thinks it worth his while to keep the outside walls neat and clean. The reason is, the women who take so much care of the interior, cannot work outside the house with propriety. It is only such as can afford to employ paid coolies or unpaid tenants in the duty, who try to improve the outward appearance of their houses.

There are stinking drains running through the alleys and bye-paths of every large village. Each house has in its immediate neighbourhood some place for the deposit of human ordure and all sorts of filth. The sides of wells are generally low, and filled with stinking water as well as the decomposition of vegetable matter, consequence of

**SANITARY AR-  
RANGEMENTS.**

the ablutions which the inhabitants love to perform on their banks. Not only does the poisonous matter filter into the water below, but the refuse of *Sál* and plantain leaves once used by the people for taking their meals on, are often seen to float on the surface without any body caring to remove them from the reservoir of the necessary and prized element. The dwelling houses may almost be said to be proof against light and air, which can find no admission within except through a small door. In short, no efforts seem to be spared to show a total disregard of the sanitary laws. But, though this is the general characteristic of all the villages in the Sub-Division, yet the inhabitants enjoy very good health throughout the year. They laugh when you explain to them the breach of sanitary laws of which they are guilty, and, indeed, they can afford to laugh with impunity. Had any medical gentleman found the above conditions existing in any epidemic-stricken villages in Bengal, he would have laid the whole blame on the inhabitants, and considered them justly punished for their disregard of the commonest requirements for keeping health in the midst of a cluster of habitations.

If we turn from the construction of the villages and houses to the people who dwell in them, we find unmistakable evidence of a very primitive state of society. This

PRIMITIVE STATE  
OF SOCIETY.

WAGES OF LABOR.

is nowhere more manifest than in the wages of labor which still continue to be paid in kind, and have remained unaffected by the changes introduced by time in the general standard of living and habits among the different classes. These wages having been fixed in ancient times with reference to the wants of the then state of society are, as might be expected, extremely low, and have the effect of keeping down the people in abject poverty. But the laborers are apparently content with them, and never think of rebelling against what has been hallowed by time. Every old rule among them is observed as an article of faith, and local customs are regarded as immutable as their religion. The son will not pay more than what the father did, and the receiver does not dream



of demanding more than what his revered ancestors were content with,—no matter whether it will buy him all the comforts of which they were in possession.

The rates slightly vary as regards different parts of the Sub-Division, but in the main are as follows. Day-

**DAY LABORERS.** laborers, whether male or female, when employed in transplanting paddy, get 6 poilas of Dhan or unhusked rice, equal to about one seer and 3 chattacks, 2 poila Satoo, or choora equal to about half a seer, and 2 poila Mooree equal to 2 chattacks [powas?]  
—costing altogether from 2 to 4 pice according to the price of those articles in different years. If the laborer is employed in ploughing, and has received a small sum of money in advance binding himself to plough his creditor's lands till it is repaid,—a thing which is common in this Sub-Division,—he is allowed only 1 seer and 10 chattacks of Dhan, which would cost from 2 to 2½ pice. When cutting paddy he gets one bundle in 12, and when cutting Kullae one bundle in 9. But if a man who has not taken any such advances is employed in those works, he receives one bundle in 16 and 12 respectively. The reason of this distinction in favour of the former, is that he has also to gather the bundles, and to separate the grains from the chaff.

Now to take skilled labor employed in agriculture.

**SKILLED LABOR.** The carpenter who makes and mends the plough and other agricultural implements, receives 2 bundles of paddy per plough. A bundle is understood to be such as a man of ordinary strength is able to carry on his shoulders, and generally yields from 15 to 17½ seers. The chámár who supplies all the leather required in agricultural operations, receives one such bundle per plough. For this payment, he is also expected to furnish the owner with as many pairs of shoes as there are ploughs; just as the carpenter is expected to make and mend all the cots or bed-steads and all the materials used in building his house without receiving any additional payment. When the carpenter is employed in making a chest, a box, &c., he is paid 2 annas per diem, besides two meals a day.

The washerman (Dhopa) receives an annual allowance of 30 seers of paddy per house-holder.

WASHERMAN.

In return he must wash the clothes of all the members of the latter's family, male and female, young and old. But, on the other hand, the above allowance cannot be reduced or raised, whether the family consists of one member or of fifty. This payment is of course exclusive of any gratuity expected to be paid at the time of marriage, shradh, tonsure, and the like ceremonies of a happy or melancholy nature.

The barber is paid according to the number of beards in the family, and not to the number of

BARBER.

the members composing it. He gets 15 seers of paddy per beard shaved, and must not expect anything for cutting the nails of women or shaving the heads of children, although the last operation in this part of the country is as arduous and often as bloody as the first. He has however his consolation in the thought that as soon as the male children are blessed with hair on their chins, he will have his allowance trebled or quadrupled according to circumstances. He is naturally considered to be a well-wisher of the family, while the Dhopa is regarded the reverse. For the interest of the former leads him to wish an increase and long life to the male children, just as the latter's make him eagerly long for disputes and separation in the family. It is not therefore surprising that the barber plays an important part in the social and religious ceremonies of the Hindus. He is the messenger to announce a birth to the relations and distant members of the family, who pay him handsomely for the happy news. In marriages and shradhas, he is as indispensable as the family priest, and receives nearly as large fees as he.

Palkee-bearers if engaged for the week or so, receive

PALKEE-BEARERS.

two annas each per day, besides one meal, or else 6 pice and two meals. If they are however engaged to carry a Palkee from one place to another, they must expect not more than what has been paid for the journey in the family from generation to generation. The owner's great grand-father had

an occasion to travel in Palkee from Belhur to Banka and to pay the bearers only 3 annas, as mentioned in his old Jumma Kharach Bakee. The present owner of the house must not tarnish his family escutcheon by paying a pice more. Nor would the bearers suffer to have the legitimacy of their birth called in question by demanding any thing over and above what their great ancestors were content to receive for the trouble.

It may be naturally expected from the above, that the carpenter, chamar, dhopa and barber are all inseparably attached to the families from whom they are thus content to receive such low wages. As long as those families require their services, they must not lend their labor to others. This is the reason why in the sowing and reaping seasons, it is so difficult for outsiders to procure coolies in this Sub-Division, and why even at other times, the Zemindars and Ijardars must be occasionally applied to before the services of bearers, carpenters, &c., can be secured.

Of course the outsiders, including the Government servants, cannot plead any prescriptive right to obtain labor at cheap prices, but must pay for it at a higher rate. For instance, they have to pay six pice for adult male coolies, 5 pice for adult female coolies, 3 and 4 pice for boys and girls according to their age. A carpenter's daily wages vary from 10 pice to 4 annas according to his reputed skill and the nature of the work on which he is employed. A Palkee-bearer receives 3 annas per day, and occasionally 4 annas, but would not cease to grumble even if you increased it to five, as he is always fond of comparing his lot with that of his brethren at other places who charge by stages, and thereby get nearly double for the self-same journey. The dhopas and barbers, as in other places, have no settled daily wages, but are paid monthly salaries which vary, not always according to their skill and proficiency, but often according to the rank of their patron. The blacksmith is rewarded for his labour by the job. In this respect, the householder enjoys no advantages over the outsider. The reason is obvious.

WAGES AS RE-  
GARDS OUTSIDERS.

The blacksmith has entered into no hereditary contract with the former in order to supply agricultural implements, which are therefore purchased at the market-price of the day. Nor is he, like his brethren in Bengal, allowed to encroach upon the profession of a carpenter. Though his skill is as essential to the cultivator as that of the carpenter or the Chamar, he has no share in the agricultural produce. It would appear that there was no blacksmith class in the agricultural community that first peopled this Sub-Division, and that iron ores being abundant in it, the first settlers used to exchange them with their civilized neighbours for implements which they required for the purposes of cultivation.

There are no bricklayers or masons in this Sub-Division. The knowledge of the people does not reach beyond the art of moulding bricks. Persons who require their services have to indent for them on Bhaugulpore or Monghyr. Such people must be very few when Zemindars owning extensive estates, and deriving an annual income of Rs. 150,000, are content to reside in thatched mud houses.

There is a good deal of peculiarity also in the food of the people. Throughout Bengal, the lower orders, and generally the higher also, live solely upon rice, while those in Behar and the North-West subsist principally upon wheat and jow. A failure of those crops is followed in the respective provinces by famine and wide-spread misery. But in this Sub-Division, the above articles are not always within the reach of the poor, who can indulge in them only as occasional luxuries. But by way of compensation, Providence seems to have largely multiplied the staple productions of the Sub-Division. They are the Jonara, Marna, Gondlee, Kownee, Kheree, Bazra, Seesoa, Koddo, Cheena, &c. With the exception of the last three which are reaped in Aghran, the rest are Bhadoi crops. The names of most of these cereals are unknown in other parts of the country. Though not so agreeable to the taste as rice, wheat or jow, they do not appear to be less nourishing, if we may judge

FOOD OF THE  
PEOPLE.

from the robust constitution of the people who live upon them. As they are almost wholly consumed in the Sub-Division, there being hardly any demand for them in other districts, their prices are generally free from the fluctuations to which the superior cereals are subject owing to exportation. Their consumption does not, however, last more than four or five months.

Besides the above, the people largely consume the Mohua flower, of which mention has already been made. The flowers, after being dried, are preserved throughout the year, and eaten either singly or mixed with other things. The lower orders also make bread out of the mango seeds ; and not unoften are seen to resort to fruits of the *Sál* tree for food.

Fishes are scarcely procurable, but both meat and milk are extremely cheap. An ordinary goat will cost 8 or 9 annas, while a Rupee will buy 32 seers of milk. The lower orders not being rich enough to pay for the one or the other, resort to all kinds of flesh,—a roasted mouse being even considered a delicacy.

The people are almost purely agricultural. From the Thakoor of Latchinapore whose income exceeds 150,000 a year, and whose extensive forests, if properly managed, may yield as much more, to the meanest peasant who ekes out a miserable existence by the sweat of his brow, all are more or less engaged in agriculture. Yet there are large fields lying uncultivated, capable of yielding a plentiful harvest. The rich have *neej-jote* lands which they cultivate partly by means of their own ploughs and bullocks, and partly those of their tenants who are in duty bound to neglect their own fields in order to attend to their landlord's call.

It would be interesting as well as instructive to collect the maxims that are current among the people embodying the result of observation and experience with regard to astronomical phenomena in connection with agriculture.

With the exception of lac and silk cocoons, together with a few iron utensils, manufactured in Jeypore and Chándán, the trade is almost wholly confined to agricultural products. It is no wonder therefore that great importance is attached to every thing connected with the cultivation of the soil, and that the principal implement of agriculture, *viz.*, the plough, is deified and worshipped under the name of Harti Gosáin. In many

TRADE.  
PLOUGH DEIFIED.

houses there may be observed a ploughshare half buried in one of the corners, and painted like the stones that often stand as the emblem of a Hindu deity. In his peculiar department, the Harti Gosáin is held to be as powerful for good and evil as any other divinity the people adore, but whether he is included among the thirty-six crores of gods recognized in the Hindu religion, I am not prepared to say.

After the above, the reader will not be surprized to hear that the occasion of transplanting paddy is observed as a national festival. (On the day in question, the women

TRANSPLANTING  
PADDY OBSERVED AS  
A NATIONAL FESTI-  
VAL.

bedaub their forehead with *sindoor*, besmear their bodies with oil, bind their hair in the newest fashion, and are dressed in their best attire,—the *sindoor* and mustard oil, which are deemed luxuries among the poor, being supplied to them by their employers. Thus equipped, they sing merrily at the top of their voice, while their hands are busily engaged in transplanting. If their employers happen to be a zemindar, the women are accompanied by a band of musicians who play during the operation. After the transplanting is over, they return to the Zemindar's Cutchery, and there separating into different parties of four or five each, dance and sing in their best style. But their voices are drowned by the beating of tomtoms, while their dancing is generally kept in the back-ground by the musicians who jump and kick the ground to delight themselves, if not any body else in the world.

The day on which new rice is taken is observed also as a national festival. But as this is celebrated likewise

NEW RICE AS  
ABOVE.

in Bengal under the title of Nobanno, it needs no detailed description here.

English Education is almost unknown throughout the Sub-Division. Even the rich people do not

EDUCATION.

consider it necessary to impart it to their

sons. Persian is studied, as if the people still live under a Mahomedan Government. In all the great families, the children are generally well up in shooting and sword exercises. Fabulous stories are often heard regarding their skill as marksmen. A Zemindar deriving even an income of Rs. 1,000 a year would consider it essential to his dignity to keep an elephant, with which he would issue out to kill the tigers, leopards, and bears that might turn up in his estates. The feed of an elephant of course costs little or nothing in a Sub-Division abounding in jungles, while the expense of purchasing the animal is contributed by the tenants who consider themselves in duty bound to starve in order to maintain their landlord's extravagance and luxury.

There are several villages exclusively inhabited by the

SANTALS.

Santals, who generally love to reside

in isolated places near the hills and far from their Hindu neighbours. Their customs do not often accord with the latter's religious prejudices. Thus, for instance, a Santal hardly ever keeps a bullock, preferring to cultivate his lands by means of a cow which the Hindu regards as the incarnation of one of their favorite goddesses. If you ask a Santal why he does not marry, he would often stare at you, and probably ask in return "why should I marry, when my elder brother has got a wife." A guest in a Santal village is entertained at the expense of the whole village.

A Santal is often credited by his ignorant neighbours with supernatural powers. Having

THEIR REPUTA-  
TION AS SORCERERS.

once assessed a Santal, who was reputed to be a sorcerer, for the Income Tax,

my Amlahs and chaprasis implored me for the sake of my life as well as their own to let him off. When I refused to do so, they, with terror depicted in their countenance, assured me he could simply, by touching a

palm-tree with his finger, make the fruits fall to the ground.

If such belief prevails among respectable people, having some sort of education, what may not the ignorant rustics be led to do by a man pretending to a knowledge of the occult sciences. The leaders of the late Santal insurrection, it is known, pretended to derive their mission from heaven.

Once when travelling a road lying over hills and through jungles infested with wild beasts, my bearers informed me, as one of the articles of their faith, that a four-footed animal never dare molest a Santal or even touch the crop over which he had spread his spell. This impression was so general that Zemindars generally invited the Santals to their estates whenever they wanted to clear or cultivate forests abounding in ferocious animals. I wished to put this at once to the test by letting one of my Anlahs' horses loose upon the Santal's paddy fields. My bearers were not, however, prepared for so sudden a trial, and therefore with some hesitation replied that the charm was not probably proof against a horse's voracious appetite.

During the Santals' disputes with their Mahajuns, the Deputy Magistrate of Banka decided many cases in the former's favor. The Santals, who were collected in large numbers outside, raised on the spot a subscription of two pice per head, and then laying down the money before him in open court, insisted on his accepting it as a token of their regard.

Such ignorance is not, however, confined to the Santals. A late Magistrate of Bhaugulpore in the course of his tour through the Sub-Division, was followed by a litigious suitor, who, offering him a domestic fowl, asked him in return to order the obstinate Deputy Magistrate of Banka to decide some pending cases in his favor.

In the course of my cold weather tour, a respectable and well-informed Zemindar, pointing to Nerapahar, a hill about two miles from

THEIR IGNO-  
RANCE AND SIMPLI-  
CITY.

NOT CONFINED  
TO THE SANTALS.

STORY OF A HER-  
MIT.



Bhittia, told me the following story which he implicitly believed as Gospel. "In one of the secret caverns of that hill, there lives a hermit or Gosain who keeps himself carefully concealed from human sight. I do not mean to say that he belongs to the Satya or even to the Dwápar Yug, but is assuredly of this Kalli or Iron Age. During the hot weather, when every spring in the hill is dried up, he occasionally visits the plains. On one of these occasions, when washing some roots in the river, he was observed by a Brahman, who mistaking him, from his long curled and knotted hair, to be a beast of prey, cried loudly for help. Presently the hermit approached, and enjoining silence by a wave of his hand, gave him one of the roots to eat, which tasted exactly like sugar. When parting, the Gosain commanded him to keep the fact of his interview a profound secret, and asked him to visit him again on his way back. This last the Brahman forgot to do. On his return home, he was surprised to observe that his touch was sufficient to cure patients, attacked with cholera, which had then broken out in his native village. Being unable to resist the importunities of his friends, he in an evil hour communicated to them the cause of this miracle, when lo! he was himself seized with cholera and died the next day.

"The Gosain was also seen by a Santal who went to cut Bamboo on the hill. Suddenly the former was seen to issue out of a cave, and strike a slap on his face, saying—'Sirrah! how dare you cut Bamboo in front of my dwelling.' The Santal, on his return home, related the circumstance to his friends, but did not survive the next day."

"There is," continued my informant, "a mysterious well on the top of the hill often visible to thirsty people, but which does not appear to parties going on purpose to find it out."

**A MYSTERIOUS WELL.**

The legends and ballads current in the Sub-Division have elsewhere been published.<sup>15</sup> As they throw much light on the manners

**LEGENDS AND BALLADS.**

<sup>15</sup> Vide Bengal Asiatic Society's Journal, Vol. XL, Part I (1871.) pp. 138-151.

and customs of the Mahomedan period to which they relate, two more ballads which are extensively sung throughout the Sub-Division, may be noticed here.

The first ballad which relates to Dayáram, the Robin-  
**HINDU ROBINHOOD.** hood of Hindu song, opens with a description of the boat carrying the empress of Delhi. Dyaram's spouse Goonjur wants to have the diamonds and pearls adorning the person of the empress. Dyaram singly attacks the boat, and having put the attendants to the sword, despoils the empress of all her jewellery, but spares her life. On returning to his native village of Goondée, he presents the pearl-necklace to his wife, the bangles to his mother, the comb to his sister, and the coat or Kanchole to his mistress. When the empress at last reaches Delhi, she demands vengeance on her despoiler, but none of the imperial soldiers would undertake the capture of so renounced a brigand, though the emperor offers to reward such service with the appointment of Kotwal of Delhi and the bestowal of Goondée as Jagir. At last Jaffir Khan, a native of Muniapore, who is an intimate friend of Dyaram, accepts the offer. Having invited Dyaram to his tent, and rendered him insensible with drink, Jaffir carries him in chains to Delhi. The emperor is however disposed to set him at liberty in case the jewellery he has plundered is returned. Dyaram's mother consents to the proposal, but he tells the emperor to distrust the dictates of maternal affection, and offers instead to plunder the city of Delhi for the emperor's benefit, provided he is allowed to return one-fourth of the spoil. The incensed monarch orders his instant execution, but the empress interferes. At the instigation of Jaffir, Dyaram is however made to fight successively with an elephant and a tiger, both of which he kills. Set at liberty, he is coming home when Jaffir falls at his feet, and as a mark of reconciliation, invites him to a feast. This the generous hearted brigand attends in spite of his mother's warning, and even drinks the contents of the glass, offered by his perfidious friend, against the prohibition of his mistress, who has accompanied him. When he tries

to shake off the effects of the poison thus administered to him, Jaffir plunges his poniard into his breast. Stopping the bleeding with one hand, Dyaram wields his sword with the other, among Jaffir's followers, and deals death to 120. When he falls at last covered with wounds, he commands his mistress to go to his son Ronooa, and asks him to avenge his death. Ronooa marches on Muniapore, and having put Jaffir and all that bear his name to the sword, conveys his father's body to an Island in the Jumna. There he kindles the funeral pile; his mother throws herself into the fire, and is consumed with her husband's body.

The other ballad runs as follows :—Two women of ignoble origin, calling themselves Heernee and Bernee, who joined great beauty to uncommon strength of body, travelled far and wide, offering to share their bed with him who vanquished them in wrestling. Their sex having precluded them from a direct trial of strength with males, they carried a powerful buffalo, and required the male champion to bore its nose, and pass a string through the hole. Their beauty tempted many wrestlers to attempt the feat, but without success, till they came to the house of Posan Khalifa, a Hindu, who is the hero of the ballad. Posan's parents would by no means allow him to accept the challenge, but on pretence of going to bathe, he came out of the house, threw the buffalo by sheer force on the ground, bored its nose with his little finger, which acted as a needle, and passed a thick string through the hole. The beautiful amazons of course paid the penalty of defeat, but were subsequently united to him in holy wedlock, when they destroyed his caste by making him take forbidden flesh, which they had secretly mixed with his dishes.

The pilgrims to the great idol at Deoghur generally pass through this Sub Division. From religious motives the majority prefer walking on foot to travelling by the Railway. There are two routes, one by Katoores and Chamian, another *via* Banka, Jaundale, and Jeyporee.

PILGRIMS TO  
DEOGHUR.

With the Ganges water in earthen pots, carried in Bamboo baskets thrown in slings across their shoulder, the pilgrims dance and sing in imitation of the gunja-smoking and Dhutura-eating god over whom they are going to pour the holy water, which is often brought from great distances, sometimes as far even as Hurdwar.

When the pilgrims reach Banka, they are intercepted by *tom-tom*-beaters in accordance with the good old custom founded on the common saying that the pilgrim's arrival at Banka is announced to Vaidyanath at Deoghur by *tom tom* beaten by Bhairava, his attendant. The pilgrims, often regardless of their age and sex, dance to the sound of tomtoms, and at the end reward the musicians with trifling gifts, such payments being considered as an essential part of their religious duties.

During the principal festivals, and especially at the time of the Sivarātra, the concourse of pilgrims is so great that it is difficult to walk on the roads without inconvenience during the day, or to find any accommodation in the Bazaar during the night. People residing near the road-side can hardly sleep at night owing to the loud singing kept up by the pilgrims, partly from religious motives, and partly as a precaution against thieves. For the exercise of their lungs, helps to keep them awake under the trees, where they are obliged to shift for themselves for the night in the absence of accommodation within the Bazaars. While actually travelling, they chant various scraps of songs, mostly expressive of the evils attending a pilgrimage to Deoghur. These songs which have long been extant, and relate to the misdoings of the

OLD SONGS  
EXTANT.

people of the Sub-Division along the pilgrim's route, are often in pairs, and sung by opposite parties meeting one another on the road. A party returning from Deoghur, sing :—"Thefts are frequent at Jeypore,—it being well known that the Darogah there is himself a thief,"—to which the pilgrims, proceeding to Deoghur, reply : "We chew the tobacco, and throw the stuff from our mouth, then catch hold of the tuft of hair on the Darogah's head."

One sings :—"Do not go to the Pemda's tank at Deoghur, for you are sure to lose your Lota, if you do," to which the reply is, "if Byjnáth be propitious, I will get two Lotas in place of the one I lose." Again :—"at Jamdaha, the Bania's wife (who keeps shop) sits with her charms unveiled to the gaze of the unfortunate pilgrim, and as the pilgrim involuntarily turns his eyes from the scale to her beautiful face, the fair one gives him only half of what he pays for." "The pilgrims are plundered at every Bazaar by Banias, (tradesmen, provisioners, &c.), the Feringee (English) plunder them at Atháranallá (Puri), and the Pándá (priest) plunders them at Deoghur," "The pilgrim who does not sing when travelling shall have to suffer bastinado at his wife's hands."

There is a very old and large masonry well at Tutá Pathar, from which the pilgrims quench their thirst when proceeding from Jamdaha to Jeypore. It has been excavated in the rocky soil, which has given name to the place—"Tutá" meaning "broken," and "Pathar" signi-

STORY ABOUT AN  
OLD WELL.

fying "stone." It is said that a pilgrim fell in Dharná before Byjnáth at Deoghur, and prayed for the gift of a son who might inherit his estates in this world, and procure him salvation in the next. The idol commanded him to sink a well in the jungles extending from Jamdaha to Kadhar where the pilgrims could not get a drop of water to drink. He accordingly commenced the well, but though he spent nearly the whole of his fortune in this enterprize, he could not reach the level of the water. Dispirited and dejected, he returned home and refused any sustenance. On the third day of his fast, an ascetic appeared and told him to cheer up, as the well was nearly half filled with water. He returned to Tutá Pathar, and was surprised to find confirmation of the report. From that day the general level of water throughout the tract has attained an elevation equal to the height of the water in the well. It is unnecessary to say that the ascetic was no other than Byjnáth himself in human shape.

Now to come to the great idol itself, which is supposed to be as old as the Rāmāyan. According

VAIDYANATH.

LEGENDS CON-  
NECTED WITH THE  
ORIGIN OF THE  
SHRINE.

connected with the establishment of the idol at the place, runs as follows: Rāvāna, the king of Ceylon, having reduced the inferior gods to the condition of slaves of his household, was anxious to sanctify his capital with the presence of Shiva whom he worshipped. So he went up to Mount Kailās, and preferred his prayer. Extremely unwilling to go, but not knowing how to deny so devoted a votary, Shiva consented to be carried on Rāvāna's shoulders, provided he was not put on the ground in the course of the journey. Rāvāna acquiesced, and with Shiva on his shoulder, proceeded at a pace surprising even for the giants of that age. The envious gods, with a view to prevent the accomplishment of the project, held a council and sent Varuna, the Hindu Neptune, to fill his bladder with urine. When Rāvāna arrived about 2 miles north of Deoghur at a place, called Harlājuri (so called from a pair of Haritaki trees growing on the spot<sup>16</sup>) he felt a violent desire to ease himself. Vishnu in the shape of a Brahman happening at that moment to appear in view, Rāvāna transferred his burden to the other's shoulder, but unfortunately Rāvāna's urinal discharge, instead of lasting for a minute or two, as he had led the pretended Brahman to expect, continued to flow for seven days and seven nights. At the end of that period, he strolled to the place where the Brahman had left the god, and asked him to mount his shoulder once more. Shiva refused to do so. Rāvāna entreated, fell at his feet, and even wept, but all to no purpose. He then tried to take the god by force, but he had struck roots in the ground, and it was impossible to raise him. Furious with rage and disappointment, Rāvāna struck a tremendous blow on Shiva's head, which caused the Ganges to rush forth from the neither world. The place where this occurred is called

16. Harlā (in Hindi) is the *terminalia chebula*, and *juri* means a pair.

the Shiva Gangá, a tank north of the temple, as the basin which received the urine of Rávana, is called Shiva Ságara, being the lake towards the west, whose water is considered the purest in Deoghur !! The unequal elevation at the top of the stone emblem of Byjnáth is still pointed out by the Pándás as the effect of Rávana's blow on his head.

Rávana is said to have once more returned from Ceylon to take Shiva, but with no better success. The god asked him to bring the water of all the sacred rivers and pour the same on him in order to allay the pain, caused by the tremendous blow on his head, and by the poison in his throat. Before departing on his errand, Rávana employed a cowherd named Byju to pour milk and water on the god's head. Having no vessel to carry milk and water in, he used to suck the one from the cow and fetch the other in his mouth. The god was so well pleased with this worship and devotion that he asked him to name a reward. Byju wished to have his name conjoined with that of the deity, and accordingly the Shiva at Deoghur was thenceforth called Byjnáth, or Byjunáth from "Byju" (the cowherd) and "Nath" signifying "lord,"—altogether the "Lord of Byju."

According to another account, Byju, at the end of a day's hard work, was about to lift his food to his mouth, when happening to recollect that he had not that morning made the usual offerings to the god, went,—impure as he was with the boiled rice sticking to his hand,—with some water in his mouth. This act of devotion delighted the god so much that thenceforward he chose to accept worship under his votary's name.

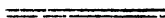
These legends, it will be observed, differ considerably from the one given by Dr. Hunter in his "Annals of Rural Bengal." (Third Edition, at pages 192-3.) This is probably due to the different sources from which the several accounts are derived. It is worthy of remark that the three large stones at the western entrance of the Holy City, which according to Dr. Hunter were worshipped by the Santals, are said by the Pándás to have been erected by their ancestors in connection with the

swinging festival, and are still used for that purpose. Similar structures, built by Hindoos for similar purposes, may be observed in different parts of the country.

RAUSBEHARRY BOSE,

*Late Deputy Magistrate of Banka.*

[The fullest and most accurate account of the shrine at Deoghar may be found in the 1st Vol. of this Magazine in two Articles from the pen of a distinguished native author, entitled "A Visit to Baidyanath." Babu Bose confirms that account and adds some interesting particulars such as the notices of the pilgrims.—EDITOR.]







# MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

July & August, 1875.

## FORT RHOTAS:

A NARRATIVE OF AN ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE.

TO STUART COLVIN BAYLEY, ESQ., C. S.,

*Commissioner of the Patna Division,*

THE FOLLOWING SHORT NARRATIVE

OF A

VERY INTERESTING PORTION OF THE COUNTRY UNDER HIS RULE

*is respectfully inscribed.*

WE stole one "Halcyon day of leisure" in the middle of January last to pay a visit to the far-famed Fort of Rhotas. What with horses and country tats of peculiar trap, color and shape, in our party,—a huge elephant, followed by a camel decked with a garland of bells to keep the other heavy beast a-going, the journey was not altogether unpleasant. It was amusing to see the slender, crooked, long-necked and long-legged brute with its ringing wreath, jolting and scaring away its heavy pioneer, which from time to time, turned its fan-like ears from side to side to steal a glance at the jingling monster and hurry off as fast as its heavy legs would permit it. We enjoyed the freaks of this animal trail, until we found ourselves far off from our camp in the rear. Afar, in front, we perceived in dim shades of white the blue range of hills rearing their towering heads, as if to welcome the guests that we were going. A mile and a half more, and we discerned, beneath the foot of the blue range, a broad brown line of sand, studded with dark bushes and shrubs. "That is the bed of the Sone!" cried our respectable white-bearded guide.

Looking on attentively, as we proceeded, on each line of blue and green over a variegated field, we found our-

selves on the bank of the gigantic Sone, reminding us of its ancient name, the *Hiranya-bâhu* \* or the "Arm of Gold." We moved on, wading through sand and sand, until we reached the main stream, where boats and boatmen were in waiting to cross us over.

The Ferry was easy. There was hardly a breath of winter air to ruffle the bluish expanse of water rolling along the edge of still more blue hills. The *chakrabâks*—the golden geese—were swimming in couples, gabbling to each other in voice of alarm as wood or oar knocked the shining waters. Our companions were not above mischief. Powder was burned and shot sent, more than once, after these innocent pairs, careless of the advice—

"Spare yon emmet, rich with hoarded grain,  
He lives with pleasure, as he dies with pain."

Off the bullets went, and off the game, we are glad to write, uninjured as the air.

A few minutes' cruising brought us to the opposite water-bank. The river-bank was farther off, lined with slender as well as shady trees, through which the laughing white teeth—the front pillars—of a few bungalows higher up on the land, were peeping. We rode this distance. The hospitable doors of one of these bungalows opened to receive us. Arrived there, we found ourselves encircled by a ringlet of hills on all sides but the east. The house has lawns and gardens where the lover of solitude needs not be impatient for busier scenes. Books have been collected by hundreds, if not thousands, and a garden has been reared, where loadfuls of roses were blooming in the depth of the winter. The whole place looked romantic, speaking a good deal in favor of that taste and Anglo-Saxon energy which has really opened "a paradise in the wild." Walking in the compound we saw in the dusk of the evening the pet deer come from the wood to partake of their daily dole of grain offered by the hospitality of the owner of the house. This is really the "Hermitage of Akberpur," as we named it!

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\* The Erranoboas of the Greeks.

We halted for the night at this hermitage. Next morning we had to travel only a mile, before the ascent to the fortress commenced.

Fort Rhotas stands on an eminence 1,350 feet above the Sone, and, therefore, upwards of 1,485 feet above the level of the sea. The upper half of the chain is steep. It is one of the last and distant spurs of the double-ridged Vind'hya through which two of the gigantic rivers of India cut their course.

The ascent by the Ghát we went up is rather difficult. We climbed along slopes and precipices, and up hills higher up, until we reached the top, whence the broad Sone appeared but an humbler stream. The plateau is accessible by five passes. The imperial or Ráj-ghát, we understood, is easier, but the one we tried lay nearer to our way. On the southern and eastern sides the lofty belt overhangs the plain; towards the south-west the tableland appears to extend easily to the Caimur Range. We entered this elevated plain through a rectangular stone-gate of humble dimensions. Beyond this gate is a wall, or rather a pile of stones raised, we learnt, during the Sepoy Mutiny to block up the passage. A little to the west is one of those precipitous peaks which, like others on the hill, is capped by irregular bastions. Although the bastions are not flanked by walls, their precipitous sides can hardly be taken by a regular siege. A few steps higher up we found ourselves on an extensive tableland, which appeared more an undulated plain than the top of a hill range. We moved however to its eastern edge, commanding the scene over the Sone, and stood on the ruins of a colonnade crowned with a dome. This was probably one of the outposts to watch the lowlands on the approach of an enemy.

We had still to walk more than a mile to the south-west before we came to the walls of the Fort. The gate—a big rectangular opening—was lined on either side by heavy walls continued through woods and stones. On entering the gate we came to an open space adorned with a respectable cistern or tank partly covered with the leaves of the lotus. This reservoir, although dug

we should suppose more than a thousand feet aboye the Sone, retains clean and pleasant water all the year round. It is evidently the work of a Hindu. A long shaft of stone—the *Lât*—stands in the middle. It is known as “Kamalamani ká'lâláb” or the Tank of Kamalamani. Kamalamani is the fabled Queen of Rahita. She is believed to have been a slender and light-footed lady beneath whose weight the lotus leaf was not known to sink. She used to sit (so runs the tradition) on the leaves, with a golden vessel in hand, for the purposes of her daily ablutions.

Past this tank, we came to a running stream, humble but perennial, which runs over the head of the hill to its sides, and probably ultimately into the Sone beneath.

A leap over this line of water brought us to the limits of the inner Fort. Its high walls, gates, stately terraces and shooting minarets, although in ruins, yet present an imposing scene. Walking through a spacious court-yard we came to the gate of Rájâ Mân Singh, a solid work of sandstone almost in a complete state of repair. Over this gate we found an inscription in the *Devanágara* character, which we intend to notice elsewhere.

The gate is made of grey granitic sandstone. It is a high solid chamber surmounted with a Saracenic arch, opening to the west and south, the other two sides being completely walled up. The carvings of its two high balconies, and the two interesting figures of elephants decorated with the Howda, chains and trappings, cut nearly in demi-relief, show how the art of statuary had been brought to a comparatively high state of improvement.

The gate of Mân Singh leads to the first apartment known as the Dewán-mahal. Beyond this, is the Sisha-mahal, and the innermost of all is the apartment of the females or the Rang-mahal, all two-storied buildings fronting rectangular court-yards. These massive structures, from their height, elaborate accommodations, balconies, pinnacles, raised seats high above the highest summit of the hill, look really royal. They are all built of slates and stone carvings, the materials used being all of the rock itself, none of the forest around. The style

of the superb structure and its generally good state of preservation plainly indicate that the ancient palace of the Hindu Rajas must have been thoroughly repaired to suit the convenience and the taste of the Mahomedan conquerors.

The Dewán-mahal has a palatial hall. The upper story of the Sisha-mahal or Crystal Palace has only the pillars standing, the intermediate glasses and mirrors having of course yielded to the decay of time.

The Ranga Mahal has one hall (with an anti-chamber) roofed with a succession of bell-shaped arches. Tradition assigns this room as the resting place of Raja Mân Singh. It has now been put into a state of tolerable repair by the same European gentleman who holds the lease of the hill and the plain below. A few furniture have been put up to accommodate travellers, although much of the decorations, besides many volumes of books, we understood, were destroyed by the mutineers in 1857.

We breakfasted on one of these turrets and mused with melancholy pleasure over the extensive prospect lying around.

Like most fortified places in the country, Rhotas has its history to tell of the Hindu, Mahomedan and British periods. To begin at the beginning—Tradition ascribes the foundation of this Fortress to Rahidás or Rahita, the son of Rájá Harish Chandra of Oudh. Without apology we venture to transcribe the following Vedic anecdote of the Prince.

The *Aitareya Brâhmaṇa* says, that “Rájá Harish Chandra of Oudh, not having any sons, offered to sacrifice his first-born to Varuna in case the God granted him his prayer for progeny, that a son, Rahita, was born to him, but the king managed to delay the sacrifice, that at last when, his son arriving at years of discretion, Harish Chandra broke his mind to him, Rahita declined the honor, and left home, *roaming for years in forests.*”\*

\* See No. xvii, VOL. III, of this *Magazine*, p. 135.

This story has been much more mystified in the *Rámáyana*. But in reciting the vicissitudes of his life the poem narrates that during his father's residence at Benares, the Prince with his mother was sold in slavery to a Bráhmaṇ. The chief service done by the Prince to the Bráhmaṇ was to cull flowers and fruits from the jungle. At this early date the kingdom of Magadha had not a name, and probably Rahita was the first Aryan settler in the western plateau of the Sone. Beyond the name and the monumental ruin known as "*Rahidás-ká-chowri*," there remains nothing to tell of the Founder. The 'chowri,' however, demands more than a passing notice. It is said to have contained the ashes of Rahita in a golden urn. It is built on a pinnacle below whose foot, far below, the broad Sone takes a turn to the north and enters the plain of Behar. Two of its slopes are exposed to the gaze of the country, and are approachable only by a flight of 86 steps from the adjacent summits. It was on this commanding spot, it is said, that Rahita used to take his accustomed seat to contemplate the expanse below, studded with hills and dales, and cut by streams extending as far as the eye could reach. Here, as his beloved spot, even after their "wonted fires" had ceased, were his ashes appropriately deposited.

The steps leading to this structure must be 30 feet wide, built of sand-stone, easy to ascend, and neat. There appears to have been a porch attached to this monument. It is now a perfect wreck—large fragments of pillars and capitals lying at the top of the staircase. The monument itself, however, is a solid building which has outlived the ravages of time. Its style is unique. It is a fine specimen of Hindu art, chiselled out of heavy blocks of dark blue stone, probably the chlorite. The edifice is rectangular and is capped by a dome. The dome, as appears from the interior, is not supported by an arch. It is a succession of figures, varying from the octagon to the square, made of stone-beams. The sides of each stone-figure rest on the angles of the one immediately under it—each figure getting smaller topwards until it ends almost in a point, the decorations of which

are highly finished. This ornamental work or stucco looks like old chalk, and is of such a sharp and delicate outline as to raise a suspicion of its being rather moulded plaster than any thing cut from stone. At any rate it is a remarkable specimen of the skill which the ancient Hindus must have attained in stone-cutting, and is worthy of being a model in any school of industrial art. From the point of this stucco a bell was hung to a chain of gold which, we were informed, has not escaped the profane hand of the mountain robber.

Between the fallen porch and the entrance to the main structure, there was a sort of narrow verandah supported by a big arch of seven stones—namely, two upright shafts on each side, two semi-circular slabs, and one horizontal short beam forming the key-stone. After such an unmistakable specimen at Rhotas, the construction of at least one kind of arch by the ancient Hindus must cease to be a debatable point.

We have given the tradition above as the people still entertain it. It appears, however, that the structure, and the elegant square building which stands at the foot of the staircase, were both Buddhist temples. Over the doorway of the former are carved in a line two pairs of geese, the pairs facing each other. Among the mass of stones which formed the porch, we found a slab from which apparently a long inscription line has been obliterated by the weather and partly by the tread of man.

Between this historic monument and the edge of the Rock, there is a poor *masjid* sadly obstructing the view of the older structure. Like Mallik Kafer's *masjid* by the temple of Rameswaram in the extreme South of the Continent, it was built no doubt as a mark of Moslem supremacy in one of the remotest corners of the country.

On the western bank of the Sone, between Sirkar Rhotas and Bijay-Garh in Bandelkhand, we hear of no other old Hindu kingdom, and we leave our antiquarian readers to select the ancient kingdom of Giri-Braja between one of these. Bijay Garh is still in existence. On the expulsion from it; as his last retreat, of Cheyt



Sing, it was restored to its former chief of the family of the *Gherwer* Rajputs. This chief\* deduced his origin from Jay Chand, who reigned at Kanauj, and was dethroned during Timur's invasion.

Down to the reign of Humayun, Fort Rhotas appears to have retained its ancient independence, being still owned by a Hindu chieftain—Raja Chintaman.† In respect of its subsequent reduction by Shêr Sur Afghan, it has been observed that, what open force found impossible, was achieved by treachery. Shêr Khan sent through a Brahmin a message to the Raja to prevail upon him to receive his family and treasure, with a few attendants, into the place, that he himself might proceed unencumbered to Bengal. This mercenary had recourse to one of those stratagems which in a superstitious age always succeeded. He threatened to put an end to his life, should the Raja decline to entertain his proposal. In an evil moment the Raja consented. Men and arms were sent concealed in covered chairs, pretended to convey the ladies of Shêr's family. When the chairs reached the house appointed, "the wolves rushed out among the sheep and began to dye the fold with their blood." They easily mastered the garrison, and admitted Shêr, compelling the Raja to fly into the woods.

During the Mogul period Rhotas regained much of its importance. Rebels as well as rulers used the stronghold as a place of retreat or defence. This was the great point which Shêr Khan made the base of his ambitious operations against the throne of Delhi. Issued from this retreat, he seized, one after another, all the towns and places of strength on the Ganges, till he came upon Humayun between Patna and Benares, and finally treacherously surprized the royal camp, compelling the

\* H. T. Colebrooke's Journey to Nagpur.

† The *Siyar al Matâkharin*. Major Stewart gives the name of the Raja as Berkis which we do not know to be borne by any Hindu in this country. From a Sanad, dated 1178 H. or 1764 A. C. and lately filed in a case under the Land Acquisition Act, it appears that down to the reign of Shah Alam II, Rhotas was administered by a Governor, a Hindu Raja (Shah Mal) residing at Tilowthi, exercising jurisdiction on both sides of the Sone, and who granted the Sanad in question for lands situated in the Gya District. The Raja's great-grandson by adoption is still alive and lives on the rents of resumed jaghirs.

emperor "to leap on horse-back and plunge into the stream."\* At length, after his brief reign, when the Pathan was killed at Kalinjar, his remains were brought back to his nativity Sasseram, where his tomb† still stands. The places of his rise and fall do not measure a great distance between them.

Rhotas was one of the twelve Subas or Divisions of the empire administered by a Governor. Twenty-four miles of the country on the plateau was under cultivation. Sugar-cane, pomegranates and even grapes are said to have been raised at one time. Nor is it difficult to imagine how the mountain top was once turned into a smiling orchard, water being procurable at the depth of ten to twelve feet only.‡

The Territory administered by the Governor of this Mountain Fortress was 240 miles long, extending from the Teliagari Pass to the Karamnasa. Its northern limit was the Sumâli range north of Tirhut and its southern boundary was that dwarfish chain of hills extending from the western extremity of Bengal to the Province of Allahabad. Altogether 24,44,120 Beegahs of land, are said to have been under cultivation, yielding a Revenue of 17,26,81,774 Dâms|| or Co.'s Rupees 45,86,859 only. The

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\* The *Siyar al Matâkhharin*, a narrative written, after the battle of Plassey by Nawab Ghulam Hossein of Hosseinabad, has a curious story, that the Emperor was helped by a *bhisti* or water-carrier with his leather-bag (as an air bladder) to cross over. Reaching the opposite bank the Emperor wanted to reward the *Bhisti*, but the man would be satisfied with nothing less than the occupation of the throne of Delhi for a day. When Humâyun regained the empire, he seated the *Bhisti* or *Sakkâ* on the throne for a day. During this brief period the *Sakkâ* made coin, cut out of his bag, current. Hence the saying "*Sakkâ ne siccâ chumrâ kâ chalâyâ*."

† "From midst a limpid pool, superbly high,  
The massy dome obtrudes into the sky :  
Upon the banks more humble tombs abound.  
Of faithful servants, who their chief surround,  
The Monarch still seems grandeur to dispense,  
And even in death maintains pre-eminence."

*Asiatic Miscellany.*

‡ This is the account given in the *Siyar ul Mutâkhhharin*. At present the soil appears barren and the forest poor.

|| The value of a Dâm was fixed by Raja Todar Mal at one-fortieth part of a Sicca Rupee. 17,26,81,774 Dâms would thus be 43,17,044 Sicca Rupees or 45,86,859 Co.'s Rupees. The Land Revenue of the Patna Division including that of the Districts of Monghyr and Bhagulpore amounts at present to Rupees 92,52,804, which in a rough calculation is more than double the sum collected by the Moguls from Suba Behar.

Governor had also 11,415 horsemen, 4,49,350 footmen and messengers, and 100 boats at his disposal.

During the subsequent struggles which brought Akbar down to Patna to quell the revolt of Dáud Khan, the situation of Rhotas does not appear to have attracted attention. Raja Mán Singh, however, having completely crushed the Pathans in Orissa, returned to this mountain retreat, using it as his place of repose. His Rang Mahal is adapted to the abode of women. The inscription on the gate mentions his name.

This inscription bears incontestably the date, *sambat* 1658, and indicates that the palace and the gate were built 277 years ago, or in 1597 after Christ. It would thus appear that Rájá Mán Sing visited the Fort, and built his palace after he had finally subdued the Pathans in Orissa. The date (1589 A. C.) given by Major Stewart in his History of Bengal for the erection of the Palace, is thus open to doubt.

After the lapse of one-fourth of a century from the above date, we find Rhotas again the retreat of Royalty. When Prince Shah Jehan, as a rebel against his father, obtained possession of Bengal and Behar, Syad Mabá-rak, the Governor of Rhotas, "came and delivered to him the keys of that impregnable Fortress." The Prince sent off his *harem* and children to Fort Rhotas, preparing himself for the ensuing campaign. During the time that this portion of the royal family remained at Rhotas, Prince Morád was born. Subsequently, when Shah Jehan was defeated on the Ganges, he was prevailed upon to quit the field and return to Rhotas. It was here that the Prince wrote the penitential letter which reconciled him to his father, and Rhotas became restored to royal authority.

It seems unlucky, at this distance of time, that the unfortunate Prince, Shujá, never thought of Rhotas which would have afforded him a more welcome retreat, and probably obviated his disgrace and sad end at the hands of a cruel Arrakan chief.

We do not hear of Rhotas again until the year 1764. When, therefore, in the month of October of that year, Mír

Kasim was finally routed at Buxar, we owe it to a contemporary writer\* to record that the dethroned Nawab Nazim of Bengal, disappearing from History like the rebel of Jagdispur in 1858, took refuge in these hills, disguised as a Faqir and dressed in coarse hempen clothes.

Mír Kâsim, however, took care to send his Begum, the daughter of Mír Jafer, to the Fortress, entrusting her person and the remains of her property to his servant Soliman. Soon after his arrival, Soliman entered into an intrigue with Yakub Khan, the keeper of the Fort, in order to annex Rhotas to the territory of Shuja-ud-daula, Nawâb of Oudh. Soliman also invited the assistance of Rehim Khan, the Hâqim of Sasseram, and Raja Shahmal of Tilowthi, the "manager"† of Rhotas. Shuja-ud-daula himself was but too willing to include Rhotas in the map of Oudh. Impregnable by siege, the fortress, at this moment of anarchy, afforded facilities for an easy conquest to any adventurer who could first hoist his flag on its walls. Shuja-ud-daula was, however, frustrated in his designs by the interference of Gholam Hossein,‡ then living at Hossienabad, six miles only from the Fort, across the Sone. From the narrative left by Gholam Hossein himself, we learn, that he had been always a friend to the English, and he accordingly wrote to Raja Shahmal, that it would be proper to surrender the Fort to no other Power. Shahmal having consented, under certain conditions, these were drawn out and sent up by Gholam Hossein to Major Munro, then commanding the British forces at Patna. The Major immediately ordered Captain Gordon, then encamped at Tikâri, to move on with a regiment to Rhotas.

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\* *Siyar al Mutâkharin* by Nawab Gholam Hossein of Hosseinabad, formerly in the Aurangabad, now included in the Palamow, Sub-division.

† Probably the Revenue officer.

‡ Gholam Hossein is the author of the *Siyar-al-mâtakharin*. He was the son of Nawab Hedayit Ali of Hosseinabad. As a cousin to Zyn-ud-deen, the father of Sârej-ud-daulâ and Governor of Behar, Hedayit Ali was during Ali Verdi Khan's reign appointed Hâkim and Foujdâr of Hosseinabad. A large jagheer was given to him, and he was appointed specially to over-awe Raja Sundar Rây of Tikâri, whose domains extended to the Hills. The author of the *Siyar-al-Matakharin* was, of course, a different person from the Gholam Hossein who wrote the *Riyâz-Assââteen*, and who resided at Malda.

On his approach the Fort was surrendered without the necessity, it appears, of firing a single shot.

On the principle probably that what is easily got is not valued, the Fortress, since the establishment of the British Power, has been much neglected. Sir Frederick Halliday was the only Governor who was curious enough to pay a visit to the Fort, during his princely tour through Behar in the month of January, 1855. One of the munshis who accompanied his camp, informs us that the Lieutenant-Governor took great interest in examining the architectural ruins and taking copies of inscriptions which could be found on them. He was assisted by competent men, and the archives of the Government may probably show what use was ultimately made of the information that was collected. A proposal was made to him to repair some of the more valuable monuments, but it was given up on monetary considerations only.

During the late Sepoy Revolt, we find Rhotas the estate of Amar Singh, expressly preserved as his game ground. The rebels, as was expected, did not neglect to possess and hold the post until a sham siege had to be laid, and the Sepoys overawed to retire. The forest adjoining the Fort is said to have been the death-bed of Koer Singh, who, after the fatal bullet he received in the passage of the Ganges, and lost all, came here to bequeath what remained—his good and trusty sword only—to his brother Amar Singh, with a dying mandate to hold it on to the last.

Sirkar Rhotas was confiscated like all other property belonging to the rebel, and its possession maintained with guns and troops for nearly one year. After that period the force was withdrawn, and the wilderness allowed once more to recover her primeval domain around.

"States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die."

On our return journey we met some of the aborigines. On enquiry we were told that they were the descendants of the *Koles*, who came from the South, or, the tableland of Chota Nagpoor. We talked with them for a time. Not a word of dissatisfaction escaped them, and what

with their sneering mien and frequent grins, they appeared to be a contented lot, thinking with the Hermit—

“Man wants but little, nor that little long.”

In respect of their information that their fathers came from the South, we did not believe that it was correct. According to local tradition, the wave of migration took the opposite course. The story of the “Kól-Ráj” is still distinctly kept alive in these parts. It is said that the whole country from the hills (now forming the boundary of the Gya and the Palamow districts) and the Ganges was held by the Kóle-kharwars, whom a race of Chowhân Rajputs drove from the open plains. The chief of these Rajputs was Bhikam Deo\* the founder of the Pawi family. A tree is still known near the Pawi hill (4 miles south-west of Aurangabad) where the decisive battle between the Aryans and the aborigines is said to have been fought. There are still two high mounds,—one in a wild part of the country on the banks of the Buttwana, and the other on the Sone—which are pointed out as the remains of the forts of Kól chiefs. On the first of these, is an existing shrine which is somewhat dreaded and where prayers are offered to avert the malignant influence of the Demon. The Demon worship of the aborigines has been plainly handed down to the subsequent settlers.

C. S. B.

*December, 1874.*

[ We are sure the reader will feel thankful to our friend for his interesting account of a famous spot, but neglected by our antiquarians. The crumbling remains and fast disappearing traditions of Rhotas much needed such a chronicler, before it was too late. We feel called upon to add only a note or two. Our Rambler adopts the current story of the treachery of Shêr Shâh in gaining possession of the Fort, quoting the *Siyar ul Mutaakkharin* and Stewart's *Bengal*. Whatever the value of the first-named work as a narrative of events contemporary with the author, it is no authority on the past. The second, founded as it is on a compilation by Mr. George Udney's Munshi, is

\* The more respectable families of Chowhân Rajputs, the Zemindars of Paw Fuldaha, Mail, and Chandra-garh trace their descent from Bhikam Deo.

even less authoritative. Both the Gholam Hosseins, however, evidently draw from the standard History of Mahammad Kásim Ferishtah. Where Ferishtah got his account from, it is not so easy to say, but not yet altogether impossible to perceive. He gives the name of the owner of Rhotas as Raja Birkis. The *Akbarnáma*, and the *Kholásat al Tawárikh*, say it was one Raja Chintáman,—according to the latter a Brahman. These contradictions, however, in our view, find their reconciliation in the statement of the *Nisábnámah* that Chintáman, though a Brahman, was only the Raja's minister. The Raja's full name is given as Hari Kishen Birkis. All the Authorities, in spite of some discrepancies, agree pretty nearly in the main incidents of the treachery. The ability and craftiness of the diplomat Shêr employed are mentioned by all, but not his Brahmanhood. Ferishtah says the agent went with some presents to the Raja. Others, that the agent by means of valuable gifts brought over the Raja's favorite Ráni and his minister to his side to persuade the Raja. All are silent on the *dharná* by which, according to "C. S. B.," Shêr's Brahman envoy bullied the simple Rajput into compliance with the object of his mission. We are curious to learn "C. S. B's" authority. The number of horse and foot maintained by, or at the disposal of, the Governor of Rhotas is evidently a fable.]—EDITOR.

## HERCULES FURENS.

## I

**D**IE, murderous dog!" and Lycus lies,  
 Bereft of life, in his own palace hall,  
 And Thebes and Megara are both avenged!

But why distraught thy scowling eyes?  
 Why do thy breathings so heavily fall?  
 Why is thy face, Oh Hercules! so changed?

## II

Woe, woe, for Thebes! 'Tis Juno's wrath  
 That Madness sends to Alcmena's son,  
 Now raving for Eurystheus still unslain,  
 Oh Megara! avoid his path!  
 Speed forth, ye children, from the house and run:  
 He hunter-like pursues; your flight is vain!

## III

" 'Twas I the dog of Lerna slew,  
 " The Nemean lion, the Erymanthean boar,  
 " And in their mountain homes the centaurs free;  
 " And shall my avenging hands spare you,  
 " Eurystheus' brood? No, with your gore  
 " You must repay his bitter hate for me?"

## IV

Hold madman; 'tis thy own blood flows,  
 And not Eurystheus' brood you murder so;  
 Thy own sweet children cling in fear for life!  
 They cling in vain! His frenzied blows  
 The suppliants strike; first fall the elder two,  
 And then the youngest and his own loved wife.



## V

With horror mute Amphitryon stands  
Deep-rooted, for his feet refuse to fly,  
While like a frightened horse his son comes round :

Minerva sees, and in her hands  
A rock upheaves, which tearing through the sky  
The mad man strikes, and pins him to the ground.

## VI

Supine the vanquished hero lies !  
Oh goddess dread ! his murd'rous raving stay,  
From Juno's dreadful ire one victim save !

The prayer is heard ; his weary eyes  
In sleep are closed, and Madness chased away  
To utter darkness flies, from breast so brave.

S.



# THE LANDED ARISTOCRACY OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

BY A MADRAS GRADUATE.

WHO are the Nobles of Southern India ? That is the point which first meets one who turns his attention to this subject. Are they our Zemindars and Poligars, the holders of settled and unsettled Poliams, or have we no Landed Aristocracy at all ? We shall not, in the space of this brief article, enter into the large discussion, whether a Nobility or an Aristocracy is absolutely necessary for the well-being and progress of a nation. That is the controversy at issue between England and America, and sometime or other we may be sure the problem will have to be solved by us. For, unless the British are prepared to govern us for ever through Civilian Magistrate-Collectors and Judges, and make laws for us by means of European Boards, the day will come when the question of a House of Lords or no House of Lords for this great country will have to undergo discussion. The question will come in the train of the general subject of Representative Government for the Indian Empire. We hope the day for *that* will not be very long in coming. It is not difficult to foresee the solution. India cannot, as regards the governing machinery, always remain different to other countries. Before long a popular element must be introduced in the legislature. Probably the first step towards that consummation will be the nomination of a large number of the most powerful or most influential Barons to a consultative assembly and, afterwards, the creation of a yet more dignified Senate. Then, when all the other Presidencies may be prepared to present our rulers with a tolerably enlightened aristocracy, Bombay with its powerful Sirdars and Chiefs, and Bengal with its educated Rajas,—what will benighted Madras do ? A landed Nobility, or, indeed, any Nobility, cannot be created in a day, or even in a single generation, but must be the work of ages. Which class of Madrasees

will be called to adorn the Upper House? Our Maharajas and Rajas *de facto*—that is, our territorial Princes and Chiefs, not the beggarly lickspittles and bribing Oswals and Babus decorated with titles which for them have no meaning—our Maharajas and Rajas, according to some, should be our great Dukes and Marquesses, but, unless the British Government means at some future time to give up its non-annexation policy, or so long as our Chiefs remain the actual rulers of Provinces and Districts, they cannot properly find time to perform the legislative and administrative functions, that belong to members of Parliament. Till such time as the whole of India is directly and administratively absorbed in the Empire, they cannot be the true representatives of the wealth and greatness of British India, whose subjects they are not, and whose laws will not bind them. The only alternative, in such a case, that seems to remain will be that of inviting our landed gentry to that position, and unless, before they are actually so invited, this portion of Her Majesty's subjects advance in the march of civilization, so as to render themselves competent thereto, our poor Presidency must, we fear, submit to the mortification of being almost unrepresented in the Upper House.

The Zemindars and Poligars, therefore, as the people likely to bear the burden of high legislative and administrative functions when the time should come for India to have the blessing of a Parliament, demand our attention. That time, it is true, seems now so distant and depends upon so many contingencies, that we may well be accused of building castles in the air. But, under any circumstances, the class of middle-men between the Government and the masses is too important to need any apology for directing public attention to our Zemindars and our landed gentry. The several Governments of India have often declared themselves very much interested in promoting their enlightenment and progress. Lord Northbrook, our present Viceroy, is reported to intend making it a condition of selection for a covenanted appointment under the Parliamentary Statute of 1870 authorizing the Government to bestow such appointments upon Natives

without requiring them to pass competitive examinations in England, that the applicant or nominee should belong to an aristocratic family. The solicitude which the Government in India and Her Majesty's Government have often expressed for the improvement of our landed classes, whose present political degradation they have often contemplated with sorrow, will fully justify us in saying a few words of the Southern Zemindar, with a view to invite a strong public opinion, and, if possible, draw the attention of Government, to this important subject.

The Ryotwari tenure in the Presidency of Madras has been an obstacle in the way of the formation of a wealthy class of landholders.

The Ryotwari Tenure and its Tendencies. The absence of clear definition of the rights in the soil of the Ryotwari landlord, or, as called by some Judges and Jurists, the "ryotwari tenant," the temporary nature of the settlement of the Land Revenue—liable as it is to innumerable fluctuations at the will of the ruling authorities—the pest of surveys and resettlements—entailing upon the landholder all the expense and trouble of providing for their cost and materials, and the no less expense and trouble of providing also for the comfort and convenience of the demarkation, the survey, and the settlement officers, and their voracious subordinates,—all these are enough to make the holders of ryotwari lands well nigh despair of peace or rest. A landholder can hardly feel any security, who is treated by the Government, now as a landlord, and now as a tenant at will,—whose tenure is, in the opinion of one eminent Judge, permanent tenancy,—the purely proprietary rights to the soil, such as the right to waste lands and jungles, being vested in another body of persons,—and, in the opinion of another judicial authority, hardly anything more than a tenancy from year to year,—as implied by the Patta and the Muchilka, that is the agreements exchanged annually between the Government as landlord and the ryotwari tenant. But this is hardly the place to discuss the subject in full. We must refer those of our readers who may be desirous of more information to the columns of the last year's *Madras*

*Jurist* wherein this important question has been ably discussed, and to the published Reports of the Madras High Court, which, however, will only show the amount of confusion that exists on the subject. In passing, we may remark that the momentous matter of the limits of the Government right to interfere in the distribution of water for the irrigation of ryotwari land,—a practical point that affects not only the well-being but the very life of all ryotwari landholders,—has not been satisfactorily disposed of, as yet, either by the Executive Superior Authorities,—who are entirely under the guidance of their arbitrary and capricious Subordinates,—or by the Courts of Justice. We have diverted to this subject, however, only to show that the ryotwari system, far from being favorable to the growth of a landed aristocracy, has been entirely in the way of such a growth. It is an important fact to bear in mind, in considering our present subject, that our ryotwari proprietors or tenants belong generally to the intelligent classes, the Brahmans and the higher Sudras,—and we shall be very near the truth when we say, that the majority of them live from hand to mouth. An owner of a hundred to a hundred and fifty acres in the district of Tanjore, the most flourishing district as it is generally supposed in Southern India, watered by the river Cauvery, every drop of whose precious liquid is utilized by the fortunate inhabitants of the Delta,—an owner of a hundred to a hundred and fifty acres here, is accounted a rich man. But this is not the sort of person that is ever likely to become a great landed aristocrat. In an essay on the Nobility of Southern India, therefore, the ryotwari holder is entitled to more than a passing notice and a passing regret.

Nor is the Zemindary tenure itself, prevailing as it does to a small extent, without its complications. The Zemindar, the Poligar and the Mittadar are almost always employed as synonymous terms at present, and the distinct meaning which no doubt attached to each, previous to the establishment of the British Supremacy, has been lost in the confusion that followed this great

The Zemindary  
Tenure and its Complications.

event. But, even now, he only is styled by the lawyer, a "zemindar," who is in possession of a poliam, the Government due upon which has been permanently settled, and has been confirmed by a document called the Sanad Istemrar executed on behalf of Government. All other poliams are either permanently settled, but without Sanads or any kinds of express agreements between the State and the Poligar,—the nature of the tenure and the rights of the State and of the landholder being decided by Courts of Justice by inferences drawn from the old records of Government,—everything, until such a decision is pronounced continuing of course, uncertain; or they are settled only for the life of the holder, or are resumable at the pleasure of Government. Poliams to a very large number, coming under the second of the three division, are usually conferred upon heirs and representatives, almost as a matter of course; so much so that the limitation rather helps than restricts the free enjoyment of the estate by the family. For, debts contracted by a Poligar on the security of the zemin can be decreed against it only during his life-time.

Again, the law of alienation in regard to permanently settled zemins or poliams is by no means well understood, or certain.

The Laws of alienation and succession.

The several judgments of the Courts on the subject, none of them as far as we can see directly deciding the question as yet, only add to the prevailing confusion. The zemindar, equally with the money-lender, is in an unenviable position. The dictum that ancient zemins are governed by the law relating to Regalities, which has been broadly laid down in regard to these Estates, simply fosters litigation by inducing people to try their fortune at law, by raising the question of fact, whether a particular Estate is an unpartible one. Nor is it very difficult, by historic evidence to prove that the present Mēl Tondanoor is only a portion of the old Tondanoor zemin, which, possibly, several generations back, had been divided between rival brothers. As long as this is a question of fact, men fond of litigation are not found wanting to promote law-suits. And if, in one out

of a number of such cases, the creditor comes off successful, others in a similar position pursue the same game with the more alacrity and greater zeal. Thus the law, which is intended to be a shield to the zemindar against the extortions of unscrupulous creditors, proves wellnigh his ruin—plunging him into life-long litigation, to support which he is obliged to fall into the very hands, from which the lawgiver professed to save him. There can be no doubt that a law that interfered to save a man from his debts would be a misdirected and a pernicious law, and if it were the object of the Legislature to save ancient aristocratic houses from the contingency of the family estate being frittered away by the prodigality of any one of its members, the provision which might be of use for the purpose, would require the debtor to provide himself with proofs of the just application of his loan. This, no doubt, seems to be the opinion of eminent Judges, even now, but a right opinion of stray administrators of justice is not enough to meet the evil. The opinion ought to be made law; the law must be expressed in unambiguous words, and the number of estates or class of families to be subject to its operation should be clearly and precisely defined. The want of such clear and authoritative expositions of the law has led to tremendous confusion and endless troubles to the moneyed and the landed classes. It is surely not very much to the interest of the landholder to be uncertain of his rights as against the State or against his heirs and successors. As regards poliams settled for life, though the power of the poligars in possession in the matter of alienation is pretty certain, yet the doubt after death as to the liability of the property, the uncertainty as to the succession—especially where no male heir may be left by deceasing owners—and the uncertain and contestable character of the settlement itself, involve the zemindar in as much litigation as falls to the lot of other descriptions of estates. Thus it will be seen that the zemindary tenure in this part of India is hardly more favorable to the development of a wealthy landed class. The zemindar is exposed to so many dangers from all quarters, and from causes over

which he has no control, that it will be altogether unjust to accuse him alone for his backwardness and his poverty.

Out of these causes, one that is fraught with the greatest mischief, which has placed not only the zemindar's property, but also his life and liberty, oftentimes in jeopardy, has its origin, again, in the glorious uncertainty of our law of Land Tenures. The Madras Rent Act intended to be an act for facilitating the levy of rent by the landlords from their tenants, has probably given more cause of annoyance to the zemindar, the Collector and the Judge, than any legislative measure has ever given in a civilized country. The tenants on zemindari estates had, even before that enactment was brought into operation, been already endeavouring to impart some variety to the zemindar's otherwise dull and monotonous life. It was an ordinary thing for them to force him in person into the Civil Courts in rent suits. Not content with that, they often bullied him into appearance before Revenue Officers of the lowest description, in miscellaneous revenue proceedings, where, as a matter of notoriety the measure of gold and silver was the measure of justice,—a fact, though, by which the zemindar did not ultimately benefit,—or where the word of a Native Christian street-preacher was not only the Gospel of Jesus but the judgment of the Revenue Court itself. As if he was not sufficiently humiliated, the zemindar was not unfrequently, even dragged before magisterial authorities, and subjected to all the indignity which is in store for a respectable Native in British Indian criminal courts, —all because he had refused to grant a permanent patta or lease to a black sheep, newly admitted into the fold of Jesus. Out of such scrapes, the zemindar, it is true, generally escaped with his liberty. In some cases, however, the fear of provoking a deluded Missionary Sahib has overcome the temptation of the omnipotent rupee. But imagine the immense sums of money expended, legally and illegally, by the untutored Native nobleman, who would rather give up his all in the shape of property, than be scathed in dignity or reputation. What was all this the result of, but the uncertainty of

The relation between Landlord and Tenant.



the law laying down the relations between landlord and tenant ? The zemindar has had one notion of his rights, and the ryot has had a very different one ; and rather than reconcile their differences, there are never wanting active agents to foment discord between those who should be at peace, as if love of property alone were not a sufficient inducement to uncompromising litigation. So they have fought out their claims—landlord and tenant—through the three Courts. These Courts look to individual cases, and individual judges often hold contradictory opinions on the general questions ; while a sort of half-inconsistent, half-understandable rules are found scattered in the Reports of rent cases in the *Madras Jurist* or the *Revenue Register*. Collectors and even Judges have, oftentimes, ranged themselves on the one side, or the other ; and the one side or the other has been dominant in particular districts or portions of districts ; until, by the advent of a new local officer the fortunes of landlords and tenants might change. The litigation is yearly renewed. No zemindar or poligar can attach for arrears of rent, or bring an action before a Court of Justice, without exchanging pattas and muchilkas—annual agreements—with his tenants, who, of course, in the majority of cases, refuse to come to terms. Then follows for enforcing a patta, the action under the Rent Act, in which the jurisdiction of the Revenue Court is not well defined. The Act, indeed, gives a wide latitude to the carrying out of the whims of the Collector, in his wise discretion. Besides, one would think the office of the Assistant or Deputy Collector not a likely place where questions about the nature and conditions of tenancy might be understood in all their complicated detail. But so it is ; the Rent Recovery Act has confirmed in these authorities, the miscellaneous powers often arbitrarily exercised by the subordinate Revenue Officers anterior to that enactment, and, what is more, has declared, that no Civil Court to which appeals lie in certain cases against decisions of Collectors, shall be at liberty to set such decrees aside on the ground of irregularities in the mode of trial and procedure. This gave rise to a very re-

markable—and, if it was not for the consequence to the parties concerned, funny—paper-war between a Sub-Collector and a Judge in a district in the south of the Presidency. In that quarrel, the Judge maintained that he had authority to entertain an appeal against the Collector's decision, and to make a certain order therein, and the Collector maintained the contrary, and insisted upon a reference to the High Court. The Collector came off with substantial victory, though the Judge had the somewhat poor satisfaction of a light wiggling to his antagonist administered by the High Court. Now, the character of the

The Rent Recovery  
Act.

Rent Recovery Act is such that no one is sure to which classes it is intended to apply. The ryotwari holder, himself often declared to be no more than a tenant from year to year, has, at times, been forced into the jaws of the most exacting Sections in the Rent Recovery Act. The writer knows a Sub-Collector who actually compelled a ryotwari holder to issue pattas to his undertenants. Perhaps, he erred with his eyes open, but there is room in the Act for all sorts of honest errors, and the South Indian landlord has not much reason to thank the legislature that passed it. The baneful operation of this Act, and the reduced and unenviable condition of the zemindars and poligars of the South, were recently made clear to the Board of Revenue in a Report by an experienced Collector, Mr. R. K. Puckete, but the Board and the Government shut their eyes to the real facts, dismissing the subject with the remark that they believed the Collector's picture to be overdrawn.

The above, of course, is not meant for a description of the South Indian Law of Land Tenures. It is intended rather to give some idea of the confusion and uncertainty that prevail on the subject of the rights and relations of the different classes of landlords and cultivators. It will, it is hoped, at least show to the lay Public, that, with so many causes actually provoking him to constant and interminable litigation, and with so many temptations thrown in his way, it is no wonder, that the zemindar has often been a sinner. Litigation means expense and a ready

purse, and how can the zemindar or poligar afford his costs, while at constant war with his ryots? He is compelled by the force of circumstances to resort to the moneylender. Then begin the well-known feats of the Soucar and ultimately eat up the *zemin*.

How many zemins have thus been lost! How many, alas! are likely to be, living as they already do, a precarious and hollow life!

The cases of Rámnand and Shivagangá, tottering to their fall,—the one already immersed in an ocean of debts, and the other famous for more than half a century for disputed adoptions and disputed successions,—both ranking the biggest in the Madras Presidency,—are these sad instances not enough? If this is the fate of the Setupatis,—minor Rajahs have entirely lost not only the substance, but also the semblance of wealth and greatness. Reduced literally to beggary, they are living a *sanyási* life, like the once powerful zemindar of Chohkampatti, not unknown even to History. The famous case of Shivagiri, the very embodiment of all the confusion of our *zemin* laws,—who is there that does not know it? We may at once say that the fate of all our present zemindars is doomed, unless the English law of entails—the application of which to the Maravar zemindars, the learned Justice Holloway once very appropriately remarked to be a grotesque absurdity—come in to their aid; but it is very doubtful, indeed, whether it will.

It is, however, meet, before going further, that we should determine whether it should. This leads us to turn from the zemindary to the zemindar himself, that we may, by understanding him, form our opinion as to the utility of preserving his greatness, at the expense, it may be, of other interests and other classes.

The zemindars of Southern India, including under the term that portion of British India which lies to the south of the Krishna, belong in part to the Maravar, and in part to the Naik, race. Their estates are situated in the upland regions;—the courses of large and living rivers being generally occupied by the Brahmans and the high caste

A description of  
the Zemindar.

Sudras, who are all of them ryotwari proprietors. It is a significant fact to be kept in mind, and a fact valuable to the ethnologist, that the Brahmans have always chosen the cool shade of the valleys, and the rich alluvial soil of the Deltas, in the course of their migration from the north to the south. They are found congregated with their high caste Sudra followers on the banks of the Godavari, the Pennayar, the Palar, the Cauvery, and the Tambarapurni. Nowhere else do we meet them,—noither in the rich cotton soil of Bellary or Tinevelly, nor in the palmyra and cocoanut regions adjoining the Bay of Bengal. These rough regions, which are exposed to constant drought, and are unsuited to the residence of an exceedingly religious, an ease-loving, and an intellectual race, have been abandoned to the hardy tribes of the Kallar, the Maravar and the Naik. Not one zemindary will be found in Southern India on the borders of any of the great rivers, and the only sources of irrigation for zemindary lands have ever been jungle streams, and wells. Yet the yield of zemindary lands has been as rich and plentiful, as even that of the rich fields of the Delta. While these latter wet lands, gradually exhausted by the unskilful agriculture of our husbandmen and landholders, have been divided into small, almost infinitesimal bits, the zemindars' estates have maintained their large extent. The constant disputes between the zemindar and the ryot, however, have been very unfavorable to the cultivation of this extensive area, and very large tracts of virgin soil, which, if brought to cultivation, may still yield the zemindar and the ryot enough to pay off at least a part of their liabilities, are left altogether waste and unprofitable.

It is not very necessary here, to consider what was the position of the zemindar previous to the establishment of the British Government, or what were his rights in the soil, or how those rights originated or were acquired. It may turn out, when we give some attention to the subject, that the pretensions of the zemindar to actual sovereignty over his people before the East Indian Company reduced him to subjection, are unfounded. The zemindars were, most probably, under Hindu or Mussulman rulers,

only head-watchmen, preservers of the public peace,—more of police than magisterial officers. How, from such a position, they could raise themselves to the station in which the Company found them, it is easy to guess. But the British Government having decided at the time of the settlement that the zemindars and poligars were the proprietors of their respective estates, it is at this moment for practical purposes bootles to pursue the previous history of zemins.

It is, however, a fact much to be regretted, that the landed nobility of Southern India has not been drawn from intelligent classes. No body can be blamed for this, neither the zemindar, nor the Government. It is a very significant fact, as indicating the unintellectual character of the zemin races, that not one zemindar has yet thought seriously of giving anything like education to his children. The two years of the *pial* school-master's teaching, which itself is much less than ordinary boys receive within the same time, is thought to consummate the education of a zemindar's heirs apparent. In addition, one or two zemindars have also thought it fit to grant a few Rupees to a university undergraduate, without meaning more than to please the Collector who recommended the expenditure. Young zemindars and old zemindars, unable to do the most ordinary mathematical calculations—those of division and multiplication—have come within the writer's notice. A more sorry spectacle can hardly be conceived than that of a nobleman worth about £10,000 a year being unable to read and write his own tongue with anything like correctness or fluency.

The attempts made to educate young zemindars, who may have had the fortune of coming under the supervision of the Court of Wards, have also failed. There must be somebody to blame for this result. The Collector and the school-master accuse the relations of the youth as solely responsible for the spoiling him, and the relations do not care to retort. The difficulties in the way of a liberal education of a zemindari youth are no doubt considerable, still we think they are by no means insurmountable; and probably the Court of Wards cannot be acquitted of all blame in the matter.

The biography of a zemindar is soon written. When once the writer asked an esteemed friend of his, where a zemindar just fresh from the school might be introduced, the friend replied that he understood the zemindars generally transferred themselves from the school to the hot-house. This, of course, is the simple truth. The young students are allowed to associate with all sorts of bad characters. The zemindar children think it beneath their dignity to go out of the palace on any account, except in procession, or for purposes of pleasure. Even during the period they are at school, or, more properly, under training, the minions of the palace, usually the illegitimate descendants of former zemindars, introduce them to objectionable places of entertainment. The vice, thus early imbibed so easily, continues through the zemindar's whole life, even to the day on which he is borne to the grave, which is oftentimes early enough ; so much vice cannot be without making its effects on the body felt. To support the extravagance of such a life, the zemindar, often while a mere heir-apparent, makes the acquaintance of the Soucar or the Chetty, an acquaintance which grows up to intimacy ; and what between the blood-sucker of a creditor or creditors, the frauds of agents, and his own vices, the young gentleman becomes a bankrupt in health and wealth.

The management of the zemin keeps pace with the general conduct of the zemindar. Under-paid and unscrupulous servants, many of them basely stooping to minister to their master's pleasures, and nearly all carrying on a close private correspondence with his creditors, while they lull him into the belief that they alone are interested in him, are appointed and commissioned to carry on the work of cultivation, supervision and litigation. The result need not be described ; and shall we wonder, that zemin after zemin is sold in Court or Revenue action, for debts or arrears of the Government demand ? The chief causes which have brought about the condition in which we find the zemindar may thus be summarised.—1st, the deplorable fact that the zemindar does not belong to an intelligent race ; 2ndly, the bad

example of his fore-fathers and of his neighbours ; and 3rdly, the involved condition in which he finds his possessions, when he comes of age and to the management of their property,—this last condition itself being chiefly induced by the uncertainty of the law, the results of which we have described in the previous pages.

For the first two of these causes, the zemindar has to thank himself, at least, has no right to blame any body. One would even be inclined to say on account of the first cause, the sooner zemins change owners, the better. But the third of these causes has laid the Government under obligations to the zemindar, and on this ground we contend that the Government are bound to make one grand attempt to save him. Those who have already lost their estates, have of course lost them for ever ; but for the rest, the Government are bound to interfere and set things right as much as they can.

The Government can interfere in two ways ; 1st, by legislation, and, 2ndly, by taking into their own hands the administration of zemin estates, for a time, until the same may be relieved of their liabilities. The second course can only be taken with the consent of zemindars, unless the Government legislate for that too. The Law of Land Tenures must be precisely defined, as also the Laws of succession and alienation, as applies to zemindaries. By this means alone the Nobility of Southern India, or rather the remaining families can hope to be saved. Of course, the Government can interfere only once, and if the zemindar lapse again into his former position, as we hope he will not—though it is not improbable he may—he must be left to his fate. This one effort to save him is due to him in strict justice, and if he use the opportunity offered, taking care to move along with the times, a splendid career awaits him in the future. But if the Government remain apathetic, or rich in word and idle in action, as heretofore, the doom of the southern zemindar is sealed. May God help him !

## IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

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### I

“ALAS for me! Oh sire unkind!  
“How shall I move thy heart of stone?  
“Had I Orpheus’ voice of fire  
“Thou might’st have listen’d to my moan.

### II

“Persuasion’s voice thou heedest not;  
“What have I then but tears to show?  
“Unapt in words, my wail receive;  
“Oh father! see me suppliant bow.

### III

“Take not from me the life you gave;  
“’Tis sweet, Oh king! to see the light!  
“Oh send me not so unprepared,  
“So early, to the realms of night.

### IV

“Remember, sire, I was the first  
“To hail thee by a father’s name;  
“That oft, with kisses on my lips,  
“Thou’st prest me to repeat the claim.

### V

“Dandling thy child thou oft hast said  
“A worthy mate thou would’st give to me;  
“I never dreamt that thou did’st mean  
“That Pluto should that husband be.

### VI

“What have I done to lose thy love?  
“Why should my life for Helen’s pay?  
“If angry gods a victim want  
“Why not thy hands on Hermione lay?



*Iphigenia in Aulis.*

## VII

"The Grecian ships off Chalcis lie ;  
 "The gods deny a favouring gale ;  
 "Let Menelaus the victim find  
 "That fain must help the chiefs to sail.

## VIII

"Plead, mother, plead ! cry, brother, cry !  
 "He lists not to my plaint of woe :  
 "Ulysses comes to tear me hence ;  
 "With that fell man let me not go.

## IX

"Achilles self hath sued in vain,  
 "My father holds his purpose stern ;  
 "Who then shall help me in my need ?  
 "To whom shall I for mercy turn ?

## X

"Diana ! listen to my prayer ;  
 "Before my time I'm loathe to go ;  
 "My heart appalled backward shrinks  
 "From horrors of the realms below.

## XI

"Raise, maidens, raise the pæan aloft ;  
 "The gods may grant what men deny ;  
 "Hear, goddess ! for my tender years ;  
 "List, virgin queen, a virgin's cry."

## XII

The cry was heard, the virgin saved ;  
 A roaming stag did her replace ;  
 The Greek ships proudly onward passed—  
 But of the girl they found no trace.

# IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

## I

THE priestess arose from her sleep disturb'd,  
For strange was the vision she saw ;  
She thought she had wander'd to Argos again,  
And stood in its palace with awe.

## II

And the earth beneath her shook violently,  
And she ran in fear from the gate,  
When the roof of the building fell inwards below,  
And nothing was left of its state.

## III

No, nothing was left, but one pillar alone,  
That seem'd to stream with golden hair ;  
When the scene was changed to the Scythian land,  
And a victim awaited her there.

## IV

A victim sure before the temple stands,  
And yellow are the locks that flow ;  
A Greek cast on that inhospitable shore :  
A Greek ! Why starts the priestess so ?

## V

“ Oh Greek ! thy forfeit life I'll give to thee  
“ If thou wilt news of Argos say,—  
“ How fares Agamemnon, Atreus' son ?  
“ And how his queen, Clytemnestra gay ?”

## VI

“ Cease, woman, cease ! thy bloody knife prepare :  
“ I do not ask my life of thee ;  
“ But put not questions which my vitals tear ;  
“ Erinnyes yet remembers me !”

## VII

“ What then art thou to Agamemnon ? say ;  
“ My heart misgives, I fain would know :

*Iphigenia in Tauris.*

"Hast thou e'er heard the prince Orestes' name?  
 "To me, oh Greek! some pity show."

## VIII

"Why wilt thou ask what does not thee concern?  
 "The king was by his own wife slain;  
 "That wife before Orestes' dagger fell:  
 "For peace Orestes seeks in vain!"

## IX

"Oh horrid doom! then where's Orestes now?  
 "Canst thou to him my tale relate?  
 "Say, that his sister Iphigenia lives,  
 "By Dian rescued from her fate!"

## X

"Lives she! ah where? say priestess, I beseech;  
 "In me the wretch Orestes see!  
 "Do I in thee Iphigenia find?  
 "Wilt thou a sister be to me?"

## XI

"Oh dearest brother! take me to thy arms,  
 "Let us two mix our groans and tears,  
 "And I from Erinny's will rescue thee,  
 "Or Dian's self will chase thy fears."

## XII

A greater, see, from Heaven descends, Pallas!  
 Before whose glance the Furies quake;  
 "Orestes, with Iphigenia hic away,  
 "And with ye Dian's image take.

## XIII

"Near Heaven-built Athens build her there a shrine,  
 "Upon the rock called Aloë;  
 "Your trials then shall cease, no furies more  
 "In frenzied fits you e'er will see."

# BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

## THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

### CHAPTER XXV.

SHOWS HOW ROGUERY SUCCEEDS, AND ENCOURAGES THE ROGUE TO PROJECT MORE DARING VILLAINY. WOMAN'S JEALOUSY DISTORTS THE PRECEDING SCENE AND MAGNIFIES PROSPECTIVE DANGERS, BUT IS NOT SUPERIOR TO A PEARL NECKLACE. THE LOVER DESCENDS TO BE A FORGER.

PREO Nath continued:—"The triumph of Dwarik was almost complete. He had outwitted Mukhoda and effected the expulsion of Chunder. He had not only attempted the gratification of his passion at the expense of his rival's reputation but had also, what he most valued, won the confidence and regard of his intended victim. For Bhooboneshoree, far from suspecting his roguery, thought she was entirely indebted to his chivalrous efforts for the miraculous escape she had made. There were no bounds to her gratitude. She seemed to accept his homage, and submitted to his attentions with the best grace in the world. Nay, she felt even a sort of attachment for him, and instead of shunning, would occasionally court his company. True, she often deprecated the intensity of his homage, and upbraided him whenever his attentions exceeded the bounds of decorum, observing that she was prepared to accept both so long as they were consistent with a brother's love towards an affectionate sister. But her remonstrances were conveyed in such a kind and tender manner, that they served rather to inflame his passion and make him more and more confident of ultimate success. He thought he had made an impression on her heart, and his love had met with a reponse in her breast. That she did not make the confession in words, or even grant him the private interview

he had solicited so long, was due, he thought, to the circumstance of her being under the roof of her grandfather, which imposed some sort of restraint, and made her dread an exposure. Naturally he was not unwilling to see what time and perseverance would effect. But his suit was exposed to such risks and interruptions from the jealousy and violent temper of his wife, that he at last conceived the diabolical project of carrying off Bhooboneshoree from her grandfather's house by stratagem. He trusted to his fertile brain so to contrive the means that when the dreadful fact came to be known, suspicion would once more fall upon his rival, and not upon himself.

"To ensure this object, Dwarik thought it necessary at first to conciliate his wife. And indeed at no other time of their conjugal life, was there a greater danger of an open rupture. When Kadumbinee became aware of her husband's adventure in Chunder's private room, her rage knew no bounds. She characterized the whole of the proceedings as extremely absurd, and called all persons who had participated in it a set of egregious fools. The conduct of Bhooboneshoree and Dwarik appeared to her especially deserving of censure. She had never, she said, heard of such behaviour in her life. She well knew from the first, that no evil could arise out of Kusam's misunderstanding with her husband. It was simply a lovers' quarrel, to commence in tears and to end in joy. She admired the magnanimous conduct of Chunder, worthy of a young man of chivalrous spirit. Finding his wife intractable, he had taken his sword into her chamber that he might hold out threats of committing suicide unless she broke her vow. Such examples were eminently worthy of imitation. What Mukhoda said she had heard from her hiding place, were the pure inventions of a fevered imagination. No man in real life was ever known to indulge in a soliloquy,—to utter his private thoughts to himself—though poets and novelists might, for their own purposes, represent people as doing so. But even if Chunder did utter any thing, it must have related to his contemplated suicide and to

nothing else. Mukhoda was a fool to ask Bhooboneshoree to go into Chunder's private room; Bhooboneshoree was the greater fool to comply with such a request; and her husband. . . . Here she struck her head with both hands, and cried as if she had just become a widow. Whenever she detected her husband in a *tete a tete* with Bhooboneshoree, she said she had heard them consulting how to run away from the house. If they laughed, she said they looked upon their plan as about to be accomplished. If they looked grave, she said they were talking of the obstacles that lay in their way. She would dog their steps night and day, and lie concealed in their neighbourhood to hear or see what they said or did. Indeed, she would never let them alone, but whether they would meet or not meet speak, or not speak, she would represent them as plotting their flight from the house.

"All this was extremely disagreeable to Bhooboneshoree, and no less so to Dwarik. The latter had, however, anticipated such contingencies, and was quite prepared for any obstacles to which his daring project was liable. To silence his wife and, at the same time, to allay her jealousy, he presented her with the splendid necklace without waiting for the private interview which he had hoped to exact by means of it from Bhooboneshoree. Thanks to his wits, he shortly expected to have as many private interviews with her as he could possibly desire. Why should he then delay the presentation of the necklace when such presentation would conciliate his wife, and enable him to mature his plans against its fair donor, without the risk of failure or exposure.

"For the successful accomplishment of his daring project, it was, however, necessary to embark in it with the utmost expedition, or before the love which his present had awakened in his wife's breast had time to cool, and give place to fresh jealousies and suspicions. For this purpose he intercepted Merno's letter to her father, asking his permission to take Bhooboneshoree home on the 13th Agran—a day to which he could take no exception, it being considered the most propitious in the month; and substituted in its place a forged note, in which after

accusing him of falsehood and subterfuges, she was made to announce to him her determination to storm his castle and free her daughter by the might of her puissant arm. While Dwarik sent this communication by a special messenger, he bribed the bearer who had brought Merno's note to carry back a missive to the effect that Bhooboneshoree would positively start for her father's house on the 20th. As Merno and her father never wrote letters with their own hand, Dwarik well knew that his forgery would escape undetected."

While these letters were on their way, we will observe the effect that Dwarik's present produced on his wife.

## CHAPTER XXVI. -

A PHILOSOPHICAL DISCUSSION ABOUT THE NATURE, ORIGIN AND ULTIMATE CAUSE OF FEMALE ORNAMENTS.

"THE rich present," continued Preo Nath, "served to heighten Kadumbinee's regard for her husband and expiate many of his crimes. Throwing the ornament round her pretty neck, and carefully spreading it over her magnificent bust, she sat the Queen of Beauty among her sisters and cousins, who looked at her with envy and admiration.

"She must have performed many austerities in a previous birth," said Shosheemukhee, "to obtain such a husband in this. His liberality is only equalled by his beauty. If he were required to invest the whole of his fortune in jewellery, he would do it to please his wife. Indeed, what is the use of a husband if we are to go without these adornments while he is alive. In making jewellery he does not spend, but saves money. My maternal grandfather who was very fond of his wife, gave her twenty seers in gold and silver to wear. She could hardly walk on account of their weight. She had to bore three holes in her nose and eight in her ear. Her nose-ring was so heavy that it gradually widened the hole from which it hung, and one day, while she was quarrell-

ing with a neighbour and shaking it to give weight to her words, it dropped the ground, cutting its way clean through the flesh. A second hole was excavated higher up. My grandfather wanted to make the ring less heavy. But my grandmother could not bear the idea of separating the precious stones which greatly added to its weight. It would, she said, be depriving the ornament of its soul. The ornament at last cut its way through the second hole also. As the breath from a ringless nose is injurious to the husband, she was obliged to wear it on the other nose. Her speech could not afterwards be distinctly understood owing to the nasal sound of her voice. Her ears had scarcely a place which was not bored, the fashion of wearing an artificial gold ear not being then in vogue. The lady who first invented the gold ear, deserves immortality.'

" 'It was invented,' said Mukhoda, 'by the wife of a *Sonàrbania*—a class to which we are indebted for many other useful pieces of ornament. The mode of wearing them is now however quite changed. We, the degenerate descendants of a noble race, use silver and gold and gems only in name. We scarcely *feel* that we wear any on our persons. My maternal aunt's anklets weighed three seers. Her wristlet was composed of two seers of *genuine* gold, not the worthless mixture which now goes under that name. It is said that once she was serving food to her father-in-law, and as she was going away, the massive gold chain with keys, which hung from her waist down to her knees, waved in the air, and striking the old man on the head, felled him senseless on the floor where he had been sitting.'

" 'That reminds me of my mother-in-law,' said Chitra. 'She used to wear bracelets, the weight of which I do not exactly know. But as she was the wife of the richest man in the village, she must have had the heaviest. During the unconsciousness of sleep, the ornament struck against the head of her child, two months old, and the poor thing died the next day.'

" 'Such accidents,' said Shookhoda, 'cannot be guarded against. Why, it was only the other day, our youngest



aunt's wristlet drew blood from our uncle's head. He insisted on selling it, and applying the proceeds to defray the cost of a suit, he was then carrying on with another zemindar.'

"A look of horror and detestation at the uncle's brutality was expressed in every countenance.

"That is the reason," said Monomohinee 'why aunt leaves all ornaments aside when going to bed. There are men with peculiar tastes who find fault with personal jewellery. Any accident that occurs is trumpeted to the world, and poor women are abused as being unnecessarily fond of trinkets. I heard my sister-in-law say that her mother, who was a capital swimmer, was drowned in the river. While she was struggling, to keep herself above the water, two or three ladies hastened to her aid, but before they could arrive, she sank never to rise again. All the males united in ascribing the accident to the weight of the silver and gold on her with which she had gone to bathe, and which, they said, made her sink so fast. They even pretended to have heard her curse her fineries as drawing her downwards. But the ladies who were present, unanimously declared that she complained of her own weight,—though she looked rather lean.'

"Chitra, who was married in the vicinity of Calcutta, said 'Cousins ! you scarcely see any jewellery in this part of the world. In Calcutta and its neighbourhood, the ladies are adorned like *Apsáris*. Even the most ugly look beautiful from the profusion of their decorations. A man, who has annual income of three hundred Rupees, presents his wife with ornaments worth at least two hundred a year. No matter whether he can maintain himself or not with the remaining hundred. He must manage any how,—starving himself and children if he likes. All the ornaments above the feet must be of gold. No matter, whether or not he can educate his children, support his parents, celebrate his father's *Shrádh*, get no more than one meal a day, or has a decent hut to shelter him ; he must supply his wife with enough jewellery,—mind, all gold jewellery, with the exception of those on the feet.'

“Mukhoda heaved a sigh and said, ‘that is a happy country, where the worth of women is understood. In our previous birth, we must have committed many sins to be born in these parts. But, cousin ! how do the Calcutta women enforce their right ?’

“‘Why,’ replied Chitra, ‘it has become a fashion, you know. If the husband is unable to supply his wife with all the requisite paraphernalia, the latter would not show herself at the banquets and parties of ladies, and the man would thereby lose his position in society. So the poorest families must have each one full set at least of these personal decorations to enable one of the women in the house to attend the invitations of neighbours. The jewellery they wear is always of the most select. They have six and sometimes eight pieces of anklets, which, when walking, make an exquisite sound. Then their nose-ring reaches below the chin, so as to allow food to be thrust into the mouth without the fingers touching the ring. When they speak, they wave the nose-ring in a beautiful fashion. They wear their robes exquisitely fine that the whole body and the ornaments—which are of course worn next to the skin, under the dress—are seen through it. When they come out bathing, you can hardly make out whether they have any dress on their persons. The young ladies have nothing to do whatever, but to dress themselves and bind the hair the whole day through. They are not even allowed to enter the cook-house for fear of their colour being spoiled.’

“‘But cousin,’ asked Shosheemukhee, ‘who cooks for them ? Of course they must eat to live.’

“‘In all rich families,’ replied Chitra, ‘there are Brahmin cooks employed. But in others, the widows and old women must cook and perform all other servile occupations.’

“All the young ladies heaved a profound sigh that their lot was not cast in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. But their third aunt, who heard the preceding speech, exclaimed that the sooner Calcutta and its neighbourhood were sunk in the bosom of the sea, the better it would be.

"The young ladies did not mind this interruption, and Shosheemukhee said—'It is education that has improved the tone of Calcutta society. They have understood the value of women and the value of female ornaments. The rest of the country is immersed in total darkness.'

"The ladies now proceeded to examine Kadumbinee's necklace. They praised the pearls, praised the stones, praised the pendants, praised the maker. Kadumbinee informed them how Hemunto had moved heaven and earth to obtain the necklace; how a young man had observed that her breast was not fitted for the display of so splendid an ornament, and how all had joined in recommending it as proper for herself. Radhica who knew the whole secret, left the place as she had sworn not to give it out. Chitra observed that the pearls were as large as those on Bhooboneshoree's necklace. At this Kadumbinee flared up, and said that Chitra must have lost her eyes, as there could be no comparison between the two. Bhooboneshoree, who just arrived at the place, followed by Radhica whom she had met in the passage was asked by all to produce her necklace. She excused herself, and casting a glance at Kadumbinee's necklace, said that it was as superior to her own as she was herself inferior to Kadumbinee in every grace. Kadumbinee appeared pleased, and invited her to come near to examine the ornament. She approached accordingly, and after intently gazing at it for a minute, kissed the two largest pearls that hung near her cousin's heart. Radhica who was examining her face all the time, went away to hide a tear.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

SHOWS HOW THE OLD GENTLEMAN CAN FIGHT WITH HIS FOE; AND HOW HIS WEAPONS INSTEAD OF INFLICTING AN INJURY, GET THEMSELVES INJURED. SHOWS ALSO HOW THE FORGED LETTER TURNS OTHER HEADS THAN HIS, AND HOW A DAUGHTER'S VISIT IS VIEWED BY THE INMATES OF HER FATHER'S HOUSE.—GENERAL REFLECTIONS ABOUT THE CONDITION OF HINDU WOMEN.

"THE day after the incidents mentioned in the preceding chapter, the old man was thunderstruck to learn,

from the forged letter already alluded to, that his own daughter was about to storm his castle. His rage knew no bounds. Seized with a sudden fit of frenzy, he thought he saw her in front advancing to take away Bhooboneshoree. He, therefore, hurled his thunderbolts at the head of the imaginary foe.

“‘You accursed witch!’ cried he, ‘this will smash your head!’—and at the same instant a heavy Lota from his hand was seen flying towards the wall. It struck against the door, and fell fractured to the ground. Bhooboneshoree, who was deeply engaged in sewing a night-cap for the old man, started in astonishment and cast her eyes in every direction to ascertain against whom his anger was directed. But he caught hold of one of her hands, and sent his Hooka whizzing in the air, saying ‘you bleed, but this shaft will pierce your heart!’ The Hooka was of course broken into a thousand fragments. Bhooboneshoree was so much frightened that for a moment she lost her power of speech. She thought her grandfather had gone mad. She tried to rise that she might call for help, but he caught her hand more tightly, as if he was afraid that his antagonist, though bleeding from the head, and heart-pierced by his thunderbolts, was still capable of bearing away the prize for which they fought. Before she could open her lips, the Hooka-stand was hurled at the head of the imaginary foe. Bhooboneshoree gazed confounded at his maniac looks fixed on the impalpable air, his whole frame quivering with ungovernable passion, and his left hand grasping her arm with a strength which it was never known to display. Having now no doubt that he had suddenly lost his reason, she burst into tears.

“In an instant the old man’s passion disappeared and reason recovered its sway. Stroking her head and back very affectionately, he bewailed his hard fate in having hurt a lovely rose which should be touched with the tenderest care; for he was evidently under the impression that in his maniacal fury, he had inflicted some injury upon her soft and tender limbs. It was some minutes before she could find language to assure

him that she was not at all hurt. She only wished to know what had in a moment ruffled his temper, although there was apparently no external cause for it.

"'Oh it was nothing, you need not hear it, my child!' said he, while he cast suspicious looks upon the obnoxious letter lying at his feet. Bhooboneshoree snatched up the letter. It was written in a large hand, as if with special regard to his old eyes. As she read he attentively watched her face. She understood the old man's emotions, and was extremely touched at his affection for her. But she did not quite understand the meaning of his seeming combat and the exclamations he made use of during its progress. As, however, her doubts regarding the loss of his reason were now dispelled, and she was overjoyed at the news of her mother's unexpected journey, she forgot to insist upon a full and satisfactory explanation of his conduct.

"'Unable to contain her joy, she said 'Grandfather ! how happy we shall be. I shall behold my beloved mother at the feet of her revered father,—a sight which I have not witnessed since the days of my infancy. How delightful it will be to behold such a sight!'—and her eyes filled with tears.

"'Yes, yes,' said the old man, 'no doubt it will be a very happy day. But it will be much better if she stays where she is, considering the confusion her absence will create. Your step-mother, you know, will avail of this opportunity to alienate your father's affections from her.

"'Bhooboneshoree thought her father's affections had long since been alienated from her mother. Suspecting that the latter's disrespectful letter had something to do with the old man's unwillingness to receive a visit from his daughter, she said :—'The happiness of an interview at your house, grandfather, will be so great that we should overlook all other considerations. You have not seen my beloved mother and myself together since my infancy. Besides, she must be very anxious to behold your dear old face, and to receive your foot on her head, as she wrote sometime ago.'

"Here Bhooboneshoree alluded to the letter composed by herself which she had made her mother send in her own name. The old man finding no means of avoiding an encounter with his daughter, thought it proper to change his tactics.

"O! I know, she is a very dutiful daughter. I love her more than my own life. I am not sure whether seeing her after so long a separation, I shall be able to part with her so soon. As a dutiful child, she can not of course leave me as long as I wish her to stay.

"Bhooboneshoree doubted whether her mother's jealousy of her step-mother, would allow her to comply with the old man's wishes. She did not however give expression to her doubts, but suddenly asked her grandfather's permission to retire, inventing several excuses for the purpose. He was not however unwilling to part, having some plan to mature for the discomfiture of his daughter.

"The reason why Bhooboneshoree was so anxious to retire very early that morning, was to spread the joyful tidings of her mother's expected arrival. She flew from room to room, and poured the news to every ear, not excepting the children and maid-servants whom she met in her progress. The children and servants to whom she was a mother, were almost in ecstasies at the news. So was Radhica. Some of the other young ladies, as well as her two eldest aunts also sympathised with her. If they were not all eager to see her mother, they were glad for her sake,—for the happiness which she expected from the interview. But the rest, both young and old, regarded the promised visit rather as a curse than a blessing. As soon as Bhooboneshoree's back was turned, they wondered why her mother should come at all. She was coming, they said, to carry away every thing from her father's to her husband's house, her ostensible object to take back her daughter being a pretext. She had already robbed her father of everything valuable, and her last swoop, they said, would hardly leave them rags to cover their naked bodies. Some even proceeded to take the household furnitures in their chests from fear of her greedy eyes falling upon them.

"Such, Doctor! are the feelings inspired in our wretched country by the visit of a daughter among the inmates of her father's house. She is regarded as nobody, and the miserable pittance that is given her husband at the time of marriage, is thought to be a provision made by robbing the sons of their just inheritance. Even the earthly author of her existence considers her to be an incumbrance, which he would fain get rid of. Her birth gives no joy, and is held as a curse. Even the mother averts her face, and fills her eyes with tears, when the midwife announces that her offspring is a female. In the father's eyes, it is a misfortune requiring consolation. In many places, the whole house wears the appearance of mourning when a daughter is born. A man having no male child, would adopt another man's offspring rather than leave property to daughters. If averse to adoption, he would give it out in charities, but his daughter, if not blessed with male children, must not expect more than the bare necessities of life. Many a father who drives a chariot, and feeds a huge elephant for no earthly use, leaves his daughter to starve with the Koolin to whom he has married her with a view to ennoble his own blood. A son may ruin his father by spending thousands in immoral pleasures, but the daughter must bless her stars if she can secure coarse food and dress for herself and husband during life. Regarded in this light, it is no wonder that women lose all respect for self, and come to think themselves as wholly created for man's convenience or amusement. As long as this low opinion of woman's destiny prevails, it is hopeless to improve her condition or to raise her position in the social scale. No country has ever reached a high state of civilization where the condition of women is so low as in our own. You may prate about female education, widow marriage, koolinism or polygamy, but as long as Young Bengal looks upon his daughter, which he always does, as little better than beast of burden, there is no hope for our country.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

A HINDU'S ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF EARLY MARRIAGE.—PREPARATIONS MADE IN A RICH HINDU'S HOUSE ON THE OCCASION OF A MARRIAGE.—SHEWS HOW WOMEN ENFORCE THEIR RIGHTS.—A SECOND ARCHIMEDES EXPERIMENTS ON GOLD AND DISCOVERS PROPERTIES IN THE METAL WITH REFERENCE TO THE HUMAN BODY.—SHEWS HOW WOMEN MANAGE TO ENRICH GOLDSMITHS AT THEIR HUSBANDS' EXPENSE, AND HOW GOLDSMITHS REPAY THE OBLIGATION BY MAKING ORNAMENTS MORE DURABLE.—A GOLDSMITH'S DILEMMA.

“WHEN Bhooboneshoree was spreading the joyful tidings of her mother's expected arrival which excited such different feelings in different hearts, her grandfather was no less busy in communicating the news of the approaching marriage of his great-grand-child, Jogendro Mohinee, the daughter of Mukhoda, a girl of 6 years of age. The nuptial was to come off on the 20th of the month, but as yet the bridegroom had not been selected. This sudden and unexpected piece of intelligence excited considerable surprise among the young and old. They did not know that the octogenarian had hit upon this plan in order to accomplish the discomfiture of his daughter Merno. When asked what had made him come to so sudden a resolution, he said :—

“‘Don't you see I am a very old man, and cannot expect to survive long. I am naturally anxious to witness the marriage of my great-grand-child before I die. Besides Jogen has arrived at her marriageable age, for she will come to her seventh year in Aghran. What will people say when they learn that so rich a family like ours keep daughters unmarried up to the age of seven. The Shastras attach great merit to marriages at an early age, just as they consider penance necessary for marriages after the age of puberty.’

“The arguments appeared unexceptionable to his auditors. But it was pointed out to him that there was not sufficient time to obtain a desirable bridegroom and to make the necessary preparations for the marriage.

“‘What cannot money,’ said he, ‘do during the reign of the East India Company? If there be no great difficulty in getting a horse or an elephant, there can be none



in obtaining a good bridegroom. You know Ravana's dying injunction that effect should be given to good thoughts without loss of time, but bad thoughts should always be delayed in their execution. I must therefore have Jogen's marriage on the 29th of this month, such an event in Pous being out of the question. Who knows whether I shall survive another month ?

"Thus the old man silenced all the objections, either by wise precepts or by quotations from the Shastras. He then despatched *Ghotocks* or match-makers in all directions in quest of a desirable bridegroom, and at the same time made preparations for solemnising the nuptial on a grand scale.

"There is a Bengali saying that a hundred thousand words are necessary to conclude a marriage negociation. But Jogen's great-grand-father accomplished impossibilities by the might of gold. For in three days, news was brought that a proper bridegroom had been found, even two thousand words not being required to settle all the preliminaries of the marriage ; for his parents had, in consideration of two thousand rupees, given their ready acquiescence in everything which the rich old man dictated.

"The whole house now resembled a bee-hive. Every one was busy with something or other, and all was bustle and animation. The women worked day and night in order to get things ready for reception of the party expected to accompany the bridegroom. The servants were continually moving to and fro, intent on availing of such an auspicious opportunity to enrich themselves at the expense of their master, rather than to increase his store with the fruits of their labor. The court-yards were cleared of grass ; the walls were white-washed ; the glass shades, and chandeliers were exposed to view ; and no cost was spared to lend to the house a grand and imposing appearance. The uncle's voice became hoarse with directing the servants in their duty ; the old man being tired of abusing his old ancestors and descendants over and over, refreshed himself with tracing the accursed genealogy of the new family which were soon to be united to

his own ; the aunts were weary with sitting at debates and consultations regarding the forms and ceremonies to be observed at the marriage ; the young ladies were busy painting seats for the bridegroom, and devising practical jokes at his expense ; the little boys and girls were engaged in manufacturing instruments of torture for the culprit who was coming to take Jogen away. Shām proposed that at least three elephants and twenty horses should be sent to escort the bridegroom's party from a distance of 4 miles from the house. Dinoo would not be satisfied unless two Delhi songstresses and six Calcutta dancing girls were engaged for the occasion. Issur said he would hardly be able to shew his face in court unless all the Amlahs, Pleaders, and Mooktears at the Sudder Station as well as at Sub-Divisions were invited, and each presented with a Shāwl. The old women were of opinion that each family in the village be presented with a silver cup and a brass jar, together with a fair allowance of sweetmeats and other eatables. The little boys and girls were anxious for a grand display of fireworks, such as had never been witnessed in the village. The family priest declared it absolutely necessary, having regard to the dignity of the family and to what a rival zemindar had lately done on a similar occasion, to send letters of invitation to all learned Pandits as far up as Benares, and pay them presents varying from Rs. 20 to 100 each, exclusive of *bona fide* travelling expenses. The *Ghataks* recounted the family history of the great *Koolin* houses in Bengal, and demanded that the representative of each should be invited to be present at the nuptials and handsomely paid for the honor they would thus do them. The old man satisfied every one of these parties, and was as impartial in his abuse as in the distribution of his favors.

“ People of every profession and calling in the village derived some advantage or other from the approaching marriage. But it was the goldsmiths that were the greatest gainers. They had scarcely a moment to spare but labored day and night in working for the ladies. For all the women became mad after jewellery. Shamasoondry insisted on having a ear-ring in the

newest fashion in order to enable her to honor the marriage. Chatura declined to sleep in her own room unless a massive chain of twelve wreaths graced her waist. Shoshee Mukhee threatened to starve herself till eight silver anklets in the Calcutta fashion adorned her pretty feet. Chitra's husband coming to see her after a year, was surprised to find that, though lying in his bed, she would not open her lips. Not knowing the offence he had given, he kissed those lips to see if they would enlighten him on the point,—but they remained as closed as ever. He next pressed the feet to try if that would open the mouth; but he was as unsuccessful as before. He then caught hold of the ankle, and asked if any ornament there would buy his forgiveness; but there was no answer. Gradually he rose to the waist, and wished to propitiate it with a chain; but still the lips remained closed.\* The persevering husband successively tried at the different parts of her arm, gliding his hand from her fingers to the shoulder joint, but could derive no light whatever. But when he experimented on the neck, there was a sigh. This increased in intensity as he proceeded to accost the nose. When his hand came in contact with her ear, the lips opened and said 'go away,—dont you annoy me in that way.'

"'Now I have found it, I have found it,' said the philosopher, and, like his brother of Syracuse, was about to rush out into the streets naked in the excess of his joy; but the subject on which he experimented damped his ardour by adding 'I want none of your ear-rings. Let me sleep quietly, and you may go about your business.'

"'My soul!' exclaimed the enraptured husband on the eve of a great discovery, 'let me not burst in ignorance! You want some ornament of the ear,—there is no doubt about it. You see the night is waning, the moon is returning to her rest, the *Kokila* is announcing the approach of day, but I, your Chátaka, remain thirsty through the live-long night.'

"'I do not,' replied the offended beauty, 'want any ornament for the ear, I say. But why should you not

allow me sleep. Indeed, I am very sleepy, not to say I have already so many ornaments for the ear—and she tried to compose herself to sleep.

“ ‘If you do not require any ornament for the ear,’ said the husband, elated with his success, ‘you probably want a gold chain with pearls to encircle your head. Now, tell me, is it not so?’

“Chitra laughed as if she felt ticklish, and said ‘such vexation I have never experienced in my life. If nothing else will rid me of this annoyance the whole night through,—when I especially feel so sleepy,—I will accept the ornament you name. So come and let us sleep.’

“She then kissed his lips, saying ‘I cannot stop your mouth else.’ But instead of sleeping, the couple passed the remainder of the night discussing the description of the ornament and expressing their ardent love for each other, which seemed to increase with the length and weight of the chain.

“This thirst for ornaments was not confined to the ladies of the house, but extended to the whole village. Hemumboree thrice demolished some of her valuable ornaments for the pleasure of having them made anew. As often as they were recast, the goldsmith, actuated by the best of motives and with a praiseworthy love for self, substituted large quantities of silver or copper in place of gold, with a view no doubt, of making the ornaments more durable. But at the third time he hardly knew what to do: for if he put any more alloy, he could not preserve the colour of gold; and if he were not to mix any, it would be committing a sin against his trade. How he got rid of the dilemma at last is not known.

“Other rich ladies had no less kindness for the smiths. Some found fault with their ornaments for not being according to the newest fashion. If their husbands demurred to get them mended, they broke the ornaments, as if by accident, and cried till they obtained fresh ones to their liking. The usual complaint was, that the ornaments were too light to be felt. But as they in-

creased in bulk, they lost in quantity, owing to the commendable desire of the smiths to make them more durable. This desire was so violent that, although the poor husband, at the command of his wife, sat the whole day and watched the progress of the ornament, yet the smith, by some magic process, substracted the genuine gold and slipped some alloy into it. So the wife gained nothing, while the additional gold and the wages for workmanship were clear loss to the husband. If any smith succeeded in introducing any improvement in an ornament the news flew like lightning, and the village-women broke their trinkets in order to have them made according to his pattern. On a sudden, he became an universal favorite, and all the women were almost mad to see him as if he was the greatest genius of the age. For these ladies who are so shy in showing their faces to gentlemen like ourselves, are always accessible to smiths. But you know these things, Doctor, so well by personal experience, that it is unnecessary for me to dilate on the subject."

## PANDIT JIBANANDA'S PUBLICATIONS.

"In Europe it is not easy to find a publisher for any extensive Sanskrit texts, and therefore it is creditable to Calcutta to hear that Pandit Jibānanda Vidyāsāgara, B.A., of the Calcutta University and son of the well-known Pandit Tārānātha Tarkavācāhaspati, has just issued a list of seventy-three Sanskrit publications, large and small, issuing from his press alone."—London Correspondent of the *Bengallee*.—February 14, 1874.

PANDIT Tārānātha is a man whose abilities we acknowledge, and whose erudition we honor. Pandit Jibānanda is one for whom we cherish no individual ill-feeling. It is on public grounds alone that we have thought it advisable to gauge the merits of the multitudinous publications which are under-bidding the Sanskrit publishers of Europe to such an extent that an authority like Max-Müller is led to make the remark that in a few years it will be simply impossible to print any Sanskrit texts at Europe in the Devanagari character. The question to which we address ourselves to-day is whether the quality of these publications bears any fair proportion to the quantity which is so striking to the imagination. Three-score-ten and-three! A goodly number for a single printer and publisher. But unfortunately Pandit Jibānanda owns no press, and before we close this paper we shall have reason to qualify the greater part of the praise which the London Correspondent of the *Bengallee* is so lavish in bestowing.

Pandit Jibānanda, it must be admitted, makes the most of his father, his University-degree, and his *alma mater*. Indeed the fact of his being a B. A. put forth in abbreviations (without reference to any institution for education or examination) in the Sanskrit title-pages and in the body of his works wherever opportunity has offered, must have a bewildering effect on indigenous Pandits, yet undefiled by contact with the languages of *Yavanas* or acquaintance with *mlechha* ways. They understand the

word "Vidyāsāgara" to mean *Ocean of Learning*, and they know it to be a high academic title much prized because formerly very sparingly and judiciously bestowed, but now one indiscriminately held, sometimes indeed received from the heads of recognized Sanskrit academies or accepted leaders of society, but oftener given away by irresponsible men in the way of favoritism, and not unfrequently simply self-assumed by impudence. But what are they to make out of the gibberish in Sanskrit of the "B.A.-titled Jibananda Vidyasagar"? They must naturally ask themselves whether Jibananda Vidyasagar by itself or Jibananda Vidyāsāgara with the addition of the mysterious symbol (for it is not a Sanskrit, or Prakrit or Pali word) "B. A." would be the superior being? Whether the symbol qualifies Vidyasagara for the better or the worse? For any satisfactory answer they will ask in vain. For their comprehension our publisher might as well have called himself Mumbo Jumbo. They could not make sure whether "Vidyasagara with the title of B. A." has any connection with what they ordinarily comprehend by the word "Vidyasagar" without cabalistic addition; whether, that is the addition does not for them vitiate the meaning and force of the indogenous academic title Vidyasagara. Jibananda, to repeat, makes the most of his surroundings. The name of Professor Tarkavachaspati is put at the head of a list of publications about half of which bear on their title-pages the name of Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagara, B. A., whose address is given thus — "To be had from Pundit Jibananda, Vidyasagara B. A., Govt. Sanskrit College, Calcutta." Now the fact of the matter is that Vidyasagar, B. A., is not principal, professor, student, clerk, duffry or durwan of that institution. The only foundation on which his claim rests is the fact that he was some years ago a not very shining lad in that College.

Turning to the list of works and publications printed on the cover of Professor Tarkavachaspati's Lexicon, Part III, we see that of the number seventy-three, the magical properties of which had entranced the Correspondent, full thirty-six are expressly mentioned as "by"

or "edited by" Professor Taranatha Tarkavachaspati. Their names are as follows :—

*Ashubodham Vyākaranam, Dhāturupādārsha, Sabda-stoma Mahānidhi, Siddhānta Kaumudi, Siddhānta vindusāra Tūlādānādīpaddhati, Gayāśhrāddhādīpaddhati, Sabdārtharātna, Vākyamanjari, Vṛttaratnākara and Chhandomanjari, Venisamhāra, Mudrārākshasa, Ratnāvali, Māla-vikāgnimitra, Dhamujaya Vijaya, Sāṅkhyatatva Kaumudi, Vaivākaraṇa Bhushanī Sāra, Lilāvātī, Vijaganita, Sishupālābadha, Kirātārjunīya, Kumara Sambhava, Purva Khanda, Ditto, Uttera Khanda, Panini's Sūtras, Vachaspathya, Kādambari, Rājaprasasti, Sarvadarsanasangraha, Bhāminivīṭāsa, Hitopadesa, Bhāshāpariccheda and Siddhānta Muktvāvali, Bahuvi-vāhabāda, Dashakumāracharita, Paribhāshendusekhara, Kavikalpadruma, Linganushāshana, and Gāyatri.* On the merits of these works and publications we may devote a paper on some future occasion, but so far it is certain that Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagara, B.A., Government Sanscrit College, son of the well-known Pandit Taranatha Tarkavachaspati, can build no claim to fame or admiration on grounds like these

The last six books of the list of seventy-three "works, and publications" have no name attached to them, viz., *Purnaprajnadarshanam Chandrasekhara chāmpu kāvyam, Sāmavedasya Mantra brāhmaṇam, Aranya Samhitā, Viddhasalābhajikā* and *Kāṇḍābyūha*. Nevertheless as the list is headed "the following is the list of Professor Tarkavachaspati's works and publications," they might easily pass off as that scholar's publications, his only connection with them being that the wholesale and retail dealer in books,\* his son has purchased them wholesale from P. Satyavrata Samasrami. These six works have been and were being published in the *Pratnakamranandini*, a monthly journal devoted to Sanskrit literature. As the publication was not a financial success, the editor Satyavrata Samasrami disposed of at a reduced price, these six works which appeared in his Magazine

\* We are not quite certain whether he pays his trade license.



and of which he had struck off several hundred copies each for future sale. The poor editor made the reservation, well knowing his man, that the intellectual proprietorship should still remain his. How sacredly the promise has been kept is patent from the laudations which Vidyāsagar, B. A., is receiving on all sides for his "seventy-three" publications which include these last six works.

Jibānanda's claim must therefore be limited to seventy-three minus forty-two or to thirty-one works only. Of these the greatest part are shameless unacknowledged bare reprints of previous editions. Cheapness seems to be the only aim in all, at the sacrifice of taste, appearance and correctness. The "editorial" task is the most mechanical in the world being often a slavish comparison of the proof-sheets with the original edition. The drudgery is as often performed by the printers as the "editor" himself. With the means at his command Pandit Jibānanda might have exercised an immense influence for good on the study of Sanskrit literature. Had he sought the assistance of men well qualified for the task, had he thought more of restoring the corrupt texts of many of our current Sanskrit books, by an industrious collation of manuscripts from different parts of India, had he made the task more a labor of love than a financial speculation to be bolstered up by the worst tricks of advertisements, he would have undoubtedly earned for himself the gratitude of all future laborers in the same field. As it is, he has perpetuated and disseminated the more widely, vital errors, driving out at the same time more correct, and therefore comparatively dearer editions from the field.

The *Anumānachintāmaṇi* by Gaṅgēśhopādhyāya with the commentary of Raghunāth Sirohinī, entitled the *Anumānadīdhiti*, being the text and commentary of the chapter on Anumāna or inference in the *Tatvachintāmaṇi*, as "edited" by Pandit Jibānanda Vidyāsagar, B. A., is a mere reprint of the edition published by Madanamohana Tarkālankara, twenty-five years ago, under the patronage of Babu Russōmoy Dutt, Secretary to the Government

Sanskrit College, Calcutta. Our editor has either not the ability or the leisure to arrange text and commentary on the same page, but prints both separately as is the case with Madanamohan's edition. In the plenitude of his wise economy, Jibánanda never wastes paper on a preface, and the novice, on coming up with any of his numerous reprints, will readily imagine that he is the person who first edited it from MSS. We are credibly informed that in the records of the Government Sanscrit College Library, a copy of this very edition of Madanamohan is written off as "spoiled" by the great publisher of Sanscrit Texts. There is a misprint in the first edition, p. 12, line 17, which is repeated in page 17, line 9, of the faithful reprint.

The Umnádi Sutras, with the commentary of Ujjvaladatta, have been beautifully edited by Dr. Aufrecht, with a valuable index. A copy of this work belonging to the library of the Sanscrit College was taken out by Pandit Jibánanda and returned, we are informed, "spoiled." He was called upon to replace it, by the College authorities but has not as yet done so. As might be expected his so-called edition is an unacknowledged reprint of Dr. Aufrecht *minus* the most valuable index.

The *Medinikosha*, a dictionary of homonymous words, was edited by the Calcutta Pandits about 1807, under the orders and patronage of Colebrooke. It was subsequently carefully re-edited by Somnāth Makhopādhyāya in 1869. The literary merit of Jibánanda's reprint is therefore an inappreciable quantity. Babu Somnāth, when conscientiously editing the *Medinikosha*, consulted four manuscripts and the previously printed copy, and has noticed the different readings which he found, giving also occasionally the meaning of difficult words occurring in the text. Pandit Jibánanda gives his edition to the world three years after, a mere reprint of Somnāth's text *minus* the preface, the various readings and the commentary. The misprints of Somnāth's text pointed out in the *errata* seem to have been corrected in the later reprint, though it has its own typographical mistakes which Pandit Jibánanda does not think worthy of being pointed out in a list of *corrigenda*.

We must take leave here to point out an error into which Jibánanda's betters had fallen. When he tells us in his Sanskrit title-page of the *Medini* by *Medinikāra*,\* he talks nonsense. We may speak of the *Medini-kosha* as we do of the *Amera-kosha*, after its author, but that does not change the true name of the book. The name of the book is *Nanārtha sabda-kosha*, as the author tells us himself in the third sloka of his work.

पूर्वाचार्यकृतोर्वीक्ष्य शब्दशास्त्रं निरूप्य च ।  
नानार्थशब्दकोषोऽयं सिद्धमेवेन कथ्यते ॥

The name of the author is not मेदिनीकार but मेदिनीकर the particle कर being the Vaidya patronymic. In the sixth sloka of the poetical preface to his work the author declares—

मेदिनीकरेण कोषो प्राच्यकरसूत्रनाम रचितः ।

The *Panchatantra* has been edited in Germany by Kosegarten so far back as 1847, and again at Poonah in Samvat 1925, with foot-notes and various readings.

The Pandit's edition of this work has cost him no literary labor and can in consequence bring him no literary fame. He has not added positively a single iota to our knowledge of the contents of the book or its author, nor has he elucidated the meaning of a single allusion or difficult passage. To collate MSS. when he has printed materials conveniently at hand is an extravagance to which he never commits himself.

The *Vidvanmodatarangini* existed in a printed form before 1861, being referred to by the Rev. K. M. Bannerjee in his *Dialogues on Hindu Philosophy*. This edition was, the reverend author tells us, "very imperfect and inaccurate." The book was printed subsequently by Satya-vrata Sāmasrami in the *Pratnakamranandini*; it is this edition which Jibánanda has pirated.

The *Mādhavachāmpu*, like the preceding work, was pub-

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\* मेदिनी । श्रीमच्छं मेदिनीकार प्रणीता वि, ए उपाधिधारिणा श्रीजीवानन्द-  
द्याविवागर भट्टाचार्येण संस्कृता ।

lished first in the *Pratnakamranandini*, whence Jibánanda has reprinted it without any acknowledgment.

The fate of these two publications no doubt induced poor Satyavrata to dispose of, at a nominal price, the other six publications, conduct about which we have already dragged to light.

The text of the *Ritusamhára*, a poem on the seasons by Kalidasa, was published by Sir William Jones in 1792 from a comparison of four MSS. ; "where they differed, the clearest and most natural reading has constantly had the preference." It was again printed in Leipsic thirty-four years ago by Bohlen who collated the MSS. in the libraries of London and Paris. The poem was included in Dr. Hæberlin's *Anthology or Kavyasangraha*, published in 1847. There have been, besides, several editions in the Bengali character. The edition of *Ritusamhara* by Jibánanda Vidyasagar, B. A., has some novel traits wanting in his other publications. He tells us in the title-page that he has edited it "with a commentary of his own." For once in his life he has committed the extravagance of wasting paper on a preface, blinded no doubt by affection for his new-born offspring. But alas for human hopes! Grave are the doubts which we have been led to entertain about the legitimacy of his mental progeny, from a comparison with Manirám Sharmá's commentary of the same work styled the *Chandriká*. This commentary was edited by Pandit Damaru Vallabha Pantha, and published by Baboo Bhuvan Chandra Basáka in 1869. Pandita Jibananda alludes to this edition in the preface to the commentary "of his own." The most casual comparison of the extracts which we append here, will shew most clearly the free use which our learned commentator has made of Maniráma Sharmá's labors :—

CANTO I, Sloka 7. .

Manirám Sharmá's Commentary.

সমুদাতো নির্গতো যঃ শ্বেদো বর্ষন্তেন চিতাঃ ব্যাণ্ডাঃ  
সন্ধয়ো বাহুমূলদয়ো বাসাং তান্তুধোক্তাঃ সর্বোবনা স্তাকণ্য  
সহিতাঃ উন্নতস্তনা উচ্চকূচাঃ প্রমদাঃ স্ত্রিয়ঃ সাম্প্রতিমিদানীং

গুরুনি জাঃ নি বাসাংসি বস্ত্রাণি বিমুচ্য দুরীকৃত্য স্তনেষু কুচেযু  
তন্ম হৃদয়মবলুশং বাসঃ কঙ্কুকাদি নিবেশয়ন্তি স্থাপয়ন্তীত্যর্থঃ ॥

Pandit Jibānanda's Commentary.

সমুদাতো নিগতো যঃ স্বৈদো ঘর্ম্মস্তেন চিতাঃ ব্যাপ্তাঃ সঙ্কয়ো  
বাহুম্বলাদয়ো বাসাং তাঃ সর্বোবনাস্তারুণ্যসহিতাঃ উন্নতস্তনা  
উচ্চকুচাঃ প্রমদাঃ স্ত্রিয়ঃ সাম্প্রতমিদানীং গুরুনি (দুর্বহানি)  
বাসাংসি বস্ত্রাণি বিমুচ্য দুরীকৃত্য স্তনেষু কুচেযু তন্ম হৃদয়ম্  
(অংপুং) বাসঃ কঙ্কুকাদি নিবেশয়ন্তি স্থাপয়ন্তি ইহ স্বৈদবসন  
ত্যাগো গ্ৰীষ্মধর্ম্মো . .

Pandit Jibananda has here reproduced very faithfully the commentary of Manirām with the exception of the expletives *tathoktah* and *ityarthah*. To save appearances *jarhāni* of the latter has been changed into *durvahāni* ; a misprint has also been corrected and three words added towards the end.

We could multiply such instances at will from the "commentary of his own" which he has affixed to the *Ritusamhāra*, but we have really not the space for them. Should, however, our readers be not disposed to condemn a man on the testimony, however damning, of a single passage, we ask them to compare the commentaries on the second sloka of the second canto.

Manirām Sharmā's Commentary.

মিতাস্তমত্যস্তং নীলানি কৃষ্ণানি যানু্যংপলানি কুবলয়ানি  
ভেষাং প্রভাণাং দলানাং কাস্তিরিব কাস্তির্ষেবাং তৈস্তথোক্তৈঃ  
কচিং কুত্রচিংতাগে প্রভিম্নো যোজ্ঞনরাশিঃ কজ্জলসমূহঃ তেন  
সম্মিতৈঃ সদৃশৈঃ কচিং সগর্ভাণাং গর্ভবতীনাং যে স্তনাঃ কুচা  
স্তেষাং প্রভা ইব প্রভা কাস্তির্ষেবাং তৈস্তথোক্তৈর্ঘনৈর্মৈষৈঃ  
ব্যোমাকাশং সমংততঃ ইতস্ততঃ সমাচিতং ব্যাপ্তমিত্যর্থঃ ।

Jibánanda's Commentary.

নিতান্তমত্যন্তং নীলানি কৃষ্ণানি বাহু্যংপীলানি কুবলয়ানি  
 তেষাং পত্রাণাং দলানাং কান্তিরিব কান্তির্যেষাং তৈঃ কচিৎ  
 কুত্রচিৎতাগে প্রতিরো যোহঞ্জনরাশিঃ কজ্জলসমূহঃ তেন  
 সন্নিভৈঃ সদৃশৈঃ কচিৎ সগভাণাং গভবতীনাং যে স্তনাঃ  
 কুচাস্তেষাং প্রভা ইব প্রভা কান্তির্যেষাং তৈঃ ঘটনমেষৈঃ ব্যোমা  
 কাশং সমস্ততঃ (সৰ্ব্বদিক্ক্ষু এব) সমাচিতং ব্যাপ্তম্ ॥

It will be seen that these plagiarisms are committed on a fixed plan. An expletive or two left out, a single synonym changed for another and our Pandita-Rajahamsa thinks that he can safely strut out with the feathers which he has stolen, and pass off for a peacock. One stands aghast at the impudence which can christen such stuff and attempt to palm it off on the unsuspecting public as a "commentary of his own," a phrase which bye-the-way reminds us of the Bengali saying about the plantains in the sanctuary. One wonders at the rashness which can thus plagiarise a work issued, but five years ago, and which must certainly be used for the purposes of comparison when another commentary professing to be new, is given to the world. How bold the thief, so runs the Persian saying, that he bears a lamp in his hand! Pandit Jibánanda has the heart to mention in his preface the commentary of Manirám which he has thus shamelessly appropriated.

The *Nalódaya*, an alliterative poem on Nala, king of Nishadha, is commonly attributed to Kálidasa, and tradition would have it that it was written expressly to humble the pride of his rival poet, Ghata-karpura, who plumed himself much on the alliterative excellence of his *Yamaka Kāvya*. The text, with the commentary entitled *Sábódhini* by Prajánákara Misra of Mithilá was brought out in 1813 by Babu Ram under the orders of the Committee of Education. The Rev. William Yates gave to the world another edition of the text and commentary in 1844, accompanied by a translation in English blank verse. Jibánanda's edition is a reprint of the last edition, *minus* the preface and the translation.

Literary labor it costs him none. Though other commentaries by *Mallīnātha*, *Adisūra*, *Nrisinhānanda* and *Haribhatta* exist, he lacks either the capacity or the inclination to compare them to throw new light on his text. He does not think it necessary to consult any new MSS. of *Prajñākara* even. The result is that our knowledge of the *Nalodaya* remains where it was thirty years ago. The "editor" does not think it worth his while to give us his opinion as to the authorship of the poem. Perhaps he is wise ; from the experience we have had of him it wont be worth much

The *Nāṣānanda*, a play in five Acts, attributed to Sri Harsha Deva of Cashmere was not even known by name to Wilson. It is not to be found in the list of Plays given at the end of the Preface to his Hindu Theatre. It was beautifully brought out by Professor Krishna Kamala Bhattāchārya in Samvat 1921, i. e., ten years ago. The printer's part was as well got up in this edition as the editor's. In a concise preface Professor Krishna-kamala felt bound to say a word about the authorship of the drama which he was presenting to the public in a printed form for the first time. Acknowledging his inability to decide between the conflicting authorities of the *Kāvya Prakashā* and the *Rāja Taranginī*, he submitted it as a proposition beyond doubt that the author of *Nāṣānanda* was the same as that of the *Ratnāvalī*.

Acknowledging homage to no canon of art or criticism, Jibānanda vouchsafes not a scrap of information on this important and interesting point. The Sanskrit version of the *Prākṛita* passages which in Professor Krishna Kamala's edition had been given at the end of the text, have in the un-acknowledged reprint been given at the foot of the pages. We give our editor his due for the labor of transposition.

There was a time when Hindu medicine had a class for itself in the Calcutta Sanskrit College, but it was abolished long before the learned editor of Chakra-datta had any connection with that institution. Seeing, therefore, that he does not own any Vaidya family among his

progenitors and has never to our knowledge taken up the study of Hindu medicine privately, we are at a loss to see how he qualified himself to superintend the bringing out of a current work on Hindu medicine. The utmost that a layman like him ought to have attempted was an *editio princeps* of a single manuscript, or if he made bold to give an independent edition, he was bound to give every difference which he found in his Mss. The very misnomer "Chakradatta by Chakrapánidatta" which disfigures the title-page speaks volumes against the industry of Jibánanda's collation. Perhaps when one day he assumes the self-sought position of a "great" English publisher he will edify us with an edition of *Paradise Lost* with the following introductory title page:—"Milton by John Milton."

The book which Jibánanda has printed is really the *Sarvasāra Sangraha* of Chakrapáni-Datta commonly called, for abbreviation's sake, Chakradatta. Surely we have a right to expect that the so-called editor of a book should at least have the leisure and industry to discover the name of the book which he gives to the world for the first time in a printed form. We suppose the clue to the mystery lies in the fact of the Sanskrit College copy, the only one which the *soi-distant* editor would seem to have consulted, being defective about the name of the work. We have had no opportunity of examining the Sanskrit College copy, but we arrive at this conclusion from combining two facts. First, that in the Sanskrit Catalogue of the Asiatic Society, (which as a first compilation is not free from errors), चक्रदत्त is described as a medical work of which the Society has no copy but the Calcutta Sanskrit College has. Secondly, Jibánanda's Chakradatta is the same as the Asiatic Society's MSS. Nos. 561 and 626 which are the *Sarva Sārasāngraha* of Chakradatta.

The *Bhoja prabandha* of Ballála, being anecdotes of Raja Bhoja and his court, is in the absence of better material an important element in the study of the history of later Sanscrit literature. Apart from its historical value, it will as a composition amply repay perusal, on account of the numerous bright passages scattered through its



pages. Jibánanda's edition is based on a lithograph edition published at Benares and he seems never to care for the fact that other recensions might exist.

Jibánanda's Text.

আদৌ ধারারাজ্যে সিদ্ধুলসংজ্ঞো রাজা চিরং প্রজাঃ পর্য্য-  
পালয়ৎ, তস্য বৃদ্ধে ভোজ ইতি পুত্রঃ সমজনি ।

Text of MS. No. 170 in the Library of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

অস্তি ধারা নাম নগরী তত্র সিদ্ধুলসংজ্ঞো রাজা আসীৎ তস্য  
সাবিত্রী নাম পত্নী চাসীৎ তয়োর্বৃদ্ধে ভোজনাম পুত্রো জাতঃ ।

Jibánanda does not care in the least for facts like the above, has no interest in the historical questions involved in the work, and is utterly indifferent about the personality of the writer. The industry of a Benares publisher has produced in Samvat 1925 a tolerably correct text of the *Bhojaprabandha*, a work likely to sell, and what he does is simply to order a copy and deluge the literary world with a thousand repetitions of the same. He is welcome to the money which he makes by this trick of trade, but neither he nor his admirers have any right to ground on this a claim for literary distinction.

The *Brihat Aranyka*, *Chhandogya*, *Taittiríya*, *Isa*, *Kena*, *Katha*, *Prasna*, *Munda*, and *Mandukya* Upanishads as published by Jibánanda, with the commentary of *Sankara* and the gloss of *Ananda-giri* are unacknowledged bare-faced reprints of the editions which appeared in the *Bibliotheca Indica* in the years 1849 and 1850. As usual, he never consults fresh manuscripts. The only Upanishad to which he can lay claim as a publisher is the little *baga'elle* of 18 pages entitled the *Muktikopaniśád* of the White Yajur Veda.

The *Sāṅkhyadarsana* with the commentary of *Vijnána Bhikshu* as edited by Jibánanda is an unacknowledged appropriation of the editorial labors of Dr. Hall who brought out an edition of the same in the *Bibliotheca Indica* years ago. The intelligence and care with which this piracy has been conducted are patent from the title-

page which characterises the aphorisms of the most atheistic philosophy as those of *A Theistic Philosophy*.

Our readers must excuse us for reproducing at length from the "Hindu Patriot" of July 21, 1873, the review of "*Vetāla Panchavīṃśati, or twenty-five tales related by a vampire to Rajah Vicramaditya*, compiled by Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagara B. A., Calcutta, *New Indian Press*, 1873." Though the true character of Jibananda's publications was apparent to the merest tyro in Sanskrit literature, and a common topic of conversation among the students and teachers of that literature, still to the writer of the review here reproduced, whose name we have no authority to divulge, belongs the credit of having been the first to raise his voice against this Saturnalia of Sanskrit Literature.

"This is the most bare-faced piece of literary imposition that has lately come to our notice; and we regret exceedingly that a Bachelor of Arts of the Calcutta University, and a Pandit who bears the proud title of "ocean of learning" (no matter how got) should be the culprit. The work which the Pandit professes on title-page to have himself "compiled," was compiled many centuries ago by Jambhala Datta, and MSS. of it, though rare, are by no means unattainable. In Calcutta we know of two codices, one in the library of the Sanskrit College, and the other in that of Baboo Rajendralala Mitra. We are informed that the last was lent to the Pandit a few months ago, and the book has been printed from it almost verbatim. We qualify our remark by the word "almost" as the Pandit has occasionally omitted a word, or a sentence or changed a case mark, or a word, or introduced a new sentence. The sum total of these alterations and additions is insignificant. We have ascertained by a careful collation with the MS. (which by the way bears marks of having been used by the printers as copy, no separate copy for the compositors having been prepared) that the whole of the additions in it cannot fill up a single 8vo. page. Most of the alterations are merely corrections of copyist's errors of the MS., a few are attempts at improving the style. The new sentences may be the readings of the Sanskrit College codex, or emendations introduced by the Pandit, but their number is limited to a dozen. The new words are mostly synonyms, such as the use of *patnyam* "wife" for "*bharyayam*" of Babu Rajendralala Mitra's text. How under these circumstances the Pandit claims the right of compilership it is difficult to conceive, unless we take it to be an attempt to impose upon the public, and this last supposition receives much support from the fact of the real author Jambhala Datta's name having been omitted from the title-page, though the would-be compiler knew it perfectly well from its

occurring in the first line of his second page. We hope for the credit of the Calcutta University that there is not another of its graduates who will seek literary reputation in this style.

We may add to the *Patriot's* criticism that the poor author's name is vouchsafed in the colophon, though saddled with that of the redoubtable compiler.\*

The following review of Jibananda's edition of the *Mahaviracharita* of *Bhavabhuti* is reproduced from the issue of the same journal for October 20, 1873, with the less hesitation as it proceeded from the pen of the writer of this article.

"Maha Vira Charita, by Bhavabhuti. Edited by Pandit Taranath Tarkavachaspati. Calcutta. Printed and published by Herumbo Chandra Banerjee and Co., at Bishowprokas Press, James's Lane, No. 5. 1857.

"2. Mahaviracharita, a drama by Bhavabhuti, edited by Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagara, B. A. Calcutta. Printed at the Mahesh Satya Press, 1873.

"In his English title-page Pandit Jibananda, though he makes no mention of any commentary, speaks of the work as edited by him, but in the Sanskrit title-page he states that the book is edited by himself with a 'made commentary,' i. e. a commentary made by himself. Now the fact is that the notes appended to Pandit Jibananda's edition (!) are exactly the same as those appended to Pandit Taranath's Edition of 1857. A curious coincidence no doubt. We have compared both the editions most carefully, and found that the text is the same in both, and the commentary, but for the insertion in a particular note, of *narapati* for a synonymous term *nripati* of the first edition, would have been exactly the same in both. The difference however we believe to be quite accidental, for such is Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagar B. A.'s loyalty to the genius of his father, that he has perpetuated a mistake every time that he has met with one in his father's edition. \* \* \*

"We cannot denounce too strongly this transparent endeavour to impose on the public a commentary by the father, as one by the son. The 'Ocean of learning,' may throw up texts like 'Son thou art self'†; but we doubt very much whether the reading world will be satisfied with such an explanation. A novice in these matters would be almost tempted to believe that like Katyayana—Vararuchi, Taranatha—Jibananda is the name of the same indivisible personage."

\* इति वि-ए-उपाधिरिषा श्रीजीवानन्दविद्यासागरभट्टाचार्येण कङ्कलितार्थं  
अश्वत्थदत्तपुस्तकवेतालपञ्चगती पञ्चविंशतिवेतालकथाप्रबन्धः । समाप्तोऽयं पन्थः ।

† आत्मा वे पुत्र नामासि ।

Here then we stop to-day. To expose the failings of others is always a thankless and disagreeable task and nothing but a sense of public duty could have induced us to take up this matter in hand. The curtain we believe has been torn wide enough to reveal some of the most startling mysteries of the editorial *sanctum*. For the dethroned idol there is still time for amends. He has scarcely passed the prime of life and if he would only bring to his self-imposed task a little more of the scholar and the man of taste and a great deal less of the Burtollah shopocracy ; if he will only measure himself, and casting aside that feverish love for fame and rupees which seems now to have taken possession of him, attempt only things within his reach and in things beyond it, rather than accept the position of a slavish imitator, leave things well alone ; if he would but condescend always frankly to inform his readers of the genealogy of his editions, the materials from which they are drawn and the principle on which his MSS. are collated, he may still do an amount of good which it is not easy to calculate.

But if this warning voice is raised in vain, if he persists in his career of robbing others of what is far dearer than gold, literary reputation, we shall be obliged to issue another card for the dissecting table, and with unwilling hand again to expose the disease and corruption which fester beneath the fair and promising exterior of these seventy-three publications.

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# THE GREAT WARS OF INDIA.

" War is a game which, were their subjects wise,  
Kings would not play at."

## I.—INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

WE do not intend to write a history of India, but only to give a brief and continuous account of the great wars which have been waged in it. These necessarily mark the turning points of history, namely, the rise and fall of states, races, and dynasties ; but the seasons of peace and plenty—the angel-visits in the records of time which it would be incumbent on the general historian especially to dwell upon—will not be noticed by us. We shall not even notice all the wars which have disturbed the country, but those only which were either great in themselves or great in the revolutions they effected. The valleys of the Indus and the Ganges have rung with victories as memorable, and have been saddened by defeats as signal, as any that have occurred on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, and a remembrance of these at the present moment, when we are constantly threatened with Eastern (*is Western*) and Central Asian difficulties, will perhaps not be held to be altogether unnecessary.

The history of India naturally divides itself into three parts, namely, the Hindu, the Mahomedan, and the English periods. The first is of course by far the most important ; but the accounts extant of it are unfortunately exceedingly imperfect, as the Hindus never had any historical writings. To leave out all notice of the period however, would be a great mistake ; nor is such complete omission imperative, since the labors of our orientalists and antiquarians have succeeded in scraping together a large amount of information about it which, if not his-

torically true, is still not unworthy of belief. All such information as can be applied to our present purpose will be freely utilized.

Leaving aside the travelling expedition of Osiris from Egypt, the first great war waged in India of which we know anything was that which was fought between Semiramis and Stabrobates, which must have occurred in the second or third century after the flood. The next was the expedition of Bacchus, Sesostris, or Parusrám, which, according to the Hindu accounts, was a war of races fought between the Bráhmans and the Kshetriyas. The third, in the order of time, was the war of the second Ráma, or Rámchandra of Ayodhya, with Rávana in Southern India, which was a war of religions, being apparently the first great war between Bráhmanism and Buddhism, the Buddhists being represented as Rákshases. The fourth was the invasion of Hercules, or Balarám (the third Ráma) and Krishna, which was almost contemporaneous with the fifth, the war of the Mahábhárat, an international war fought out apparently by two Scythian clans a short time after their settlement in the country. The sixth was probably the invasion of Oghuz Khan of Tartary, whose era however cannot be precisely determined. Then come the Persian invasions of Cyrus and Darius Hystaspes; and then the invasion of Alexander the Great, which was the first of the great wars of which we have authentic information. The wars of Vikramáditya and Saliváhana which ought next to be noticed, are not much known in their details. They were followed by six centuries of impervious darkness which it is impossible even to grope through.

The second or Mahomedan period of Indian history opens with the Arab invasions of the country, which were followed by the expeditions of Sabaktagin, Mahmood of Ghazni, and Mahomed or Shahaboodeen of Ghor, by the last of whom and his slave Kuttuboodeen Ibek the sovereignty of the Mahomedans in India was founded. From this date to the end of the Mahomedan era the country was always in a state of anarchy and confusion, caused alike by mutinies and rebellions, and by wars of

conquest and aggrandisement, both of which were equally frequent. The Mahomedans, as Abdool Wassaf expresses it, found India to be "the most agreeable abode on the earth, and the most pleasant quarter of the world ; the dust of which was purer than air, and the air purer than purity itself. Its delightful plains were regarded by them as the garden of paradise, and the particles of its earth as rubies and corals. If it is asserted," says he, "that paradise is in India, be not surprised that paradise itself is not comparable to it." The eagerness to plunder this paradise was generally the cause of the wars that distracted it ; and very soon the paradise was converted by them into a hell, both for themselves and the unfortunate races they brought under subjection. All the disturbances thus created will not require to be recapitulated, as they were generally not "great" wars in any sense of that term. We shall only notice the wars of Buktyar Khiliji in Bengal and Behar ; those of Altamsh, the slave ; those of Allaoodeen, the first Mahomedan subjugator of all India ; the Chinese expedition of Mahomed Toglek ; the terrible invasion of India by Timour, which left an indelible mark on the country ; its conquest by Baber ; the wars of Humayun and Shere Shah ; those of Akbar ; the rebellion of Shah Jehan ; that of Khan Jehan Lodi ; and the civil wars caused by the sons of Shah Jehan, which were terminated by Aurungzebe's ascension to the throne. After these will come for notice the wars of Aurungzebe with the Rajpoots and the Mahrattas, the subsequent Mahratta wars, the war of Bahadur Shah with the Sikhs, the invasion of Nadir Shah, and the several invasions of Ahmed Shah Doorani which ended with his final triumph at Paniput.

The battle of Paniput was fought in 1761, four years after which began the recognised sovereignty of the English in India. We wish we could say that the English period has been altogether a quiet and peaceful one. It has unfortunately not been, and in fact could not be, so ; since their empire is based on conquest, just as much as that of the Mahomedans was. Unlike the Mahomedan period however, the English era has been singu-

larly free from internal disturbances, excepting such as were unavoidable to the tenure by which they hold ; and now that they have attained the *neplus ultra* of their aspirations in the country, the whole of it is at peace from one extremity to another quite as much as Great Britain and Ireland. The wars they have fought will of course have to be referred to. They commenced with their struggles with the French for a footing in the land, which were soon followed by the wars for the acquisition of Bengal and Behar. Then succeeded the wars with Hyder Ally and Tippoo, which may be regarded as the sequel of the struggles with the French ; then the first Mahratta war ; then the war with Nepal ; then the great Mahratta and Pindari war ; and then the Burmese war. Next followed the capture of Bhurtpore and the subjugation of the Jâts ; after which there was a long era of rest, that was abruptly concluded by the fear the English entertained of the Russians, which provoked the Afghan war, which in a manner obliged them to undertake in succession the conquest of Scinde, the Gwalior war, and the Punjab war. The last of their great wars in India up to this time has been the Sepoy war of 1857-58.

Of most of these wars detailed accounts exist, but in such voluminous form as is repellent to a large number of readers. Our only endeavour will be to produce a book that will give the general reader such a cursory sketch of them all as he will care to read and remember. The wars with China and Persia will not be referred to, as they were, in point of fact, not Indian but imperial wars.

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## II.—THE INVASION OF SEMIRAMIS.

APPROXIMATE DATE, B. C. 2000.

THE first celebrated invader of India was Semiramis, the wife of Ninus, who succeeded him on the Assyrian throne, some two or three hundred years after the flood. The account of this invasion is given by Diodorus Siculus



after Ctesias, whom the fathers reject as an unscrupulous authority, because his narrations are not altogether reconcileable with the Jewish Scriptures. There is no doubt however, that there was such a queen as Semiramis, and that she did signalize herself by many wonderful achievements, of which not the least was the erection of Babylon; and *primâ facie* there is nothing against Ctesias's account of the Indian war, which, Diodorus says, was extracted from the archives of Babylon, and the general truth of which is not unsupported by the mythic annals of India.

The account of Ctesias is that the queen of Assyria, having added Libya and Ethiopia to her dominions, retired for rest to Bactria, but soon became so impatient of a quiet life that she resolved to proceed thence to India, which even in that age had acquired a name for fertility and riches. The king of the Indians, Stabrobates, was however on all hands said to be a very powerful sovereign, and the undertaking contemplated was also difficult for other reasons. Preparations for it were therefore made by Semiramis on the grandest scale. The bravest and most expert soldiers in her empire were selected for the enterprise; and the army thus formed was strongly armed and accoutred. She also engaged shipwrights from all maritime places to build for her a number of vessels to be transported in pieces by land, and made use of in crossing the Indus; and to deceive the elephant-corps of the Indian king, in which his chief superiority was supposed to rest, she had counterfeit elephants constructed of wood, which were covered with the hides of black oxen. Her elephants and vessels being ready in two years she assembled her army in the third, and counted three millions of foot soldiers, two hundred thousand horsemen, one hundred thousand chariots, and one hundred thousand men on camels. Her vessels of transport were two thousand in number, and were carried by canals; as also were her mock elephants, to the sight of which the horsemen familiarized their horses, that they might not take fright on seeing real elephants in the war.

Stabrobates, undaunted by these preparations, made his own for resistance with equal vigour, and succeeded in organizing a superior army. His foot-soldiers exceeded three millions, and the other arms were proportionately strong. He especially added largely to the elephant-corps, and armed it so as to render it invincible ; and, for purposes of transport, he built four thousand boats of canes and bamboos.

Thus prepared the Indian king sent ambassadors to Semiramis on her march. to reproach her for seeking a causeless war ; and, in a private note to her, he upbraided her for her infamous life, and threatened to crucify her if she fell into his hands. The only answer Semiramis gave was that she hoped that they would ere long be better acquainted with each other ; and, hurrying her advance, she came shortly after to the banks of the Indus, but was surprised to find the enemy's fleet already arranged and drawn up in order before her. Nothing daunted she launched the vessels she had prepared, manned them with the boldest of her soldiers, and commenced the fight, ordering it so that those on shore might be able to aid and assist those fighting on the river. The contest was fierce and obstinate, but terminated in favor of the Assyrians, who sunk one thousand of the Indian vessels and took many prisoners.

But the king of India was a strategist. He had accepted the defeat designedly, that the enemy might get elated and less wary with success ; and, affecting to retire before it, he drew the entire army of the Assyrians across the river. Semiramis, easily taken in, ordered a bridge of boats to be stretched across the stream, and went over with all her forces, leaving only sixty thousand men behind to defend the bridge ; and she proceeded joyously, pursuing the Indians and desolating the country for many leagues. Her mock-elephants did her especial service, for they actually succeeded in intimidating several detachments of the Indian army, till the deceit was discovered by deserters. Even then Stabrobates found the greatest difficulty in rallying his forces ; but he eventually succeeded in doing so, and then charged

the Assyrians with such vigour that they were obliged to give way. The attack of his elephant-corps was now irresistible, while the mock-elephants of Semiramis proved useless and cumbersome. The sovereigns on both sides fought hand to hand, and Semiramis was wounded with an arrow and a javelin. This compelled her to fall back ; and her army, already dispirited, fled with her in disorder. Many of the Assyrians, after having escaped the enemy, were, in the precipitancy of their flight, pressed to death on the bridge, or being thrown into the stream were drowned. But Semiramis took a bitter revenge for this when she saw the Indians continuing the pursuit across the river, by ordering the bridge to be cut down the moment her own men had passed over, whereby a multitude of Indians were destroyed.

Such was the end of the last great expedition undertaken by the most famous queen of the olden world, who is by some authorities said to have made her escape from India with only twenty persons in her train, while others assert that she was able to save about a third part of her army. The Indian account identifies her with the goddess Shámá, the wife of Mahádeva, the god being himself, in a separate story, identified with Osiris of Egypt, which gives force to the belief expressed by some authors that Semiramis, after the death of Ninus, was married to Osiris. Her Indian opponent is named Virasena, a devout worshipper of Mahádeva, by whom he was made *Sthábarpati* (Stabrobates) or lord of hills, trees, and plains. His country was near the sea, evidently down to the mouths of the Indus ; and he began his reign by repressing the wicked and rewarding the good. Shámá Devi, amazed at the final issue of her expedition, made minute inquiries in regard to the life of the conqueror ; and, finding that he had become a son of Mahádeva by his *tapsaya* and austerities, she adopted him as her son also, and gave him command over all Váhnisthán, the empire she had herself reigned over. It is not unlikely that this invasion of India was the last of the continuous wars fought between the Ahoors (Asoors or Assyrians) and the

Devas, or Bráhmans, from time anterior to the flood. It was after this engagement that the Bráhmans, already settled in *Sapta Sindhava*, or the land of the seven rivers, began to codify their faith.

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III.—THE EXPEDITION OF BACCHUS, SESOSTRIS, OR PARUSRÁM.

APPROXIMATE DATE, B. C. 1800.

NONNUS, a native of Panopolis, in Egypt, composed in the fifth century after Christ, a poem called the *Dionysiaca*, which gives an account of the expedition of Dionysus, or Bacchus, into India. Some authors consider Osiris to have been the original Bacchus ; others concede that honor to Sesostris ; others again to Shishak : while not a few agree in thinking that there was actually but one invasion of India from Egypt, the name of the invader being differently given by different writers as Dionysus, Bacchus, Shishak, and Sesostris.

Nonnus says that the expedition of Bacchus was undertaken at the desire of Jupiter, who was angry with Deriades, the king of India, for his haughtiness. The invading army was assembled by Pyrrhichius, and was commanded by Actæon, Hymenæus, Erecthus, Aristæus, Ogyrus, and Priapus. A long catalogue of nations and towns which contributed to swell its ranks is given by the poet. Briefly, the races were the Cabiri, Corybantes, Telchinis, Cyclops, Pans, Satyrs, Hyades, Centaurs, Nymphs, and Bassarides. Armed with a thyrsus and a horn Bacchus led them on, being accompanied, not only by heroes of great military fame, but also by Apollo, to give lessons in poetry and music to the Indians, Triptolemus, to teach them the arts of husbandry, Maro, to instruct them in planting the vine, and the Muses, to teach them the rest of the sciences and arts. The invaders entered India by the road of Persia, but were not entirely unopposed on the frontier. An immense multitude, armed with such weapons as they could lay hands on, flocked from all the neighbouring districts to repel them ; but the Bassarides, or Bacchæ, fell furiously on these, and Bacchus

seconded their efforts by turning a river that was running blood into wine, of which the Indians drunk unwittingly, and, becoming mad drunk, were easily conquered.

At this stage the account of the war is relieved by the story of Bacchus's passion for an Indian nymph named Nicæa, as beautiful as Venus and as chaste as Diana. Bacchus's love being rejected by her with disdain, he followed her wherever she went ; upon which she tried to run away, and, coming up to the river of wine in an exhausted state, drank deeply of it and became insensible, which gave Bacchus the opportunity to complete her ruin.

The trick of the river of wine being discovered, Orontes, the son-in-law of Deriades, challenged Bacchus to a single combat, which Bacchus avoided. A general engagement was then commenced, and Orontes attempted to attack Bacchus, but was unable to wound him ; while Bacchus with his thyrsus rent the corselet of Orontes, but magnanimously spared his life. Orontes, unable to endure the indignity, destroyed himself ; and the best warrior of the Indian army being thus lost, a second victory was obtained by Bacchus, after which Blemys, an Indian who had joined his side, was placed on the throne.

The next encounter was a friendly one, with one Staphylus, apparently one of the frontier princes, who, with his wife Methé and his son Botrys, learnt to appreciate the grape so well that he died from the effects of it, whereupon Bacchus undertook to console his widow, and Methé became his constant companion! After this followed a fierce encounter with Lycurgus, the king of Arabia, who gave Bacchus a signal defeat ; but Neptune and Jupiter coming to his rescue, the former struck Arabia with his trident and laid it under water, while the latter made Lycurgus blind.

Up to this time there had been no engagement with Deriades himself. One of his generals Thureus, a fierce warrior, now met Bacchus on the banks of the Hydaspes, and meditated an attack on him. But a deserter informed Bacchus of the plan, and Bacchus, feigning flight, drew the enemy after him, and then defeated and routed them, driving many of the Indians into the

river, where the contest was continued in the water till all except Thureus were drowned. Bacchus then crossed the river, and meeting with opposition set fire to it. This angered Oceanus; but the Hydaspes itself implored clemency, upon which the flames were extinguished.

The preparations for the battle with Deriades were now completed. Bacchus received a shield made by Vulcan on which were displayed the figures of the sun, moon, and stars; of Thebes, Amphion, and Ganymedes; of Damasenius engaging and slaying a dragon; and of Rhea holding a stone to Saturn. His opponents were at the same time craftily encouraged by Pallas to venture out; and they advanced vigorously, bearing various arms. In the battle which followed Dexiochus and Corymbasus, two Indian chiefs, particularly distinguished themselves, the latter standing at his post even after he was killed. But the advance of the Cyclops soon reduced the troops of Deriades to straits, many fell back before them, and Deriades himself was surrounded; when Juno inspired him with courage, upon which Deriades and Bacchus engaged in single conflict, till they were parted by night. Juno now deceived Jupiter with the girdle of Venus, and lulled him asleep; and Deriades, being assisted by Mars, soon put Bacchus and his host to flight, upon which Bacchus became demented.

Jupiter was filled with wrath when he awoke, and compelled Juno to cure Bacchus with her milk; after which the war was renewed, Bacchus charging the elephant-corps of the Indian army at the head of the wild beasts that accompanied him. He himself also assumed a great variety of forms to engage Deriades, and finally succeeded in entangling him in a mess of vine-plants, which forced him to entreat for liberation, and to conclude a peace.

Numerous prodigies appeared at the termination of the truce, but they deterred neither party from continuing the war, which now took a naval form; and the ships of Bacchus and Deriades being both ready, a vigorous engagement was begun. The Indians were

early surrounded, but still fought with obstinate valor, till Boreas sent a storm against them and Jupiter sent rain, when the Indians being subdued their fleet was burnt. Deriades now attempted to fly, but was deceitfully persuaded by Pallas to continue the fight, which enabled Bacchus to come up and slay him ; after which Bacchus returned to his native country.

The account given of Sesostris by Diodorus Siculus does not very materially differ from the above, though no details to an equal extent are given. His first expedition, it is there related, was in command of an army sent out by his father to conquer Arabia, in which he was entirely successful. He was next sent to conquer Libya, which was likewise brought under subjection. These successes excited in him the ambition of conquering the world ; and, on coming to the throne, he raised for that purpose a large army of 600,000 foot soldiers, 24,000 horsemen, and 27,000 chariots of war. The chosen companions of his infancy were the generals who commanded this army ; and he fitted out a fleet from the Red Sea to co-operate with it. The latter being first sent out succeeded in conquering all the maritime nations to the borders of India. The army then took its course through Phœnicia, Syria, Assyria, and Media, all of which were conquered ; after which it entered India through Persia, and subduing the whole of it, passed down the Ganges to its mouths, where the fleet was waiting for it, and where triumphant pillars were erected. Nine years were spent in the expedition, after the successful termination of which Sesostris proceeded westward into Europe, where he subjugated Thrace. We have no information of the kings he met with in India. If he was the same person as Shishak, he is supposed to have conquered a large part of the country, and to have left one of his most intimate friends, Spartembas, on the throne, whose descendants continued to occupy it till the invasion of India by Hercules. The story, whichever version of it be accepted, is not improbable ; there is no doubt that the Egyptian empire was at one time contiguous to India.

We now turn to the Indian accounts available to us. Colonel Wilford was of opinion that the Dionysiacs of Nonnus only related the story of the Mahábhárut, while Sir William Jones held that the parallel to it was to be found in the Rámáyana. In point of fact, however, we find no actual parallel of the story in either of the poems referred to, beyond a possible affinity of names between Deriades and Duryodhon, as regards the Mahábhárut, and such resemblance as may be said to subsist between the circumstances of Bacchus having fought with an army of satyrs and Ráma with an army of monkeys, as regards the Rámáyana. The more probable theory, therefore, is that which has been generally accepted, that the expedition of Bacchus, Sesostris, or Shishak has reference to a distinct war from that either of the Rámáyana or the Mahábhárut, the hero of it being the elder Ráma, or Parusrám, so named from the *Parusa*, or battle-axe, with which he fought.

Parusrám, according to the Hindu story, was an incarnation of the Deity, one of whose names is Bagis, which may be identified with Bacchus. He was the son of Jamadagni, an anchorite, who, quarrelling with Gautama, was beset by a confederation of princes both of India and Cushwadwipa (Persia and Arabia), and was murdered. Parusrám, then a boy, had already found favor with Mahádeva, and, armed with his invincible energy, devoted himself to the extermination of the Kshetriyas, or the royal race, all over India. In vain they resisted him singly or together; all arms were useless against his battle-axe; and the slaughter he made was so great that even the *chásás* or agriculturists fled from the plains and retreated to the mountains. The *Sántiparba* of the Mahábhárut says that "he turned the earth into a mass of ensanguined mud." Eastwards he proceeded to the extremest limit of Assam, where with one blow of his axe he made the cleft in the mountains by which the Brahmapootra enters India. To the west he went beyond the Hindu Koosh, to the country of the Cannibals, where he fought with their ruler Kartá-virya, and, darting huge serpents at him, enfolded him



in an inextricable maze till he was destroyed. The names given by Nonnus are not reconcilable with those of the Hindu legend, but some resemblance in the stories may be traced. The Egyptians who accompanied Bacchus, Sesostris, or Shishak to India—a great portion of whom must have settled in it under Spartembas—were perhaps also Bráhmans, like those already settled in the Punjab, whose cause was fought for by Parusrám.

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#### IV.—RÁMA'S WAR WITH RÁVANA.

APPROXIMATE DATE, B. C. 1700.

THE first war between Bráhmanism and Buddhism of which we have any account was fought by Ráma, the son of Dasarath, king of Ayodhyá or Oude, with Rávana, king of Lanká or Ceylon. The story has been rendered immortal by the poem of Válmik, which is prized by the Hindu alike for its historical and religious associations. The accounts of Ráma's birth, boyhood, and marriage do not require to be here noticed; but it may be mentioned at the outset that he, like Parusrám, was an incarnation of the Deity. The story of his adventures commences from the date of his banishment, which was procured by the intrigues of his step-mother, Kaikeyi. His father having become very old, Ráma was selected by the people for the office of heir-apparent and co-adjutor of the king; but his installation to the office was opposed by Kaikeyi, who besought her husband to install her own son Bharat in preference, and to send Ráma into exile. The old king was weak and silly enough to comply, whereupon Ráma, with his wife, Sita, and a step-brother, Lakshmana, proceeded as ascetics to the forests near the sources of the Godavery, to fulfil the parental command. The sentence was for fourteen years; but, Dasarath dying almost immediately after Ráma's departure, Ráma was summoned to occupy the throne by Bharat himself, which however he refused to do lest his filial obedience should be impugned.

While in the wilderness Ráma killed several Rákshases or demons (by whom Buddhists apparently are meant) who persecuted the sages or Bráhmans dwelling in the forests for their worship of the gods. Among the Rákshases thus encountered were two brothers of Rávana and one of his sisters. The latter offered love to Ráma, and, on being told that he was already married, rushed upon Sita in her jealousy, to do hurt to her; whereupon Lakshmana thoughtlessly cut off her ears and nose, and her brothers attempting to avenge her were killed. This brought out Rávana to the spot; but he did not come either to fight for glory or to avenge his relatives. He came only to gratify his lust for Sita, for whose hand he had before unsuccessfully competed, and who was now represented to him as being as beautiful as Lakshmi, without her lotos. An accomplice of his assuming the form of a golden stag with silver spots lured out Ráma from the hermitage, and Lakshmana being sent after Ráma shortly after by his devoted wife to assist him against fancied danger, Rávana came into the hut, declared his passion, and, being indignantly answered, carried off Sita on his chariot through the air. This being observed by Jatáya, the King of the vultures, an attempt was made to rescue Sita, but proved unsuccessful, Jatáya being mortally wounded in the conflict, and surviving only long enough to give the necessary directions to Ráma for the search of his wife.

Now comes the story of the war. In the middle of the southern ocean was the wonderful island of Lancá which owned Rávana for its lord, and thither Sita was supposed to have been carried. Her captor was a great warrior, and had a large army of Rákshases under his command. "If you desire to conquer him," said Kabandha, the *Gandharva*, to Ramá, "you must form a friendly alliance with Sugriva, one of the most powerful of the monkey-chiefs, who will first require your assistance against his brother Bali, and then assist you in return." The advice of Kabandha was followed; the monkey-chief was assisted in his quarrel with his brother for the possession of the monkey-throne, and, being

raised to it, espoused heart and soul the cause of his ally. Not only all the monkeys in Southern India, but all the bears in it also, that is, all the aboriginal races of the country of every description—monkeys standing for foresters, and bears for mountaineers—came forward to assist Ráma. The monkeys were of all species—white, black, blue, green, red, and yellow, and were counted by millions, and marshalled under their respective leaders, of whom the most important were Sugriva, Angada, Hanumán, Nila, Rambha, Sárambha, Vánara, Arundha, Darvindha, and Nala. The bears were forty crores in number, and were led by their king Jámnavat.

The Ulysses of the monkey tribe was Hanumán, who was deputed southwards to discover the whereabouts of Sita. He took charge of Ráma's marriage-ring, and leapt over the channel between India and Ceylon. The capital of the enemy he found well defended, within seven ranges of walls, namely, of iron, stone, brass, lead, copper, silver, and gold, all guarded by Rákshases of great might. But he eluded them all by assuming the form of a cat, and, after many difficulties and a prolonged search, found Sita safely secured in the Asoka grove, surrounded by Rákshasa ladies set about her, to induce her to return the love of her captor. Rávana himself came in shortly after to press his suit, and Hanumán was thus made an eye-witness of the fidelity of Sita who indignantly rejected the overtures of the Buddha king. If Rávana had vanquished Ráma in battle, Sita would, by the ancient laws of war, have been compelled to become his wife; but, as he had carried her off by stealth only, he had no acknowledged right over her, and was therefore obliged to await her consent to the gratification of his passion. A private interview with Sita was now managed by Hanumán, who presented his credentials, the marriage-ring, and proposed to carry her off on his broad shoulders. But to this the Kshetriya lady would not agree, because she would not voluntarily touch the body of any male person except Ráma; and Hanumán was therefore compelled to go back, Sita giving him in exchange for the ring the only jewel she had on her

person, a golden chaplet which held her braided hair, as her token to Ráma, with ardent entreaties that he would come and deliver her, as soon as possible, from the insults and solicitations to which she was obliged to submit, and the impressive notice that, if he did not rescue her within two months, she would destroy herself. Before retiring from the island however, the monkey-chief thought it befitting his character to commit a deal of mischief in the enemy's capital, and he accordingly destroyed eighty thousand soldiers, seven chiefs, five commanders of inferior note, and a son of Rávana; besides which, he set fire to several buildings by lashing about his tail, which the Rákshases had foolishly ignited.

On the return of Hanumán, Ráma advanced towards Lancá to invade it. His army, though composed only of monkeys and bears, was innumerable, and covered 100,000 miles of land; and this vast body proceeded towards the sea as one man, rejoicing in their strength. The earth trembled at the loudness of their shouts and the lashing of their tails; mountains and wildernesses were passed over with the swiftness of the wind: but there was consternation and astonishment on every face when, arrived on the sea-shore, they saw the waves bursting on the beach. How was the sea now to be crossed? Varuna, the god of waters, was invoked for assistance, and suggested the construction of a bridge by the monkey-chief Nala, a son of Vishwa-karmá, the great architect of heaven. There was no difficulty experienced in finding materials for the work, for the monkeys, going out in all directions, brought together a large stock of trees, mountains, and loose stones, and Nala made these float by the simple process of engraving Ráma's name on each, Ráma having previously, by the strength of his arrows, forced the ocean-god to agree to support a bridge.

The bridge thus constructed was called Shetbandha, and was one hundred *jojans* long and ten *jojans* broad. The whole army passed over it with ease, and then encamped near the Subala mountains, tidings of their entry into the island being communicated through Hanumán to

Sita in the Asoka grove. Intermediately Ráma acquired a valuable coadjutor in Vibishana, one of the brothers of Rávana, who, being a worshipper of Vishnu, was not a Buddhist, and who was also inimical to the island-king as looking askance on his throne. He excited the ire of Rávana by proposing the restoration of Sita, upon which he was kicked and expelled from Lancá, and at once came over to Ráma, by whom he was proclaimed king in place of Rávana.

Many evil omens were also seen at Lancá at the same-time that the invading army entered it. The heavens exhibited themselves in flames, lightnings flashed incessantly, heavy thunder was heard in every direction, showers of blood and flesh dropped from the clouds, asses were brought forth by cows and cats by mice, the image of Bhaváni wore a constant and horrible smile, and crows, kites, and vultures hovered around as if expecting to be fed. But these signs did not affect the nerves of Rávana. He knew that he had a large and disciplined army, and that his generals were all of tried worth, the best among them being his own son Indrajit. He had great confidence also in Prahasta, his commander-in-chief; his brother Kumbha-karna had the reputation of invincibility; and the chiefs of lesser name, like Kálnema, were innumerable. The surrender of Sita, when formally asked for, was for these reasons rejected with scorn. The demon-army then marched out of the city, striking up their kettle-drums and instruments of war. They were mounted at hap-hazard on buffaloes, camels, lions, elephants, asses, hogs, and wolves; and were armed with swords, tridents, clubs, bows, arrows, maces, and spears. The arms of their opponents were trees torn up by the roots, huge rocks, and their own nails and teeth which had been sharpened as swords for the fight.

The first engagement was of words, both the monkeys and the Rákshases abusing each other heartily; and this is the way the Hindus commence their contests up to the present hour. The monkeys then began an earnest attack with trees and stones, the Rákshases returning the compliment with their arrows. Rávana mounted the roof of

his palace to witness the engagement ; but eleven arrows were shot at him by Ráma, ten of which discrowned his ten heads, while the eleventh cut down his royal umbrella, whereupon Rávana was compelled to retire from shame, amid the jeers and remonstrances of his own wife, Mandádori. The slaughter on the field was so great that a river flowed from the blood that was shed, and a hill was formed of limbs and bones. After long fighting the monkeys began to give way, and eventually ran off ; but they were soon rallied and brought back by the valiant Sugriva, who put even Indrajit to flight, till the latter came back in a charmed chariot which made him invisible, whereby he was enabled to catch both Ráma and Lakshmana in a noose of serpents which had been given to him by Bruhmá. Ráma now summoned Garura, the deadly foe of serpents, to his aid, and at his sight the noose fell off and the serpents fled, whereby the brother-chiefs recovered their liberty.

The field was yet indecisive when Rávana entered it in person. Andromache-like Mandádori endeavoured to dissuade him from doing so, but he refused to listen to her. A thousand horses were harnessed to his car ; his ten heads appeared as ten mountains ; his teeth were as anvils : and his twenty hands had twenty different descriptions of arms to fight with. He came out with a vast army in his rear, and there was great battle on whichever side he pressed. There were also many single combats, but they were generally very indecisive. That between Ráma and Rávana ended by a crescent-shaped arrow of the former cutting off again the ten crowns from the latter's heads, upon which Rávana was again obliged to retire.

All the hopes of Rávana were now centred in his invincible brother Kumbha-karna, who slept six months at a time, and then awoke only for a day when nothing could withstand his power. He was awakened with difficulty, and then gave expressions to fearful dreams of imminent danger which had disturbed his sleep. He nevertheless fought with a stout heart ; but all his prodigious valor was of no avail. He had struck terror among

the monkeys and captured their chief Sugriva ; but at this moment Ráma succeeded in cutting off his head, and that raised a wail in the palaces of Lancá.

Indrajit, the valiant son of Rávana, again came forward in his magic car to retrieve the ill fortune of the day, and, invisible himself, he created great havoc in the monkey ranks. But the physician Sushena revived all the wounded by the juice of certain herbs fresh gathered from the summit of a hill called Rishaba, and a mountain called Gandhamadana, both of which were brought over bodily by Hanumán to the battle-field, on his failing to discover the herbs which were wanted. The case was thus bitterly summed up by Rávana and his counselors : " All the Rákshases are slain and never revive, but the monkeys that are slain rise up again to renew the fight." The fact is, all the inhabitants of the Dandaka forest, which extended from near Allahabad to Cape Comorin, were in arms against the little island of Ceylon. The disparity in numbers was too great to be made up by valor ; they closed the gates of Lancá in despair !

Then Ráma commanded the monkey-chiefs to go into Lancá and set fire to it, which was forthwith done. This brought out two nephews of Rávana and his son Indrajit to renew the fight ; but they came forth only to die. Rávana came out next to avenge them, but was so sorely beset by Ráma that he was compelled to go back. He then beseeched Sukra, the preceptor of the Rákshases, to help him with his advice ; and Sukra taught him certain *mantras* which, with a specified sacrifice, was to enable him to obtain weapons of fire that would make him invincible. But the spies of Ráma being on the alert, the monkeys, headed by Angada and Hanumán, broke open the palace-door and disturbed the rite, forcing Rávana to fly to the rescue of Mandádori who was laid hold of ; and so no aid came out of Sukra's charm.

But Rávana was unsubdued. With or without fire-arms he was determined to die game ; and he came out to the field and renewed his conflict with Ráma, and for a long

time fought on equal terms, victory inclining sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other. The fight was maintained without intermission for seven days and nights. The king of the demons bore a charmed life, for no sooner was one of his heads lopped off than another arose to replace it; till Ráma got hold of a sacred arrow which Bruhmá had made in times past from the spirit of all the gods, and which Ráma had received as a present from Agastya; and this pierced Rávana to the heart, going out of his back, whereby the bulwark of Buddhism was prostrated.

There was unusual jubilee at the triumph of Ráma, for the gods showered *parijata* flowers on him from heaven, the *gandharvas* struck up their musical instruments, and the *apsarás* danced. They all praised the son of Dasarath for having delivered them from the oppressions of the Buddha king, and Ráma stood on the plain, the observed of all observers, flushed with beauty and renown.

The restoration of Sita to her lord and his triumphant return to Oude do not require any notice here. The age of the war has been approximately laid down at between B.C. 1800 and 1700. Apart from its fabulous decorations it has every right to be regarded as a real and historical event.

#### V.—THE ADVENTURES OF HERCULES, OR BALÁRAM AND KRISHNA.

APPROXIMATE DATE, B.C. 1500.

HERCULES, says Diodorus, was born among the Indians, who, like the Greeks, armed him with a club and dressed him in a lion's hide. The learned are however not well agreed as to the particular Indian warrior who is to be identified with the hero of Thebes. Some consider Hercules and Balarám, or Ráma the third, to be the same, and the general representations of both very



much agree, Balarám being usually depicted with a club in one hand and a lion's skin thrown round the loins. The identity of names is greater with Krishna or Hari, the brother of Balarám ; and generally, the achievements of both Balarám and Krishna were akin to those of the Grecian warrior, partaking less of the character of great wars than of personal adventures undertaken against monsters, tyrants, and wild beasts. Jarásandhá, the ruler of Magadha, has also by some been put forward as the original Hercules ; and others again have held Viswadhanwa in that light. With the last however, the analogy holds good only in this, that both he and Hercules were afflicted with a loathsome and excruciating disease of which they died, while with the third the accordance is, if possible, still less, since Jarásandhá led a stationary life, as a great king with a fixed abode, while Hercules, like Balarám and Krishna, was constantly roaming about in search of adventures. We may regard Balarám and Krishna therefore, as jointly representing Hercules in India, their lives and actions being scarcely separable. As the Mahábhárut says : " Wherever Krishna is there will be the hero Balarám, in strength equal to ten thousand elephants, resembling the summit of Kailása, wearing a garland of wild flowers, and carrying a plough." The greatest achievements of Krishna were those interlaced with the history of the Pándavas, to which we shall separately refer. Apart from them the two brothers performed many deeds of valor in their wanderings, which may be here briefly noticed.

Ugrasena, the king of Mathoorá, having been deposed by his son Kangsa, the latter assumed the character of a merciless tyrant, and was both hated and feared. His father was a worshipper of Vishnu, while he himself paid homage to Siva, so that the struggle between them was virtually one of religions. The daughter of Ugrasena—according to some authorities his niece—was named Devaki, and was married to Vasudeva. Shortly after her marriage a voice came from heaven to Kangsa that a son of Devaki would destroy him. This decided his conduct towards the Jádavas, or the descendants of Jadu,

whom he followed with particular animosity, making several attempts to destroy them. Balarám, the first son of Devaki, was rescued by being brought up as the child of Rohini, another wife of Vasudeva. Krishna, the second son, was saved by Vasudeva flying with him across the Jumna and placing him under the care of Nanda, a cowherd, who, with his wife, Yasoda, brought him up as their own.

The pranks of the youthful prodigies need not be remembered. In one of them Krishna is described as obtaining a great victory on the banks of the Jumna over Káliya Nága, or the black serpent, which probably refers to one of the earliest wars of the Hindus with the Sákás or Scythians. The serpent was obstructing the passage of the river which Krishna had to go by. He therefore attacked him boldly, and, struggling hard with him, tore out his thousand heads and trampled him to death. Balarám was present by his side, but did not take part in the conflict. Shortly after, when Kangsa performed a sacrifice to Siva, both Balarám and Krishna went to Mathoorá, to witness the games, and Krishna having bent or broken the bow of Siva which no one could lift up, was watched with suspicion, whereupon the two brothers quarrelling with the warders fell upon them and killed them, and then made good their retreat notwithstanding all the endeavours of Kangsa to capture them. They made their appearance again in a wrestling match before the king, and again giving offence were ordered to be seized upon, which they slew all the wrestlers, Krishna signalizing himself further by attacking and slaying Kangsa himself, after which old Ugrasena, released from confinement, was replaced on the throne.

Kangsa left two widows, both daughters of Jarásandhá, and that large-armed warrior, collecting an enormous army, determined to revenge the death of his son-in-law. He held in alliance akin to subjection several princes only second to himself in fame, such as, Sisupála, king of Chedi, Bhagadatta, king of Kámroop, the kings of Banga and Pandra, and many others; and all these

were called together to give Krishna battle. He was also assisted by Kálá-Javana, the king of Ghazni, whom Wilford identifies with Deucalion, or Deo-Kala-Javana, who, joined by the Sákás and other barbarians of the north, entered India. Mathoorá was besieged eighteen times by Jarásandhá, the fight on the last occasion being continued for three days, after which Krishna was obliged to fly, and took refuge with his family and followers in Dwárká, a strong place on the sea-coast, in Guzerat. This appears to have been the only great reverse that Krishna ever met with. Balarám was the first to rally and return to Brindábun; and after him Krishna also came back.

The greatest war of Krishna was that with Kálá-Javana, who fought fifteen bloody battles with him, and nearly overcame and subdued him, till he was obliged to have recourse to artifice and deceit. Returning from Dwárká, Krishna, presented himself before Kálá-Javana alone, upon which the barbarian, rising in great rage, attempted to seize him. Krishna fled and Kálá-Javana pursued him, till they came to a cave where slept a giant named Muchucunda, a son of Mándhátá, who had aided the gods in defeating the *daityas*. The gods out of gratitude had directed Muchucunda to ask a boon, and the fatigued warrior, having wished for a long sleep, had obtained it, with this warrant of security that whoever awakened him would be destroyed by the fire of his eye. Krishna, knowing the secret, boldly entered the cave and and took his stand by the giant's head, when Kálá-Javana came in pursuing him, and seeing a man asleep struck him to awaken him. Muchucunda opening his eyes a flame darted from it and reduced Kálá-Javana to ashes, after which Krishna, gathering his forces, fell upon the Javanas and put them to the sword.

Another ally of Jarasandhá was Gonerdha, the king of Cashmere. He and his army were attacked by Balarám on the banks of the Jumna, and entirely defeated and cut up, Gonerdha himself being among the slain. His son, Dámoodara, tried to avenge his death, but was also killed. Notwithstanding these successes however,

neither Krishna nor his brother were able of themselves to subdue their principal opponent, Jarásandhá, against whom they were obliged to enlist the assistance of the Pándavas. These latter were anxious to celebrate the *Rájsuya* sacrifice, but were opposed in their wishes by Jarásandhá, who regarded himself as the lord-paramount of India. Krishna took advantage of the disagreement, and offered to make common cause with the Pándavas against the king of Magadha, and, this being agreed to, Jarásandhá was surprised in his capital, Báliputra or Pátáliputra, while resting after the conquest of the Práchi, and being simultaneously attacked by all his enemies, was defeated. Some accounts say that he was killed in single combat by Bheem; others that he was split asunder by Balarám and Krishna.

Krishna and Balarám also fought with Bánasur, or Rajah Bán, who ruled over Anga, the country bordering on the Ganges, east of Behar, and the remains of whose place of residence are shown to this day near Purneah. The war arose from the rape of Oosha, the daughter of Bánasur, by Oniroodha, the grandson of Krishna, whom the angry father captured and imprisoned. Krishna and Balarám came to rescue him, and three of Bánasur's cities were taken by Balarám and destroyed; but the quarrel was eventually settled amicably, by the marriage of Oniroodha with Oosha.

Another great achievement of Krishna was the conquest of Sankhásoora, a sea-monster. The wife of Kasya, the spiritual guide of Krishna, complained to him that the ocean had swallowed up her children near the plain of Prabhása, or the western coast of Guzerat, and supplicated him to recover them. Krishna hastened to the shore, and was there informed by the sea-god that Sankhásoora, or Panchajanya, had carried away the children. The palace of this monster was a shell in the ocean—perhaps a poetical conceit for a little island—and his subjects were cannibals or demons, who roamed by night and plundered the flat country, from which they carried off men, women, and children. The inference is that they were pirates, who lived on the sea-shore and made fre-

quent depredations inland for recruits and slaves. Krishna with an army of deities attacked and defeated them. He then pursued their chief through the sea, and after a prolonged conflict, in which the waters were violently agitated and the land overflowed, he drew out the monster from his shell, and slew him, carrying off the shell as a memorial of his victory, and using it ever after in battle as a trumpet. Not yet finding the children of Kasya, the victor went straight down to Yampuri, or hell, where the sound of the conch alarmed Yama, who, making his prostration, at once gave up the children sought for, upon which they were restored by Krishna to their mother.

Among the other acts and adventures of the brother-heroes were a great battle fought by Krishna with the bear Jambavat, whose daughter, Jambavati, he took to wife; another battle fought with the king of horses dwelling in the woods of the Junna; the destruction of a *dánava* bearing the form of a bull; the striking of a bleak rock with Aaron's wand, by Balarám, in the forest of Virát, to produce water to assuage the thirst of Koonti; the conquest of Naraka, an *asoor*, and the demolition of his impregnable fortress Prágjyotisha, which were achieved jointly; the destruction, in the same manner, of Sunaman, the second wicked son of Ugrasena, together with his whole army; and the slaughter of many *dasyas*, dragons, and *gandharvas*, both separately and together, at different times. In the war of the Kurus and the Pandavas Balarám refused to take part, while Krishna proposed that one party should accept his army and the other himself only, upon which the Pandavas took him and the Kurus his army. Throughout the war Krishna was the soul of the Pandava party. The only occasion when Balarám interfered was when Bheem, by an unfair hit, smashed the thigh of Duryodhon, upon which Balarám indignantly pointed out that the rule of fighting with the mace did not allow any stroke below the waist, and threatened to slay all the Pandavas for the blow, and actually pursued and chased them from the field till Krishna interceded for them and mollified him.

Nothing that we have noticed in this chapter actually refers to any *great war*; but the adventures of Hercules in India are held to indicate a turning point of Indian history, and therefore deserve to be noted. The events were all contemporaneous with the war of the Mahábhárut, some having occurred immediately before and some shortly after it.

VI.- THE WAR OF THE KURUS AND THE PÁNDAVAS.

APPROXIMATE DATE, B. C. 1150.

THE Mahábhárut gives details of the disunion between the Kurus and the Pándavas, who were cousins by birth and rivals for the throne of Hastinápore, a place which stood on the Ganges, about forty miles below Hurdwar. The common ancestor of the parties was Bhárat, who laid the foundation of the great *rāj* of Bháratbarsha, or, at all events, after whom India was so named. The twenty-fourth in descent from Bhárat was Vichitravirya, who dying without issue, Vyása, his half-brother, raised up seed to him by his widows and a slave, namely, Dhritaráshtra, the blind, by one widow, Pándu, the pale, (probably a leper) by another widow, and Vidura, who was with outblemish, by the slave. Both Dhritaráshtra and Pandu were brought up by their uncle, Bhishma, who had himself renounced the right of succession and taken the vow of a Brahmachári. The succession was also at first renounced by Dhritaráshtra on account of his blindness; and, Vidura being held to be disqualified on account of his base birth, Pándu was raised to the throne. He preferred however, the life of a forester to that of a king, and to indulge his passion for hunting, retired to the woods on the southern slope of the Himálayás, upon which the blind Dhritaráshtra was, with the assistance of Bhishma as regent, obliged to assume the reins of government. The sons of Dhritaráshtra were one hundred in number, of whom Duryodhan

was the eldest. The progeny of Pándu was less numerous, consisting of five sons only, who were poetically said to be begotten by the gods, namely, Yudhisthira by Dharma, Bheem by Pavana, Arjun by Indra, and Nakula and Sahadeva by Aswini-Kumára. The story was probably invented to cover some family disgrace; and, we read, that, on the death of Pándu, the Kurus openly asserted the illegitimacy of the Pándavas before their assembled kin. But the priesthood and old Dhritaráshtra befriended them; and, after having been brought up together under the paternal care of Dhritaráshtra and the instruction of Drona, a Bráhmaṇ, Yudhisthira, as the eldest son of the joint family, was installed as heir-apparent. The people afterwards went still further and invested him with the seal of royalty, holding that Dhritaráshtra by his blindness was not qualified to reign; and this led to the Pándavas being exiled by the Kurus, upon which they travelled in disguise, first to Varanvata, then to Ekachakia, and eventually to Panchála, the Bheel country, then ruled over by Draupada, where Arjun won the hand of Draupadi, the daughter of the king, who became the wife of all the brothers in common.

Strengthened by this alliance the Pándavas threw off their disguise, and the honor won by them induced Dhritaráshtra to recall them, and to settle all differences by dividing the kingdom between them and his own sons. The portion allotted to the Pándavas was called Khandavaprastha, within which they founded the city of Indraprastha, the ruins of which are shown to this day between modern Delhi and the Kootub Minar. The good management of the Pándavas soon made their new city more prosperous than Hastinápore, and this filled the Kurus with envy and hatred, which were heightened when Yudhisthira undertook to celebrate the *Rájsuya* sacrifice, and carried out his intent with the assistance of Krishna. This sacrifice implied an assertion of paramount sovereignty, and Duryodhon, the eldest son of Dhritaráshtra was therefore also anxious to perform it; but he was disqualified from doing so in the lifetime of his father, not being the head of his own family, and this

greatly increased his jealousy. Still plotting for the downfall of the Pándavas, he now invited them to a gambling match, and the wisest of them, Yudhishthira, fell into the snare. Tacitus refers to the gambling habits of the ancient Germans. They are, if possible, still stronger among the Hindus. Yudhishthira first staked and lost the throne of Indraprastha, and then, to recover it, staked Draupadi, who was taken by the Kurus as a slave. Still unsatisfied he staked twelve years of personal liberty; and losing throne, wife, and liberty, became a wanderer, along with his brothers, in the wilderness skirting the distant ocean.

Their term of banishment ended, the Pándavas came back and demanded the restoration of their rights. To this Dhritarashtra and Bhishma were agreeable; but Duryodhan indignantly rejected the claim, urging that the Pándavas had lost everything in the game for good, and not for any stipulated period, and could not now reclaim what they had lost. There was nothing for it now but to fight the matter out, and for this purpose a large army was collected on either side, after which both parties repaired to the plain of Kuru-kshetra (Tannessur) and entrenched themselves, Bhishma being appointed commander-in-chief of the Kurus, and Dhristadyumna, the brother of Draupadi, the commander-in-chief of the Pándavas. The number of grand armies on the side of the Pándavas was seven, and on the side of the Kurus eleven. The assistance of Krishna was claimed by both sides, upon which he offered himself to one party, stipulating that he would lay down his arms and abstain from fighting, and his army of one hundred million warriors to the other. The Pándavas chose the chief, while the Kurus accepted his army. Similarly, Balarám's assistance was also applied for; but he positively refused to mix himself up in the strife in any way, and so they were obliged to go without him. The great generals on the side of the Pándavas, besides themselves were Krishna, Draupada, Dhristadyumna, Sikhandina, Viráta, Satyaki, and Chekitána; while those on the side of the Kurus were Bhishmá, Karna, Salya, Kripa, Aswathámá, Drona, Somadatta,



Vikarma, and Jayadrátha. The war was, as all personal contests are, a war to the knife. There were eighteen days of combat, all of them distinguished by several single engagements, and by individual deeds of great prowess. "The father knew not his son, nor the disciple his preceptor," and the plains were strewn with heaps of the slain, amid the roar of heaven's artillery and the blaze of meteors which shot across the darkened sky. On the tenth day Blismana was slain, after a terrible conflict with Arjun, upon which the command of the Kurus was taken up by Drona. This made Arjun retire from the contest, from an unwillingness to contend with Drona, which gave a momentary advantage to the Kurus, who distinguished themselves particularly under the lead of Karna and Aswathámá. On the fifteenth day however, the fortunes of the day were retrieved by Dhristyadyumna, who fought with and destroyed Drona, upon which the command-in-chief of the Kurus was conferred on Karna, who renewed the fight. Karna was struck down by Bheem, but was rescued by Salva. This was followed by a general engagement, in which the Kurus were assisted by a fresh army of *Mlechhas* or barbarians. Then followed a personal combat between Bheem and Dushásana, one of the brothers of Duryodhan, who had insulted Draupadi in slavery, for which Bheem had vowed to drink his blood and kill him, which vow was now accomplished. On the seventeenth day there was a great conflict between Karna and Arjun, in which Arjun was wounded and stunned; but, the wheel of Karna's car coming off, Karna was obliged to leap down, and this enabled Arjun to kill him with an arrow. The last general-in-chief of the Kurus was Salva, who had only one day's command, being slain by Yudhishthira. His first encounter was with Bheem, in which both fought with the mace and were equally matched. In his subsequent contest with Yudhishthira he fared worse from the commencement, and was at first aided and rescued by Aswathámá, but was eventually killed. At this juncture Salva, a leader of the *Mlechhas*, pressed hard on the Pándavas, but was finally repelled and killed by Dhristya-

adyumna, and, the Pándavas rallying, the Kuru army was again broken. A temporary advantage was gained by them once more from a shower of arrows being discharged by Sakuni ; but the continual reverses that followed soon drove them almost entirely out of the field. A final charge made by Duryodhon was easily repelled, which led to a complete and general rout, upon which Duryodhon fled and concealed himself in a lake, while the only chiefs who remained on the field were Kripa, Aswathámá, and Kritavarman. Both the victors and the vanquished then made a search for the missing chief of the Kurus, who was at last discovered and pressed to return. But Duryodhon was so disheartened that he preferred to surrender the *rāj* to the Pándavas, and offered to retire to the desert. Yudhisthira, however, refused to accept the *rāj* except by conquest ; and, continuing to taunt Duryodhon, compelled him to come out. Duryodhon now agreed to fight singly with Bheem, and a tedious contest with clubs was carried on, till Bheem terminated it by striking a blow on Duryodhon's thigh, by which he was felled to the ground. The judges of the field declared this to be a felon stroke, as in club-fights no blow below the navel was allowed ; but the quarrel was terminated by Krishna proclaiming Yudhisthira to be the rightful king. Aswathámá, being determined to revenge the death of his father, Drona, now made a night attack on the Pándava camp, and killed a large number of warriors in their sleep. He also killed the sons of Draupadi mistaking them for her husbands ; and the news of these deaths revived Duryodhon for a moment, who complimented Aswathámá by saying that not even Blisma, Karna, or Drona had done such service to his cause as he had done. After this Duryodhon died, and the difference between the Kurus and the Pándavas was finally closed.

The war having terminated in favor of the Pándavas, the eldest of the brothers, Yudhisthira, was raised to the throne, and celebrated the *Aswamedh Yajña* which established his sovereignty. But they were all dissatisfied with their life in India, and particularly with the result of the war, which had well-nigh exterminated the fifty-six

tribes of Jadu ; and Arjun, having seen the shade of Vyása, was advised by him to abandon all worldly concerns, an advice which was accepted by all the brothers, who placed Parikshit, the grandson of Arjun, on the throne, and tried to return to their Scythian home. They are described as having attempted the passes through Nepal, but are said to have died on the way, one after another, with the sole exception of Yudhishthira and his dog, who in living form went together to heaven—by which Scythia of course is meant. Yudhishthira, the wise and the just, is the Ulysses of the story, with a dash of uprightness and integrity in his character which did not belong to any of the Grecian heroes. Bhcem resembles Ajax, and Arjun may be likened to Achilles, though not equally thin-brained. The whole war refers apparently to one of the earliest Scythic inroads into India, of which the date has been approximately fixed at B. C. 1450 or 1400, in which, after having settled in Upper Hindustan, the barbarians fought out a blood war among themselves, in which they were all but annihilated. All the great chiefs of India of the day, from Afghanistan to Cape Comorin, are mentioned as having joined the conflict on one side or the other ; so that, though the commotion was confined to the immediate neighbourhood of Hastinápore, it directly affected the remotest confines of the peninsula.

#### VII.—THE SCYTHIC INVASIONS.

##### DATES.—VARIOUS.

THE information available in regard to the Scythic invasions is too vague to be made use of. A fondness for establishing a new hypothesis has led several writers to exalt the importance of these inroads in very remote times ; but it does not appear that they were ever in reality anything better than the Mahratta raids of more recent eras, each a passing whirlwind of great fury that

left no trace but of the devastations it made. These expeditions were however very frequent, and were probably so even before the date of the Mahábhárut. Wilford, in the *Asiatic Researches*, refers to one invasion in B. C. 2000, when Rajah Báhu, the king of India, was defeated by them, till his son Ságara repelled the invaders with his *agni-astram* or fire-arms. The best known of the invasions however was that of Oghuz Khan, the predecessor of Chingez, whose era has been supposed to be somewhere between B. C. 1800 and 1600, though some make it yet more ancient, and who is said to have first conquered Irak or Babylon, Azerbaijan, and Armenia, and then turned his arms towards India, of which all the northern provinces, namely, Kabool, Ghazni, and Cashmere were subdued. The first two provinces were easily conquered; but at Cashmere he was obstinately opposed by a king named Jagma, (assumed by those who give Oghuz Khan an older era than between B. C. 1800 and 1600, to be the same as Jamadagni, the father of Parusrám,) who fortified and defended all the mountain-passes leading to the country, and thus retarded the progress of the enemy for one whole year. At the expiration of that period however, Oghuz Khan succeeded in defeating his opponent, and pursued his army with great slaughter. A great part of the inhabitants of Cashmere were also slaughtered, Jagma himself being of the number, after which Oghuz Khan retired to his own dominions.

The path being thus opened, the Scythians, whose sole object was plunder, repeated their inroads as often as they chose, devastating all the country of the Punjab; nor is it impossible that they occasionally penetrated into the more southern and south-eastern provinces, which lay open to them and promised a rich booty. When Cyaxares, the Median king, defeated the Scythians under Madyes, a great portion of them dispersed precipitately and endeavoured to secure settlements in the neighbouring regions, and some of these are supposed to have penetrated into the western and central districts of India. Kiun and Ay, or the sun and moon, the sons of Oghuz Khan, also succeeded in entering the country in

the same direction, on the empire of the Moguls in Tartary being subverted by the Tartars; and, at a later date, the serpent or Takshak race forced their way still further inwards, as is implied by the word *Nága*, or serpent, occurring so frequently in the annals of Central India. It is believed that the Takshaks penetrated even into the Deccan, establishing their first settlement in it on the site still called Nagpore. But all this is mere surmise: we have no authentic accounts of their wars, or of the era in which they were waged.

#### VIII.—THE PERSIAN INVASIONS.

##### DATES.—VARIOUS.

OF the Persian invasions the first is said to have been led by Cyrus, who, Xenophon says, made the Indus the eastern boundary of his empire. The Persian writers go further and assert that Roostum, the general of Cyrus, carried on a war of long continuance in the heart of India, subdued the whole country, and dethroning the sovereign, raised another chosen by himself, who founded a new dynasty. The king of India appears, in this latter account, first as an ally of Afrásaib, the king of Turán or Tartary, against Cyrus, and is said to have been defeated along with Afrásaib at Khárisim, on the banks of the Oxus. This victory having extended the dominions of Persia on the east as far as Siestan and Zábulistán, gave Roostum an immediate passage into the heart of India, which, it is asserted, was fully availed of. But, happily for the repose of India afterwards, the fury of Cambyses, the successor of Cyrus, was directed towards Ethiopia, Lybia, and Egypt; and so little concern was felt for India by the Persians that, by the time of Darius Hyastaspes, all the knowledge previously acquired by them in regard to it was entirely forgotten, which led to the exploration of the country about the Indus by Scylax before a fresh invasion of it was attempted.

The project of Darius was based on an envy of the maritime genius of the Grecians and of the great naval arrangements fitted out by them. He determined to construct a Persian navy of equal strength, and, on its being formed, to test its efficiency he directed Scylax to sail with it down the Indus, ascertain the exact point where the river met the ocean, and then, coasting along the Persian and Arabian shore, enter the Red Sea and sail up to the point whence Necho, king of Egypt, had despatched his fleet to sail round Africa. This hazardous navigation was accomplished by Scylax, and the information furnished by him in respect to India emboldened Darius to invade that country, all the western provinces of which were conquered. But no details of the wars which must have been fought are known. Herodotus only says that India was one of the countries that paid tribute to Darius; and, as the tribute is said to have amounted to nearly a third of the whole revenue of the rest of the Persian dominions, the inference is that a large part of India was conquered. The Persian historian, Mirkhond, asserts that Isfundear (Xerxes) the son of Darius, compelled all the princes bordering on the Indus to renounce idolatry and embrace the religion of Zerdosht; and as he is said to have marched southward so far as to reach the shore of Guzerat to see the Indian Ocean, his line of conquest would seem to have been pretty extensive.

After the times of Darius and Xerxes, a nominal supremacy over India was arrogated by the Persian kings, and the Persian historians assert that tribute was paid; but the Indians east of the Indus frequently mentioned to the followers of Alexander that they had never before been invaded from the west; and, putting this and that together, it would seem that even the conquest of Darius did not leave much permanent impression far beyond the Indus, while that of Xerxes was probably no better than a raid or marauding expedition that left no mark behind it. We read indeed that Indian troops served under both Xerxes and Darius Codomanus against the Greeks; but this does not necessarily imply the exercise of

sovereign authority by the Persians in India, for it has been explained by Arrian that the Persians hired mercenaries from India to fight for them. This at least may be fairly assumed that, after the time of Darius, there was no great war with India from the direction of Persia, till we come to the invasion of Alexander the Great.

## THE SONS OF JUPITER.

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THE sons of Jupiter were at all events numerically less strong than his daughters, though it does not appear that he was in the habit of devouring his male issue as old Saturn was.

Apollo, the son of Jupiter and Latona, was the god of all the fine arts including poetry and music, and also of medicine. He was moreover the deity who inflicted plague and pestilence, which was part and parcel of his medical attributes ; and it is in this character that he appears in the first book of the Iliad when, "fired to vengeance at his priest's request" "bent was his bow the Grecian hearts to wound," whereupon

" On mules and dogs the infection first began,  
And last his vengeful arrows fixed on man."

Mars was older than Apollo, but Jupiter loved the latter best. Juno, the mother of Mars, had apprehended with the intuition of a stepmother, that this would be so, and tried to prevent the birth of Apollo altogether, by putting difficulties in the way of Latona getting a resting place during her labors. At last Delos received her, and Apollo was born.

Like all the Greek gods, Apollo was extremely amorous, but it does not concern us to chronicle all his love-adventures here. His first love for Daphne is a poetical conceit. Daphne stands for Fame, which all poets love, but which is so scarcely found. Apollo saw and burned ; but the nymph fled before him. He pursued, he begged, he entreated ; but the lady would not listen, and was not to be overtaken. In her fear she stretched forth her hand to her father, Peneius, for protection, and the nymph became a tree, the laurel. And so have all the pursuers of Fame found her. Be the chase ever so eager and hotly pursued, the thing attained consists only of a bunch of bay leaves, or at best a statue or a monument.



Apollo's pursuit of Cassandra is well known. Prophecy, or good advice, unaccompanied by love or kind feeling is never listened to, and Cassandra's predictions, however well-founded, never received any attention. She had obtained from the god the best of the accomplishments he could confer, but not a conciliatory manner; and no one therefore cared for her instructions. We see this often in life. Many school-masters are very erudite, but their pupils derive no benefit from their teachings, because of the want of that manner which endears.

The only celestial amour of Apollo was with Calliope, the muse of fair voice and heroic poetry; and the fruit of his connection with her was Orpheus, whose strains moved rocks and stones and the magnates of Hell. Another great son of Apollo was Æsculapius, so famous for his knowledge of the healing art; but the mother of the First Doctor—Coronis—was not very faithful to the god, as she was detected in the arms of a Hæmonian youth, by that unimpeachable witness, the raven, who was then white, but was changed into a black color for his officiousness, by the very god whom he had wished to serve. Between husband and wife no one should presume to interfere, nor between lover and mistress. Lovers do not like to receive the proofs of their ladies' infidelity forced on them.

Apollo figures constantly in the pages of Homer, both in the heavens and among men. Following the example of Minerva on the Grecian side, he is frequently seen inciting the Trojans to the war. In the first day's battle, when Ulysses by his bravery makes the Trojans waver and even Hector himself to give ground, when

"Seized with affright the boldest foes appear,  
Even godlike, Hector seems himself to fear,"

Apollo cries out from the citadel to remind his partizans that

"The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more."

The bards and prophets were his especial favorites, and were taught by him. In the *Odyssey* Demodocus, being inspired by Apollo, sings of what he had not seen or heard.

Mars was the son of Jupiter and Juno, though some authorities maintain that he was the son of Juno alone, that goddess having been particularly fond of dispensing with the services of her husband in the procreation of children, though her good name has never been necessarily questioned. In the case of Hebe it was the eating of lettuces that impregnated her; in the case of Mars the same result was attained by smelling a flower, which would be paid for by its weight, not in gold but in diamonds, if it could now be discovered and made known. The tutor of Mars was Priapus; and the pupil was apt in catching the lessons he received from so famous a master, though the only redoubtable tale of his amours is that of the intrigue with Venus, his brother's wife. As god of war Mars is always represented as fond of tumult and strife; but his valor and fury make no head against skill and prudence even in fable, and not only Minerva, but even a mortal, Diomedes, guided by Minerva, drives him wounded from the field of battle, groaning to the skies. Fear, terror, and strife are his children, and very properly so; but he is also the father of Harmonia, a very good story to teach that harmony in the universe arises out of disorders.

One remarkable circumstance connected with the history of Mars is that he was tried in a mortal court of justice, the court of Arcopagus, by mortal judges, on the charge of homicide, he having killed a son of Neptune for having offered violence to his daughter Alcippe. Mars was acquitted, as it was a clear case of justifiable homicide. If even gods were tried by men why do the Europeans in this country raise such a howl on every occasion on which a nigger sits in judgment over them!

The Roman legend of Rhea Sylvia is well known. All heroes and gladiators were particularly anxious to claim Mars for their sire, and cared little if it tarnished their mother's good name; and this weakness finds a parallel in many a tale both of the east and the west. Bastardism has never been a reproach when carrying the impression of nobility with it. In our own times there have been many men who boasted of having been

begotten, for instance, by George IV, or Lord Byron, or other titled scamps of the same school.

Vulcan was the son of Jupiter and Juno ; but, as in the case of Mars, some contend that he was born of Juno alone, so that that discreet matron is, by some authorities at least, credited with three children—Mars, Vulcan, and Hebe—not begotten of her husband. Vulcan was born lame, say some writers, and was for that reason thrown into the sea by his own mother. But others would have it that he was kicked out of heaven by his father, for attempting to unfasten the golden chain by which his mother had on one occasion been manacled by her husband who refused to be henpecked, and that he broke his leg by the fall. But the heavens could not do without the artist, since the gods had as much need of houses, furniture, ornaments, and arms as men. Vulcan however, would listen to no compromise ; an unceremonious kick is not easily forgotten. At last a trick was played on him, that trick which ever since has had so much influence on artists in particular, in all countries. Bacchus got him intoxicated, the grapes' juice was irresistible and unresisted ; and Vulcan went back to heaven and was reconciled to his parents : and perhaps this was the only instance in which the grapes' juice did a good thing, and did it well. In later life Vulcan became more wary in respect to interference in the disputes of his parents. In Book I, *Iliad*, he only interposes to restore peace between them.

"The feast disturb'd with sorrow Vulcan saw,  
His mother menaced and the gods in awe ;  
Peace at his heart and pleasure his design  
Thus interposed the architect divine !  
'The wretched quarrels of the mortal state  
Are far unworthy gods of your debate.'"

The character of Vulcan was on the whole exemplary, that is, as compared with that of the other gods generally. We have noticed elsewhere his attempt to ravish Minerva ; and, besides being married to Venus, he is said to have had two mistresses in Charis and Aglaia. What he was particularly distinguished for was his handiwork. All the habitations of the gods were made by him ; also all

their chariots and arms. At the request of Jupiter he made the first woman, Pandora, to deceive Prometheus, to whom she brought a boxful of sorrows and distempers, which must have since multiplied on the earth a million-fold, since no big-sized Treasury chest will now contain the whole of them. He also made brass-footed bulls for Helius, king of Colchis ; a brazen man for Minos ; gold and silver dogs for Alcinous ; a collar for Hermione, the wife of Cadmus ; a sceptre for Agamemnon ; one shield for Hercules and another for Achilles ; and for himself, the old lascivious dog made golden maidens who waited on him. It would seem that the artist was a regular dollmaker in his day, and as he was able to endue his dolls with reason and speech he would have made his fortune in our own puppet show times. It was mainly for his art and design that he was tolerated in heaven, where he was the butt of all the wags as the great cuckold of the age, even his own wife joining in the ridicule against him. But he was a quiet cuckold, and never made use of his horns. He caught Mars and Venus nicely, but all he did was to forge an invisible net around them and so to expose them to the jeers of the Olympian public, some of whom laughed at him for his trouble, and said that they would not care for the predicament Mars was in, if they could share in the offence.

Hermes was the son of Jupiter and Maia. He was a thief from his birth, and tried his 'prentice hand' on the oxen of the gods which were under the care of Apollo. The little fellow was then yet in his cradle-cloths, but on being taxed with the theft stoutly denied it, and the case was regularly contested in the High Court of Olympus, before old Jupiter himself, who would not leave it in the hands of any of the minor judges. Hermes also stole the quiver and arrows of Apollo, the trident of Neptune, the girdle of Venus, the sword of Mars, several instruments of Vulcan, and the sceptre of Jupiter ; and the father of gods and men, being quite charmed with his dexterity, made him his messenger or herald, without any competitive examination, though he had at first intended to make the selection by the B. A. test. He also

made him his confidanté, and as such Hermes learnt the art of love-making in the best school. His own amours were necessarily numerous, and he was the father of a plentiful progeny as distinguished as himself, including Autolycus, the thief, and Priapus.

As a matter of course Hermes was the god of pick-pockets and thieves ; he was also the god of merchants : but it does not necessarily follow that the ancient Greeks prized all three as of equal worth—since mercantile morality was not so low in the old world as we find it in our own. He was also the patron saint of declaimers and orators, which qualifications were justly appraised by the Greeks as mere gammon and claptrap, even though they had, and could have, no inkling of the oratory now rampant in Calcutta, which is so full of Patriots, *i. e.*, patriots of the “squeaking,” the “screeching,” and the “gibbering” classes. Offerings of milk and honey were made to him as god of eloquence, but his admirers of the present day appear to feed entirely on curd and vinegar. The Greeks and Romans offered him tongues by throwing them into the fire, a devotion which should find imitators among our long-tongued friends here, who battle in season and out of season merely to see half a column of newspaper writing attached to their names.

The illegitimate sons of Jupiter were many, but do not require any notice in this place, except Bacchus, who was made a god even before he ceased to be a man, for the grand discovery he made of wine. All countries claim him as their own ; the Osiris of Egypt and the Siva of India being held to be identical with the son of Semele. So great an authority as Jupiter himself is made to say in the *Iliad* that Bacchus was born “a joy to mortals.” In Greece the orgies of Bacchus were celebrated with great extravagance, and also with great indecency. Royal maids and matrons joined the carousals, and of course surrendered their persons freely to their male associates. This is proved by the admission of Xuthus in Ion, before the Delphic oracle :

“Didst thou approach any illegitimate nuptials ?

“Ay, in the folly of youth,

“ Before you wedded with the daughter of Erectheus ?

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Ay, with the Mænads of Bacchus.

“ In thy senses, or overpowered with wine ?

“ Amid the delights of Bacchus.”

These delights have been familiar to India from the earliest times. We read that the *amrita* was churned out of the ocean and was shared by the gods, being withheld from the *asoores*—or ahoors, as our orientalist would now have it—by deceit. But the gods were circumvented, and the men did get possession of it after all, though the name *amrita* was possibly changed. An Egyptian story says that Bacchus during his Indian expedition turned a river that was running blood into wine, and that the Indians drank of it, became mad drunk, and fell asleep, upon which their country was easily conquered. The miracle must have been subsequently reversed, for by the time of Chandragupta the draught of immortality had apparently become scarce in India, the river of wine had dried up. We read that one of his sons, Amitraghâta applied to Antiochus Soter, his maternal uncle, to send him a supply of Greek wines, and ever since the slang name of *Mâmârbâree* (maternal uncle's house) has been applied to the wine-shop by all our oriental *savâns*. But the visits to *Mâmârbâree* were never so frequent as they have become since the advent of the English with that remarkable sign of their civilization—the brandy bottle. Of course Bacchus made a progress through the world to instruct mankind, and he must have roamed through the best part of it by this time. The playmates of Bacchus in youth, were the Satyrs, a very significant lesson for young beginners. The Muses also moved in his train. This is rather startling, but not the less true. Our best men, the leaders and conductors of human thought and intelligence, are but abject slaves of their passions, and inordinately addicted to the wine-cup. But we had better top here, or all the Egreiouses of Bengal will be up in arms against us.









# THE BARODA YELLOW-BOOK.

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## OPINION OF THE PRESS.

MOOKERJEE'S BARODA YELLOW BOOK —Mookerjee was in absent from March last but has compensated the delay by producing a paper on the Baroda question, which will amply repay perusal. Although we do not subscribe to all that our contemporary has written on the subject, we cannot withhold from him the admiration so eminently due to him for the vigour, fulness, and boldness with which he has handled the subject. He delights in digressions—this is his habit, but the digressions are generally, pleasant. Each digression is a picture by itself and we wish we had space for the more vivid of these digressions in the paper before us—it is about the Indian bar. [After many columns of extracts.]

We have not space for more extracts. The literature of the Baroda question is already very bulky, and tries one's patience to go through it, but Mookerjee's Yellow book is an important contribution to it. It is written in strong language, and some of his views and theories are opposed to those of moderate men, but he has written in honest good faith, and although his writings cannot influence the current of events simply because he is out of date, his paper will render material assistance to the future historian.—*The Hindoo Patriot*

If we have always admired Mookerjee and his *Magazine*, we did not expect such a fine thing as his present Baroda number, even from him. Whether in point of interest, research, logic, wit, and grace of style, it can rank with the best of European productions. It is fearless in its tone, profound in its researches, precise in its arguments, happy in its expressions and exhaustive in its range. We are grateful to him for this brilliant production, and we can only express our gratitude by recommending every body to purchase a copy.—*Amrita Bazar Patrika*.

THERE is no pretence of loyalty in the Baroda number of *Mookerjee's Magazine*. The intense hatred of British rule which breathes in almost every line of the pamphlet is even startling, accustomed though we may be to the distillations of the more candid of the native organs of opinion. There is abilty as well as

force and bitterness in the bill of indictment drawn up against England, and it will doubtless serve its purpose of lashing into fury the enmity of many of our native fellow-subjects. We really admire the candour and boldness of the writer; his language may be here and there exaggerated, but he has certainly hit not a few blots, and if he has done harm by exciting the passions of our foes, he has also done us good—just as a bitter tonic is more efficacious than a mere soothing syrup. Lip-loyalty is odious to those who do not believe that it accurately represents the inner feelings, and dangerous to the credulous fools who swallow it all as gospel. It would be pleasant to know that British rule was universally beloved and respected in India, but if such be not the case, it is certainly advantageous to learn from the candour of our foes that there does exist a necessity for keeping our swords bright and keen in their scabbards. The official atmosphere in India is so filled with the fumes of lip-loyalty and slavish adulation that responsible authorities may almost be pardoned for not seeing, through this smoky fog, things as they really are. Officials, moreover, are directly interested in representing the outlook to be bright and clear, even if they know themselves to be enveloped in a delusive and dangerous fog, for if they report the existence of discontent and disloyalty, they indirectly accuse themselves of bad management in having brought about so undesirable a state of things. It is always necessary to find a scapegoat who is to be made responsible for all and every disease in the body politic, and few are willing to offer themselves as voluntary sacrifices by dwelling upon the existence of unfavourable symptoms in the patient they are endeavouring to doctor and are expected to cure. Constitutional causes of disease, such as antagonism of race, religion, custom, interests, &c., are not allowed for in such cases, and the man who cannot cry “all’s well” at all times is condemned as an incapable blockhead. But although there are various reasons why we should admire and approve the candour exhibited in publications like the one under consideration, it may be suggested with some degree of plausibility that the Government of India, having once satisfied itself that disloyalty is not yet extinct in the country, and knowing what its own great strength is, should exercise a parental discretion in removing out of the reach of the people it is bound to protect publications which are eminently calculated, if not expressly designed, to create a conflagration which could only be quenched in the blood of ignorant persons, who, not knowing what the real strength of the British power is, and attributing the license of the writers to the weakness of their rulers, are led onward in the path which terminates in the precipice of insurrection.

The following extract is not complimentary to England, but it might do good if it only opened the eyes of our statesmen to the fact that British diplomacy in Europe and elsewhere is not lost sight of by native watchers, and that it has not added to the prestige which constitutes so important an element in our rule of India: “England, however she may be over-reached or bullied by other Great Powers, has in India a fine field for compensation by practising on smaller fry conduct she has to submit to from the political whales of the West. It might be taken for granted that she would make the most of the advantage. Yet,

according to all noble precedents, she is proper and peaceful—benevolent to the last degree. They are all, all honorable ladies and gentlemen. The Empire is Peace. Peace—Peace—alas! where there is no Peace!" Few natives either can or will understand that the protection which the Paramount Power in India extends to the ruling Chiefs and Princelings of the country justifies an interference in their internal affairs which would be monstrous if applied to independent Powers, whether great or small, European or Asiatic. 'There is a *quid pro quo* in politics as well as in business transactions of other kinds. Besides it is manifestly absurd to say that the political whales of the West oblige England to submit to interference; her position and obligations compel her to exercise in India. When, oh Mookerjee! has any foreign Power dictated to England the regulation of her internal affairs? Thy hatred of British rule rather than thy ignorance leads thee to tell thy less intelligent countrymen the things that are not strictly true.

The following is a temperate criticism of Lord Northbrook's action in the Baroda matter. "We were startled by the intelligence of a still worse—absolutely shocking—outrage. It is no less than the arrest by the emissaries of our Government of an independent sovereign in his own capital. India stands transfixed in wonder and awe, as the greatest Indian Prince stands a prisoner awaiting trial or rather confirmation of sentence. Never, perhaps, since Briton set foot on Asian soil has the Government of India been so audacious. Never Kaiser or Mogul dreamed of things the Viceroy of the distant Queen of England has accomplished. The pretensions of the British Government baffle the imagination. No sovereign in India has stretched his authority so far as Lord Northbrook. Perhaps the history of international relations does not afford a single precedent of the kind. No sovereign, however powerful, has before now assumed the right to seize in his own territory the person of another sovereign however humble. Sovereigns have before been seized and deposed—even killed, but that was in a state of war. Sovereigns have before been mobbed and seized and brought to trial and beheaded, but only by their own subjects—an infuriated population. Here, in a state of profound peace, without a rupture between the two Governments or notice of rupture, has the Indian Government, by a simple fiat, assumed the right to depose at will Princes in treaty with it—its good and trusty allies—and bring them to trial like any of its subjects. What is the independence of Native States worth after that? What is the value of the mass of treaties between those States and our Government, which in print occupy eight volumes in Mr. Secretary Aitchison's compilation?" Whatever may be the opinion of the native public on the Baroda case, it might, we think, be adequately expressed in terms less "inflammatory" in their nature. It must not be supposed, from the space we have given to the subject, that we attach any undue importance to the opinions and utterances of *Mookerjee*; but as one of the leading organs of native opinion in Bengal has already spoken in complimentary, though guarded, terms of the pamphlet in question, we feel justified in drawing attention to what may help more or less in spreading discontent and disloyalty, and in asking the Government of India where it proposes to draw

the line between treason and lawful criticism of its acts and its general policy.—  
*The Indian Statesman*, (Calcutta and Bombay.)

NATIVE OPINION OF BRITISH POLICY.

*The Baroda Coup D'Etat*,

CHARACTERIZED AS A BLUNDER ON A GIGANTIC SCALE.

WANT OF SYMPATHY BETWEEN THE RULERS AND THE RULED.

KNOWLEDGE is a keen-edged weapon, and our native subjects have got possession of it, and have also learnt the use of it, and they can use it dexterously withal. Yes, they know how to use the weapon even against those who have put it into their hands, and to make it felt too. We have hardly forgotten the ratiocinations of Ranga Charlu who not long ago condemned the British administration of Mysore in unmistakable terms. We have heard what the late Jeya Ram Row had to say of the British as a nation and as our rulers. Although his diatribes were set down as maniacal hallucinations, yet they represented to a great extent the inner feelings of the better classes of thinking natives: and Englishmen too, cannot forget how the famous "Naidar" of Madras braved the British Lion in his own den. Well these are mere beginnings, and as they come forth from the "benighted" Presidency where the 'mild Hindu' predominates, they may not suggest any serious reflections in the minds of our rulers. But turn we further north, nearer the scene of the memorable Mutiny of '57, we find the case is far worse. Look into the Magazine now lying before us. Intense hatred of the British rule manifests itself in every line of its 170 pp. We shall review the number at length at some future date. It certainly deserves more than a passing notice. The Magazine endeavours to prove that the whole of the Baroda business was a blunder from beginning to end. The language used is severe and bitter. While in many places the utterances are sensible, in other places they border on sedition. But this is excusable, as in an animated discourse infused with feelings wrought up to the highest pitch, a candid and vivid writer as Mookerjee can hardly be expected to avoid seditious observations. For our present purpose we shall append an extract from the Magazine. Let Mookerjee speak for himself, although we do not give in to all that he says:—

"The evil of British power in India, as well as its inherent weakness, lies in the absence not only of the ties of close ethnic and religious consanguinity—these are not practically of so much consequence as bigots are apt to fancy—but of those other important artificial ties which result from moral and political affiliation between the rulers and the ruled. It is a power essentially foreign, not only in origin but throughout its progress. The people did not found it,—it does not depend on the people for its maintenance. It is a Government over, rather than of, India. It is an oligarchy of foreigners, deliberately, or by disposition, isolated from the people. Sympathy is a plant too delicate to grow

under such circumstances. A magnificence which in some important respects, is independent of the people, they cannot be expected much to care for. They are not likely to be proud of achievements—in arms or policy—in which *they* are nowhere—to feel a lively personal interest in the aggrandisement of a power and authority *they* do not share.”—*The Calicut and Wynnad Observer*.

WE don't think we ever read such unmitigated outspoken criticism, verging on treason if not overstepping the boundary, as Mookerjee's Baroda number. But the style is good and the language admirable, every word flowing easy and yet each brief sentence is acutely incisive. As to reason or logic, they are most cleverly parodied. The writer seems to have studied Comte to some purpose and such a torrent of sophism never before carried all sober fact before it clear out of sight.—*The Athenaeum and Daily News*, (Madras.)

OUR BARODA NUMBER.—The ordinary monthly numbers of Babu S. C. Mookerjee's *Magazine* are generally well worth the money they cost, and are not seldom written with more than ordinary ability, but in his more pretentious *double* and *treble* numbers he falls short of the mark in a manner which suggests painful reflections. We should like to know who ever advised the Babu to commit himself to two such publications as the *Military Tragedy (Nana)\** or *Our Baroda Number*? The first is stupid enough but withal harmless, the second is equally stupid, but among men of Radha Bazar standard of culture, might prove mischievous.

There is a class of writers, but for the credit of the Indian Press let us admit that they may have the vice although they do not have the number of the Seriptural Legion, who fancy that a vapid imitation of the style of Junius, with a large supply of personal vituperation constitutes political writing—and this is just what indigenous political writers in India have come to. If a third rate English country Attorney turned a politician, he would write a pamphlet very much in the manner of *Our Baroda Number*, but he would write from an English, and not a Bengali, point of view, and that, we must add, would be due to accessories for which an Indian indigenous writer cannot be blamed.

Here is the manifesto of the writer's morality :—“Hereditary rulers do not allow themselves to be captured by Police and hauled up before Magistrates. They do not look out for *mooktears*, or send for eminent lawyers, or assist at the preparation of briefs.”

\* It is a curious coincidence, and a proof of the worthlessness of Anglo-Indian criticism (whether published in this country or disguising itself in the columns of the *Times* or the *Saturday Review*) particularly on native Indian English literature, that the tragedy in question, *The Nana*, in *Mookerjee's Magazine* is the work of an Englishman, who, besides contributing to the *Magazines* in England and the papers in India, is a contributor to the *Civil and Military Gazette* itself. Any critic worthy of the name would have discovered in the drama unmistakable internal evidence of its being a European composition. Apart from the familiarity with military life and details shown by the author, no native, however degraded, could pen such a libel against his race. A critic of common impartiality would have hailed the *Nana* as a proof of the determination of the conductors of the *Magazine* to represent fairly the views and literature of India, Native and European.—Berigny & Co., Publishers.

We wondered for a time as to what the writer was driving at, and whether he was only attempting a fancy sketch of "Hereditary rulers," under painful circumstances, but it occurred to us after a very little reflection that he was going to point a moral, for he proceeds :—

"They sooner die! Here is a sentiment which would receive the applause of Radha Bazar politicians! This is just the clap-trap heroism of men who have read of heroes and martyrs, but who prefer only to read them.

We have given an instance of the writer's moral spasm, but here is something like a political spasm which would only be permitted in a Native Gentleman who, after having attended meetings of the Calcutta Municipality, or the less dignified assembly of the Indian Association, fancied himself a Burke, or a Charles James Fox :—

"Particularly, as the real Court lurked behind the screen at the back of the "open" box of the six jurymen—as the Commissioners may be called—it would have been best for the prisoner, for his counsel, to reserve his energies for a thorough exposure of the iniquity from top to bottom of the entire proceedings of the Government of India, as well as for a great discussion of the legal and moral rights of the action of the Viceroy, and to concentrate all his powers on an impressive appeal in behalf of his client on the highest constitutional and political grounds."

Is this an advice which the Gackwar should have followed as coming from a friendly quarter, or is this the sort of advice which Babu Mookerjee thinks worth a place in the pages of a magazine occasionally devoted to thoughtful writing? We do not object to the muddle in the construction of this long, windy and jagged sentence, but is the sentiment worth the ink, paper and printer's patience which its publication has cost?

The writer's estimate of the English, or rather the London Bar, is a piece of impertinence with which we laymen have only to do in a general way. He tells us that, "The Broughams and Plunketts have left themselves in their mantles." We do not quite understand this, but, as to that matter, there is a lot of other things in this pamphlet that we do not understand; we have heard of people disappearing in their boots, but what, in the name of common sense, is the process by which orators leave "themselves in their mantles? Is this a stage strick familiar to the gentlemen who practise in the Calcutta High Court, or is it only the freak of a deranged mind burning with political ardour? That the writer is familiar with the speeches of our great forensic orators and is a competent judge of their merits, is evident from the fact that he classes Talfourd with Charles Phillips and, impliedly, deploras the loss of that description of oratory of which the latter was avowedly the great master! But for the fact that we believe the writer to be honestly in earnest, we should have credited the following as an attempt on his part to disguise a very clever chaff :—

"There is now more true oratory in a French provincial city than in all the English circuits. O, for a Berryer! exclaimed we, as we read the measured

comments of Serjeant Ballantyne. And there is far more enthusiasm of advocacy. Mr. Ballantyne's is a type of the decorous English able advocacy.

The finger of scorn is a serious business, but the smile of contempt is the just due of rabid nonsense like the above.

Mr. Mookerjee would do well to leave writers of Military Tragedies and political-clap-traps to other publishers. The political writers, at present on his Staff, do not possess a thorough knowledge of their subjects to write well; they have not culture enough to write with good taste—they have not education enough to write correctly.—*The Civil and Military Gazette.*

In our original article on education, whilst speaking of this subject, we asserted that "those who read the native English periodicals will agree with us in this opinion." But it is quite evident that our adversary is not one of those who are guilty reading of native English periodicals. We will, however, direct his attention to his own favorite province, Lower Bengal, and ask him to read *Mookerjee's Magazine* for the month of May, which forms the most important contribution to that class of periodical literature during the present year. The publisher calls it, "Our Baroda Number," and we have reason to believe that the article which the number contains on the late deposition of Mulbar Rao has been read with feelings of profound respect, delight, and admiration by the numerous "educated natives"—the *alumni* of the Government educational institutions—throughout the whole of India. *Mookerjee's Magazine* is, we believe, the chief quarterly native English periodical of "Politics, Sociology, Literature, Art and Science;" and although the limits of our article will confine us to this periodical, yet our remarks may be safely taken to be applicable to the whole of that class of literature written, patronized, and read by "educated natives," whom our adversary has taken upon himself to defend. We do not wish to discuss the literary merits of this production, nor do we consider it necessary to point out the numerous violations of good taste and refinement which characterize the Magazine in question. Our only object at present is to prove the seditious spirit which underlies the composition. The spirit is, to use our own words, one of the "highest results which the Government educational system has yet attained." We will not delay our readers by attempting to demonstrate what can be proved best by quoting the Magazine itself. The state of feeling towards England appears from the following extract:—

\* \* \* \* \*

May we ask ANOTHER NATIVE whether such language is the emanation of a spirit of loyalty to the British Crown. Yet the whole article, which extends over no less than 247 octavo pages, is full of sentiments and opinions which none but a weak and deluded mind is capable of entertaining, and which a loyal British subject, who, to use the words of our adversary, "knows what his rulers have done for the country," should be ashamed to express. But it is not only in one ins-



## OPINION OF THE PRESS.

tance that we have to complain of the Magazine. The following extract will show the interpretation put by the writer upon the intentions of the Viceroy in appointing a Commission to try the accused Mulhar Rao :—

\* \* \* \* \*

As if Bengal was ever noted for great feats of arms ! We should be the last person to hold that public opinion should be checked in any way. Liberty of the Press is one of the greatest advantages of the British rule. But there is a limit to everything, and even a good thing can be overdone. The article on Baroda in *Mookerjee's Magazine* is the worst abuse of the liberty of the Press we have seen for a long time. Any other Government than the English would have suppressed the publication in question as a public nuisance. Our object, however, upon the present occasion is only to prove the spirit of sedition fostered by those whom the Government Department of Public Instruction boasts of having made "educated" men.—*The Pioneer*.

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THE able and out-spoken writer of the book under notice, Babu Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee, belongs to the same class of good or beneficent writers. His words may now taste acrid litter—why may, they are felt so already—some of the Anglo-Indian Editors have become excited at their perusal—some discern in them clear symptoms of treason—urging the Indian Government to take care and to prosecute the writer—thinking Mr. Mookerjee a particular enemy and intense hater of the British race. But if they could understand the true meaning, they would never have written in this strain—never thought like this. Were they not error-blind and hateur-blind, they would have regarded Mr. Mookerjee not as a foe but as a friend indeed. To unearth hidden faults and expose them in public is indeed the part of an enemy, but is it the same to point publicly at *prima facie* faults ? The public discussion of public acts is not the sign of unfriendliness. In such matters, specially, everybody has a right to criticism, for state affairs belong to the public community in general. Rather is it wrong to know an evil and to hush it up, for by such concealment may be caused many difficulties and dangers.

The examination of evils does not produce rebellion, but rather the omission to examine them, by progressively multiplying evils, become the unfailing cause of rebellion. Therefore the exposé of evils is no foe, but friend—the publicist is no traitor but preventor of treason.

There is hardly a public writer who has not commented on the strange Baroda drama. Editors, Native and European, all the host of correspondents and journalists and pamphleteers and politicians of all sorts—have one and all written on it more or less. No one has approved of the action of the Government of India—almost every body has denounced it. Some have taken exception to the appointment of native commissions, some to the propriety of a public trial—some have referred to the unexpired probation of the deposed Prince—others have pointed out other points—but on some ground or other all have blamed the Government. In our opinion, Mr. Mookerjee more and better than all has discussed the subject with subtilty and depth, and pronounced judgment on the

broadest and highest considerations. If in all his arguments and reasons he is not absolutely new, yet no one can deny that many of his arguments and reasons are fresh and original, and all propounded with new vigor and beauty and altogether presented in a new light. They are, besides, striking and valuable not simply from their novelty and beauty, but also most attractive from their substance. In other words, his arguments, proofs, illustrations, inferences, and conclusions are as true as they are original,—as irresistible as well-arranged. That in writing on so great a subject, the structure in every part and nook should be equally solid and convincing, is not to be expected of human pen. But that the praise is predicable of the greater part of his composition we unhesitatingly affirm. His division of subject and manner of treatment, his ideas and his style, are, all of the same high character. What command of the English language! What power of expressing the views of the educated classes of natives! What skill in representing the Native Princes! What familiarity with British and British Indian politics, and with politics and history in general! It is not we alone that say this. The well-known journal of England named the *Spectator*, in reviewing one of Mr. Mookerjee's books, writes:—

“Generally the author's exposition of native feeling is profoundly interesting and expressed with great force. We may add that he shows as keen an understanding of our politics, when his subject happens to bring him into contact with them, as could any writer of our own.”

But it is impossible that Baboo Sanbhu's contributions are wholly meritorious—absolutely irreproachable. The manly boldness of his writing everybody acknowledges, but many would qualify the epithet *bold* (or *independent*) by the particle “too.” Ever since the first flush of his youth, now long years back, when he became known as a magazinist—in that Magazine which, from various reasons, had no long career—we have been partial to his productions. Since then we are admirers of his powers of observation and survey, his shrewdness, his various and extensive erudition, above all his historic and political knowledge. Since then we are charmed by his patriotism. Since then, too, we know that on certain subjects his pen flows too impetuously—too ominously like the *Kirtināsā*—that is, a destroyer. In many cases that does great good—in many it does a little harm too. The minds of violent readers are apt to be carried by the stream on to extravagance, without the opportunity of the necessary halt and repose to see their proper way, or examine lieisurely the nature of the places and countries on the banks. The minds of the calmer sort are troubled by this doubt and scared away by this fear—lest they catch the hooded-serpent of exaggeration and are undone! The more so that the friends of India in England are divided into two or three classes. There are those among them who are ready to take pity on the poor subjects in India, but are not acquainted with the truth about their condition, and would not believe any but moderate complaints; in their opinion there is much in the state of India good, and but a very little, bad. Strong medicines are not suited to cure their prejudice. For them the physician must prescribe simple recipes of mild reasoning, employ palliatives of insinuated evi-

dence, mild tonics (auriferous compositions) of quotations of opinions and sayings of impartial writers among their own countrymen and British officials.

Mr. Mookerjee has well administered good doses of the latter description of remedies. But he has not been so careful with the first-named kind of prescriptions, namely, the milder draughts of winning, insinuating argumentation. So that the malicious malcontents, strengthened in their pretences, may make people believe, and are endeavouring to make people believe, that 'Mr. Mookerjee is a seditious writer, opposed to the English, and a hater of the race: can his words carry any weight with the wise?'

Were most Englishmen in matters political as true Christians in deed as in profession—truly liberal, just in their behaviour, real wellwishers of this Indian Dependency—then we should not have been in the least alarmed at this charge or the misrepresentation and misdirected skill by which they try to support it, nor entertained any apprehensions of harm or mischief. But, to the misfortune of India and the shame of England, only a few English politicians and functionaries are so high-souled—the rest are the very reverse. That is, the majority are disposed to find fault on any pretext,—ready to seize on the veriest slip and execute on us heavy punishment. In that land everything is governed by the will of the majority. Therefore, in our solicitude for safety, we have nothing for it but to walk measured steps, fearfully, sounding the way to warn off venomous reptiles.

To give an illustration. In this Baroda drama, whatever the *Indu Prakash* of Bombay, or the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, Calcutta, has said, many English writers have done likewise, or worse—treated the Government to stinking abuse or harsh-sounding intolerable rames. But alas, for the fate of our poor Dependent Mother—India! How wonderful the influence of the evil spirit of national partiality! No single British nostril has perceived the disgusting stench—no white person's aural drum has felt the slightest shock—while so many have fainted under the flowery missive of the *Indu Prakash*. What raving, what lamentations! what assertion of prestige! what howlings of rage! and what not? So long as we shall recall them we shall be confounded!

On this view, such as is the praise due to the easy eloquence of the accomplished Mr. Mookerjee, or the stern justice of his political strictures, such also is the alarm it gives. One is reminded of the lament of Raja Vira Sinha how the very accomplishments (*Vidya*) of his clever daughter Vidya (literally, *Learning*, *Knowledge*) had proved an embarrassment—a source of evil.

Mr. Mookerjee's outspokenness and unparingness and the eloquence of his pen many a distinguished English journalist has noticed. Thus *The Friend of India*, speaking of one of his essays, says.—"A more uncompromising piece of criticism was never offered to the public," &c.—

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Except for the consideration spoken of above, there is no objection to the manner of Mr. Mookerjee. Such writing undoubtedly goes deep into the minds of the nation.—Translated from a review extending 40 pages folio in "*The Maddhyastha*, a Bengali Magazine."

## MOOKERJEE ON BARODA AFFAIRS.

WE have received with thanks *Mookerjee's Magazine* for March, April and May last. The triple number is devoted solely to a searching analysis of the Baroda blunder, and we confess *Mookerjee* carries his reader with him to the length of believing that Mulhar Rao has been the victim of a foul conspiracy. We do not fully concur in all that the writer advances in reference to the turpitude of political agents, nor do we believe that Lord Northbrook has greatly erred in sticking to his post after the deposition of Mulhar Rao. Even *Mookerjee* is compelled to admit that His Excellency's intentions are pure. All that we can fairly blame his Excellency for is the easy ear his lordship lent to the story told by the police. But it should be remembered that his lordship has no knowledge of the depths of infamy to which hangers-on of residencies and policemen can descend to incriminate those who may bring trouble on them.

*Mookerjee* has his own way of telling things. We will just allow him to tell the story of the poisoning affair.

[*Here extracts commencing.*—"The whole thing is improbable as an act of madness." &c., p. 186 down to end of p. 188.]

It was the Kharceta which brought ruin on Mulhar Rao. How ingeniously *Mookerjee* brings this out.

[*Here extract from p. 172 commencing.*—"The Colonel" to "confession" p. 173, line 28.]

*Mookerjee* attempts to shew that Serjeant Ballantyne's mode of defending his client was not the best. We believe that under the exceptional circumstances of the case, when no body could be relied upon, the Serjeant did what was left to him, *viz.* to impugn the honesty or intelligence of the witnesses brought forward by the prosecution.—*The Bengalee* (First Notice.)

## MOOKERJEE ON THE RELATION BETWEEN THE NATIVE CHIEFS AND THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

WHEN Baboo Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee was a young man, fresh from the Hindu Metropolitan College, the late Baboo Haris Chandra Mookerjee singled him out as a youth of great promise. Our lamented predecessor had a high opinion of Baboo Sambhu Chandra, and that distinguished journalist, Mr. Meredith Townsend, has more than once spoken of him as man of "high political ability." The Baroda number of his *Magazine* does not belie the promises of his youth. Nothing more interesting than the Baroda number has of late emanated from the pen of a Bengalee. Baboo Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee has a personal knowledge of the courts of several Native Princes, and it would be no exaggeration to say that he knows more about their relations to our Government, than any other Bengalee that we know of. Why are we so anxious for the preservation of the Native States? *Mookerjee* has thus answered the question.

[Here extract commencing—"Inasmuch as British supremacy is the supremacy of order," &c. to "We only point out the possibilities of dependent dominion," p. 95.]

This is a fair solution of the question, but it is not a complete one. The worst consequence of foreign domination is the loss of national self-respect. We may talk as big as we like; at heart we are crushed by an overwhelming sense of our own inferiority. Our educated young men may not share the sentiments of the old Hindoo who, on looking for the first time at a Railway Train in motion, exclaimed, "These Englishmen are the gods of the Earth!" but most of them feel acutely what a lot of helpless babes they are. They feel that there would be no Railways, no Telegraphs, no ships—in fact none of the material appliances of civilisation without Englishmen. They feel that unless Englishmen take the trouble to clothe us, ninety-nine per cent of our population would go naked. This feeling crushes out all self-respect. Why are we so imitative? Why do we ape the vices and bad manners of our rulers? Why, whilst so sadly deficient in true heroism are we ready to exclaim, 'Brandy for heroes?' It is because we are wanting in self-respect. Why are our courts of justice disgraced by so many low tricks practised in them? It is because we have lost self-respect; because being denied career in the Army, we have made courts of justice our battle-fields and have come to think that every stratagem is fair in the warfare of litigation.

We wish to have the integrity of Native States preserved inviolate, because we do not like to see the last vestiges of national self-respect yet existing swept away.

The English have given us one inestimable boon. They are imparting to us Western knowledge which has become as necessary as our daily rice. It will be our duty to impart to the Native States the knowledge we receive, and it will be their duty to keep alive our self-respect.

We know very well the difficulties of our British Indian Government. As annexation is no longer fashionable, a Native Prince in the hope of being upheld by British bayonets may be tempted to misgovern his State. Our Government fancies that the difficulty is solved by appointing meddling Residents, and what comes of such meddlingness, Oudh and Baroda will testify. With the exception of the lamented Henry Lawrence we do not know of a single man of the ruling race qualified to act a Resident in a Native Court. Most Residents as we have repeatedly said, are crosses between spies and bullies. How, Major Baillie used to tyrannise over the Nawab Vizier of Oudh, Lord Hastings' Diary, from which *Mookherjee* has given copious extracts, will testify. We content ourselves with one extract.

[Here extract p. 213, line 2 to line 11.]

We need hardly add that Major Baillie has worthy disciples in Colonel Phayre and Mr. Ballard. It is better to annex Native States at once than to humiliate and degrade them to receive Residents of this stamp. All interference in the internal affairs of Native States should be avoided, and to prevent misgovernment, the right of rebellion should be conceded to the subjects of such States.—*The Bengalee* (Third Leading Article.)

# MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

March, 1875.

## THE EMPIRE IS PEACE.

### THE BARODA COUP D'ÉTAT.

*"The Phoenix has risen from its ashes. The new Reign of Peace is assuming all the terrors of the old Régimé of War and Annexation. The most honorable Government in the world—as Governments go—seems prepared to risk its character to a blind greed for prestige and power. The paramount power in India cannot rest content with the brilliant plumes already in its diadem, but must needs kick up a dust to fleece of his dearest clothing a poor lamb of an old and faithful Ally, already half shorn. A wise and sober empire is growing capricious and light in its dealings with its weaker neighbours, simply because they have nothing but its sense of justice for the protection of their just rights."*

**T**HUS, said we, commenting on the unprovoked attack of the Indian Government on the sovereignty of Travancore in denying her jurisdiction over Europeans domiciled in her territory. Before the ink was dry, with which we wrote—we were startled by the intelligence of a still worse—absolutely shocking—outrage. It is no less than the arrest by the emissaries of our Government of an independent sovereign in his own capital. India stands transfixed in wonder and awe, as the greatest Indian Prince stands a prisoner awaiting trial or rather confirmation of sentence. Never, perhaps, since Briton set foot on Asian soil, has the Government of India been so audacious. Never Kaiser or Mogul

dreamed of thing the Viceroy of the distant Queen of England has accomplished. The pretensions of the British Government baffle the imagination. No sovereign in India has stretched his authority so far as Lord Northbrook. Perhaps, the history of international relations does not afford a single precedent of the kind. No sovereign, however powerful, has before now assumed the right to seize in his own territory the person of another sovereign, however humble. Sovereigns have before been seized and deposed—even killed, but that was in a state of war. Sovereigns have before been mobbed and seized and brought to trial and beheaded, but only by their own subjects—an infuriated population. Here, in a state of profound peace, without a rupture between the two governments, or notice of rupture, has the Indian Government, by a simple fiat, assumed the right to depose, at will, Princes in treaty with it—its good and trusty Allies—and bring them to trial like any of its subjects.

What is the independence of native states worth, after that? What is the value of the mass of treaties between those states and our Government which in print occupy eight volumes in Mr. Secretary Aitchison's compilation?

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Has the Policy of Annexation been abandoned? There never was any such Policy, so far as words were concerned, to abandon. Annexation, such as it has been, is a monster of deed, not a menace of words. The Proclamation of Her Majesty and the Charters of Adoption and speeches of Viceroy Canning were by no means a novelty in Indian international politics. They were but the reiteration of old pledges. The hundredth reiteration of pledges, alas! ninety-nine times ignored! Woe upon woe to the princes and people of India, the hundredth iteration has long since shared the fate of its predecessors! And now, still fresher iteration has become necessary, with no better result, we are afraid, and will be necessary to the end of the chapter, till the

whole of Southern Asia is finally absorbed, in reality if not in name. It is inevitable. It is Destiny, that inexorable ruler of men and gods. Vulgarly speaking, it is human nature. Man is man, the world over. The British man is no exception. It is not British nature only nor even human nature in general, it is Nature absolute—all Nature. It is the history of most large properties, from manors to monarchies. It is the usual concomitant of power. It is irresistible, we suppose. It is Rob Royism in politics, pure and simple, without the glamour imparted to it by modern speculators and poets—the contempt for *meum* and *teum* of the historic Rob Roy, not the Missionary pretence of the would-be Wordsworthian hero. It is, in very sooth, shorn of all disguise,

... .. the good old Rule,  
... .., the simple Plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

There is no occasion to start. The rationale is simple. Power is a trust. The possession of a faculty imposes the obligation of its use. Acquisition is the proper consummation of force:—Cruelty, the necessary condition of the exercise. That seems to be the gospel esoteric of Europe. That of Jesus Christ is different; but he thought it proper to be born east of the Mediterranean. It suits well the strength and energy of the Latin and Teutonic races. It is just the thing for the expansive Briton who believes in his destiny, and is rather vain of his faculty for colonization. If Carlyle expresses it somewhat brutally, Hobbes has taken it under the protection of his powerful logic. The profoundly reverent spirit of Wordsworth may be appealed to in behalf of it for even an ethical sanction. At last, a modern European proconsul to the East, the late Lord Dalhousie, unblushingly exalted and established it in India as a state creed. In the words of the poet on the divine right of might and the chastening influences of its unscrupulous assertion, it is



A lesson which is quickly learned,  
 A signal this which all can see !  
 Thus nothing here provokes the strong  
 To wanton cruelty.

All freakishness of mind is checked ;  
 He tamed, who foolishly aspires ;  
 While to the measure of his might  
 Each fashions his desires.

All Kinds and Creatures, stand and fall  
 By strength of prowess or of wit :  
 'Tis God's appointment who must sway,  
 And who is to submit.

Pledges, indeed ! Fiddlesticks ! Pledges are but words, and words—well, words are but—words—words—words ! Words, indeed, are often pitfalls. It used to be a favorite saying with the sententious sages of the past that, from the wars of the Iliad and the Rámáyana, the root of all mischief has been—a woman. We are now-a-days wiser than our predecessors—at least by half. We have carefully shifted all things to the bottom, and found the residuum—Nothing. We have analyzed Providence into—a law. We have weighed Divinity in the balance, and found it wanting. We have decided that man was made after the image of an ape, and the ape itself created by the mysterious agency of a protoplasm. We have reduced the soul into—a prejudice, unworthy even of such a respectable automaton as man. We have decided that human history has been a series of unconscious wars about words—that the various systems of philosophy have been a needless contention about terms. We are sure

Thinking is but an empty waste of words,  
 And Nought is Everything and Everything is Nought.

We have simply been deceiving ourselves that rights have an independent existence. What chance for the distinction between Right and Wrong in an age whose enlightenment would bring the Almighty from His Throne to its bar to prove His title, in due form ? The truth is, Might is Right—the grand, sole Right. A great

Government is capable of making the worse appear the better reason. Whatever is, is right. Power can make and unmake—that is, Power is the source of Right. The doctrine may appear cynical to old fashioned people, particularly ignorant Orientals. It has the true stamp of the European mint upon it, nevertheless. Listen to the father of Modern Speculation—the thinker for Philistines and Philhellenists of the day, for Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Mathew Arnold, Bishop Colenso and Doctor Martin Tupper:—

“By right and institution of nature I understand  
 “nothing more than the rules of nature prescribed to  
 “individual things, whereby each is determined to ex-  
 “istence and action in a certain specific manner. For  
 “example,—fishes are determined by nature to live in  
 “water, and *the great to devour the small*. Fishes there-  
 “fore possess the water by the highest natural right,  
 “and by the same do *the great live on the small*. For  
 “it is certain that nature, considered absolutely, has  
 “unlimited rights within the bounds of possibility; in  
 “other words, *the right of nature is as extensive as its*  
 “*power*. The power of nature, however, is only another  
 “phrase for the power of God, who has the first and  
 “highest right to all and over all. But as the power  
 “of nature at large is nothing more than the aggregate  
 “power of every individual thing in nature, it follows  
 “that each individual thing has the highest right to all  
 “it can compass or attain, and that *the rights of indivi-*  
 “*duals are co-extensive with their power*. And as it is  
 “the highest law of Nature that every individual thing  
 “should seek to continue in the state appropriate to it,  
 “and *this with reference to itself alone and to nothing else*,  
 “it follows that *every individual has the highest right*  
 “*to its state, i. e., as I have said, to be and to do as its*  
 “*natural constitution determines*. Nor do we here re-  
 “cognize any difference between man and the rest of the  
 “beings of creation; nor between the man endowed with  
 “reason and the man who knows nothing of reason, nor  
 “between the sane in mind and the insane or fatuous. For  
 “whatsoever does anything acts by the laws of its na-

“ture or by the highest right, because acting as it is  
 “ordained to do by nature, and incapable of acting  
 “otherwise. . \* \* \* \*

“The natural right of every man therefore is deter-  
 “mined by appetite and power, not by sound reason.  
 “For all are not constituted by nature to act according  
 “to the rules of reason. On the contrary, all are born  
 “ignorant of everything; and before they can know  
 “the true rule of life, and acquire virtuous habits, a  
 “great part of their lives must already have passed.  
 “Meantime, nevertheless they are held to live, and, as  
 “much as in them lies, to preserve their state of being.  
 “But this they must do by the sole impulses of appetite  
 “or desire; for nature gives nothing else as a guide to  
 “the natural man, not conferring the power of living  
 “by the rules of sound reason. Men are therefore no  
 “more bound to live by the rule of absolute right than  
 “is a domestic cat to live by the laws of a lion’s nature.

“Whatever any one, regarded as under the empire  
 “of nature only, deems useful to himself, therefore,  
 “whether led to do so by right reason or by an impulse  
 “of appetite, that he desires by a supreme law of na-  
 “ture, and it is lawful for him by force, by cunning, by  
 “entreaty—in short, in any and every way, to obtain  
 “possession thereof, and to hold as an enemy whoever  
 “opposes him in the satisfaction of his desire.

“From the above it follows that the law or institute  
 “of nature, under which all are born, and for the most  
 “part live, prohibits nothing but that which no one de-  
 “sires, and no one can desire; and that it does not ab-  
 “solutely gainsay dispute and difference, anger and  
 “hatred, stratagem and wile, nor indeed anything to  
 “which passion persuades. And this is not to be won-  
 “dered at; for nature is not comprised within the nar-  
 “row limits of the laws of reason, \* \* \* \*

Power, then, sanctifies Desire. In other words, Wrong  
 is the Sovereign Right, but—only successful Wrong.

No aspiring clever young lawyer, looking forward to  
 the Solicitor General’s bag and the rest of the honors  
 of the profession, could make so unblushing a plea for

the most retrograde or ambitious Cabinet. The Philosopher, to be sure, goes on to speak of a state of society in which man is governed by reason and not by unintelligent instinct, but there he is—we are to suppose—clearly passing into Eutopia. There no practical politician should follow him. He is sound on the worthlessness of contracts.

“ \* \* \*, let it be supposed that a robber compels me to promise that I will surrender to him my property in a place which he chooses to name. Now, although my natural right is determined by my power alone, as I have already declared, it is certain that if I can escape from this robber by guile or stratagem, promising him everything he asks, it is lawful for me of my natural right to do so.”

It is hardly necessary to suggest that in the history of international relations between the several high contracting Powers in India, the analogues of the compelling robber in the above hypothesis are to be found in the powerful and unscrupulous Native States. The native rulers are all wellknown, or at least understood, to be robbers by profession and deceitful by instinct.

But to continue the quotation. “Or, again, suppose that for no fraudulent purpose, but inconsiderately, I have promised some one to abstain from meat and drink for twenty days, and by and by I see that I have made a foolish promise, which I cannot keep at all, or could only keep with great detriment to myself, inasmuch as by natural right I may choose the less of two evils, I am at perfect liberty to break such a promise, and to hold my engagement as though it had never been made. This, I say, may be done by natural right, whether I see that I promised rashly and amiss on the ground of right reason or of mere opinion; for whether I see what I promise to be good or bad, right or wrong, as I greatly dread evil I strive in every way by nature’s ordinance to avoid it.

“From these premises we conclude that a contract can have no force save by reason of its usefulness; this taken away, the contract is at the same time can-

“celled and made null and void. For this reason, too,  
 “is it in vain to attempt to bind parties in perpetuity,  
 “unless especial measures are taken to make a greater  
 “amount of damage than of advantage to follow from  
 “a breach of the compact to the party or parties con-  
 “tracting.”

Still more to the point is he on the particular species of political contracts called Treaties.

“*Confederates* are the men composing two or more  
 “distinct states, who for mutual defence, to escape the  
 “perils of war, or for any other reason of presumed  
 “utility to themselves, enter into a compact not only  
 “not to injure one another, but to lend each other mu-  
 “tual aid and assistance in case of need, each all the  
 “while retaining its individual independence. *This*  
 “*treaty or compact remains in force so long as the motive*  
 “*which led to its being entered into—whether fear of*  
 “*danger or prospect of advantage—continues to be felt,*  
 “for no engagement is ever made, save in the hope of  
 “some benefit, or from the fear of some evil. *If the*  
 “*ground of the compact be taken away, the compact comes*  
 “*to an end of itself, as is proved by every-day experience.*  
 “For, though different states often enough agree not to  
 “injure one another, still each will strive to the extent of  
 “its ability to prevent its neighbour from becoming more  
 “powerful than itself. Nor are the terms of a treaty  
 “ever much regarded unless actions prove in conformity  
 “with these; if promises to aid and be useful are not  
 “kept [or if ‘kept to the ear, are broken to the hope’],  
 “then deceit and injury are apprehended, and not with-  
 “out reason; for who but a fool, ignorant of the rights of  
 “ruling powers, would trust to the mere words and as-  
 “surances of one possessed of supreme authority, armed  
 “with the power to do as he pleases, and to whom the  
 “glory and advantage of his own nation must be the  
 “supreme law! When with these we connect moral  
 “considerations, we shall see that no one who holds the  
 “chief authority could without guiltiness keep promises  
 “that would prove injurious to the interests of the state  
 “he rules. Whatever promise he may have made which

Chief was firm, the Government of India was compelled to stoop to a humiliating compromise, unprecedented in the later history of the British Power. Raja Narendra Sing was pacified with a higher seat than the other Members and the admission of his ministers and companions into the Council Chamber to sit behind him.

We freely admit that the *personnel* of the Baroda Commission was chosen by its author with much care. We wish it were more clear that the choice was made with no other object than that of an impartial investigation and finding. Without committing himself unconditionally to frankness, fairplay and justice, Lord Northbrook has shown, perhaps, a generous confidence in the honor of Native Princes by the selection of the Maharajahs Jiyaji Rao and Ram Singh Báhádars. That confidence was not misplaced. Yet if he believed that the native public would have the same confidence in the Commission, he does not know India. The natives have a suspicion, not without cause, of the shows of British things. They are unwilling to credit even the genuine elements of good faith of the tribunal. They are not ready to believe in the independence of judgment of Princes virtually compelled, compelled offensively, to try one of their brethren. Nor can they forget the present jealousies and the past hereditary feuds of the Princes. On the whole, however, while independent Europeans are afraid of the independent Chiefs' leanings towards one of themselves, the people of India are apprehensive of their subserviency to the wishes of the British Government. Nor can much blame attach to the people for their distrust of a Court which forms part of high-handed proceedings against the political integrity of an allied kingdom.

By its very constitution, the Court is condemned as a half measure. With all his care in fixing the number of the Commissioners, and deliberation in balancing the different elements and in selecting the native members, the Viceroy has not allowed the Commission, the privilege which invests Courts of justice with their weight and sense

of responsibility, that, namely, of doing justice. The Commissioners are not even allowed to deliver their judgment in open court, but they whisper it in the viceregal ears. The Viceroy does not bind himself to accept their finding, and give it proper effect. He reserves the right to act against it, and thus render the entire proceedings a nullity. Is it so bad of the people if they regard the trial a solemn farce—one of the many liberal forms to which they have been treated under the dominion of the free-born Britons—forms without the spirit?

The position of the Gackwar and of all the Native States could have been respected, and the confidence of the people and the world commanded, by the investigation only of some of the neighbouring Asiatic sovereigns, such as the Shah of Persia, the Ameer of Cabul, the Maharaja of Nepal, the king of Burma or the king of Siam. Such a tribunal is not a chimera or impossibility. It was certainly worth trying for. His Golden-footed Majesty was, perhaps, practically out of the question. The Shah might fear for his dignity by a visit to India on such a Commission. The other monarchs were not so difficult to bring together. They might bring in their ministers and judges to assist them. They might be assisted by British experts, too; the ministers and experts only assisting the sovereign arbitrators not enjoying with them a co-ordinate position on the Commission. But such a Commission would hardly have suited British views. It would have been the exhibition of a rare courage on the part of our Government to bring in really independent sovereign opinion to bear on its differences with the Native States. But if the policy of annexation has been really abandoned, there is no object to be gained by suspicion. On the contrary, such a piece of courage would have given reality to the abandonment, and confidence to the princes and people in the British professions of disinterestedness. Such a meeting of extra-Indian sovereign princes to arbitrate on international affairs in the Indian continent, would have indeed immeasurably raised the moral prestige of England as the only just Great Power in Asia, as she was already one of the two Great Asiatico-

European Powers. To have got up such a meeting would have been a feat of statesmanship which would have given a strength and solidity to the Indian Empire worth a hundred thousand British bayonets.

It was competent to, we do not say the Viceroy of India, but certainly the Queen of England and Empress of India, to have constituted a more august and more thoroughly independent tribunal, than the Baroda Commission—one that would, without compromising the status of the Gaekwar or the Native States, have been above suspicion. The Queen of England and Empress of India might have ordered the trial of Malhar Rao by a special High Commission of the Governors of Bombay and Madras and some of the Native Princes, headed by (say) the Governor of Ceylon. As a Court, the Baroda Commission is defective—we do not here mean in law—as being constituted by the Viceroy. As a servant of the Crown, responsible for the policy of the Indian Government and amenable to impeachment, Lord Northbrook is a party to the suit. He is in fact the prosecutor. Since he adopted the charge of Colonel Phayre against the Gaekwar, and particularly since he was persuaded by Mr. Souter of its truth, he must be held to have in effect descended from his vantage ground of impartiality to, if not the thick of the personal fight, at least the surrounding dust and noise. He could not well constitute, as he did even to the veriest details, a court for the trial of his own prosecution. With still less decency could he maintain himself the true judge in the case, after all the forms of a judicial investigation have been gone through, as he has maintained himself by reserving to himself the option of being guided or not by the opinion of the Commissioners, and the power to pass the true decision.

Of course the servants of the Government of India, as being not above flattering it, were not the most eligible members of the Commission. We again gladly acknowledge the care and moderation shown by Lord Northbrook in his selection. Such a court with its inherent defects being decided upon, Sir Richard Couch, the retiring Chief Justice, perfectly independent of



the Government of India, as he is, was the best lawyer at hand to sit on it. There would have been nothing to say even by way of cavil against Mr. Melvill, if the Anglo-Indian judiciary had been a thoroughly distinct service. Sir Richard Meade, as one of the leading members of the diplomatic service, one therefore identified with the aggressive policy of our Foreign Office and the worse practices of our politicals, one who has expectations of that office and in that line, was a bad appointment. His subsequent succession to Sir Lewis Pelly as the English Gackwar of Baroda, gives the theoretical objection to him a practical strength more quickly than we could have expected. We see clearly the temptation that lay in his path against an unclouded judgment; how the prospect of possible coming events might have unconsciously biassed him. As for the Princes, we have already indicated the historic and general objections to them. For the rest, Sindhia was bad for his recent disgrace with the Government of India in connection with the Nana hoax, and for the recent British alarm against him for his meeting with the Holkar. He was under a cloud, and of course under too great a temptation to clear himself, vindicate his "loyalty," and regain lost ground, for purposes of justice. Yet, we fear, he was inevitable. He was too great to be passed over. A great Chief like him was wanted, and not to be easily got. Holkar was too "rude" to be asked to give him the opportunity of setting a bad example, and it would not have looked well to pass Gwalior by to go direct to Indore, on the chance of meeting with a refusal there. Maharaja Ram Singh is somewhat of a weak Prince given to popularity-hunting and currying favor with the British by encouragement to missionaries in whose religion he has no belief, by founding Brummagem Councils and Social Science Associations, and by such other Western veneering. Raja Dinkar Rao was personally unexceptionable. After all, there is not much to choose between white subjects and black subjects, and if the Melvilles and Meades and Couches could go down with Sindhia and Jeypore, their Maharajaships might endure a Dinkar Rao.

The quiet acceptance by Sindhia and Jeypore of office on the Commission, their acquiescence in the trial of one of themselves, particularly by such a mixed and, considering the occasion, far from august body, amounted to their defection from the cause of their brethren. It was also a political blunder which cannot fail to recoil on themselves. In promoting British encroachments on the independence of the Native Chiefs, in consenting to be the instruments of British Policy, they have committed an act of political suicide as self-governing powers. Their submission to sit with subjects was a more serious step than an act of mere self-humiliation; it was an unconscious surrender of sovereignty.

No doubt the late Commission came almost as a matter of course, after the previous one under the presidency of Colonel Meade. That only proves how interference with the integrity of weak states has a tendency to increase, how one precedent leads to another and a worse danger.

The want of foresight in the native rulers, their inability to interpret the bearings of events, no less than their desperate situation, is as conspicuous all through their relations with the Superior Power, as the continuity of policy which marks the action of the latter. The Gackwar hardly seems to have been aware of the meaning of the first Commission. The other States seemed indifferent to it. They are hardly yet awake to what the Couch Enquiry portends to them.

Every circumstance stamps the viceregal resolution as an attack on the integrity of Baroda, and through it, on that of all Native States. If the trial was bad enough, the manner of it did not disguise its import. The pretence of tenderness for the Gackwar or respect for the State is a mockery. It is, in the expressive Indian phrase, watering the tree at the top after having cut it at the roots. The regret of the condemning authority may be genuine, that of the executioner may be even profound; still those regrets are but among the decencies of civilization, where they are not among the hypocrisies of

European conventionalism. They, at any rate, do not alter facts. Aye, they absolutely strengthen the sentence, by lending a great moral support to what would else stand simply on the bare basis of law or circumstantiality. Thus all the Government of India's deliberate profession of fairness towards Mulhar Rao and its elaborate machinery for securing it for him, not only go for nothing, but, in connection with the whole action of Government, prejudice him all but completely—heap against him disadvantage on disadvantage. It would be absurd to question the candour of the Viceroy and Governor-General in Council when he proclaims that he has temporarily assumed the administration of the Baroda State for the purpose of instituting a public enquiry into the truth of the imputations against His Highness Mulhar Rao *and* of affording the Gaekwar an opportunity of freeing himself from the grave suspicion which attaches to him. But it is a queer way of setting about to give effect to the latter purpose. There was no necessity, that we men of the world and unofficial politicians can see, for the viceregal assumption, even temporarily, of the administration of Baroda for the purpose of any enquiry, even an enquiry into a grave criminal charge against the ruler of the State. Serious as is the present charge against Mulhar Rao, as one, at the worst, of an *unsuccessful* attempt to poison, it does not threaten his life; indeed, under any result, a comfortable captivity on a good pension is safe for him. Such danger as it threatens him, the danger of deposition, was fully threatened by the former Commission of Sir Richard Meade. The unprotesting meekness with which he allowed that Commission precluded any reasonable apprehension of his resistance to this; his submission to the shameful outrage of arrest, which was in keeping with the whole tenour of his bearing towards our Government, has removed the question from speculation. The Government must have been assured of his meekness before it decided on arresting him, or at least of its power to make itself obeyed. Why then arrest him and suspend him

from office at all? Nor was there any fear of his interfering with the due prosecution of the enquiry. He might have thwarted Colonel Meade's enquiry. That enquiry, if it had any object beyond the humiliation of the Gaekwar, was almost as important? The charges were as serious, involving too, as the Government of India thought, its own honor and prestige; only they were far more numerous. The Gaekwar was not charged with having thwarted that investigation. He could not, however he might be willing to do so, thwart Sir Richard Couch's Commission, any more than he could, as Gaekwar reigning, thwart Sir R. Meade's. Nay, he would have had less opportunities for playing any such trick with the current enquiry. For he would have acted much more under watch—under not only the strict eye of Government but also that of the public, represented by the numerous outsiders attracted by the trial to Baroda. For the moment, he would have been Gaekwar by courtesy. The administration would have been simply carried on in his name by his officers. But the Government would not this time allow him that courtesy,—to say nothing of the touchy subject of right. We cannot believe that it was apprehensive of an attack on the integrity of the enquiry from his influence as the ruler of Baroda. This position, too, is unimpeachable—If there was no necessity for suspending the Gaekwar pending the enquiry of the first Commission, then none such existed for suspension pending the enquiry of the second. The advocates of Government must rest its action in seizing and imprisoning him on a different bottom from that of its benevolence towards him—its desire to give him every opportunity for clearance.

The unprecedentedness of the course of the Government of India and its extraordinary severity have entirely prejudiced him—shut him out from all hope. It could hardly have been from a tender solicitude to prevent the royal child, Mulhar Rao, from burning his fingers in the hot coals of an investigation during progress that the Viceroy confined him. It was not likely—the

Viceroy was not simple enough to expect,—that the natives of India would believe that the confinement of Mulhar Rao was a temporary expedient. The subjects of Baroda, it must have been expected, would feel sure that all was up with him. It is superfluous to point out how vastly such a course, with such a necessary effect, must strengthen the prosecution—how all the blood-hounds of disappointment and rage would be let loose for vengeance on a powerless Prince. Indeed, no room for hesitation was left to the native mind. The simultaneous installation of the British Resident on the throne as it were of the deposed Prince confirmed the popular impression of the unalterableness of the Gaekwar's fate, if not of the imperceptible absorption of the State into British India, whatever the result of the trial. It could not, of course, fail to draw out all the capacity of Western India for mendacity and unprincipled ingenuity, and to direct them against the set sun—in the adulation and service of the rising. We impute nothing against the honor of Sir Lewis Pelly. As the editor of General Jacob's "Opinions," and a contributor to the *Fortnightly Review*, we had rather a good opinion of him as one of the *Zuburdust-garibpurwur* or despotico-humanitarian school of Western politicals and administrators. He has at Baroda perhaps somewhat disappointed us by exhibiting all the school's usual disregard of rights and feelings, and more than the usual pomposity. Beyond these, he has acted like a human being, as most men would have done. His position was false. Though no doubt entailing on him much hourly fatigue and constant anxiety, his position was the most august, brilliant, and enviable of almost all functionaries in India. The Chief Commissionership of British Baroda—in case the worse came to the worst—would not be such an extraordinary matter. To be an English Gaekwar is an opportunity that comes once, perhaps, in all time. If it ever comes to any body, few there are who can stint any sacrifice to retain it. The continuance of Sir Lewis Pelly's reign depended on the triumph of the prosecution. It was but such

human weakness as the best of us is liable to, if Sir Lewis not only failed in holding the balance even between the two sides, but even allowed the opponents of Mulhar Rao, many advantages and liberties, while he virtually thwarted the defence.

Is it to be wondered at if the public suspect that the strange action of Government was dictated by other views than anxiety to give Mulhar Rao an "opportunity of freeing himself from imputation?"

The profession of justice and fair play sounds like an irony in the face of the ugly facts. It is not in the usual way to punish before proof. Mulhar Rao was deposed, arrested and confined, long before the Court for his trial was constituted. If it is sought to justify such a seizure of the person of the Gaekwar and appropriation, or attachment if you will, of his State, by the analogy of the remand of prisoners to jail, then it was a base regular criminal trial, and not an enquiry by a High Commission of chivalry and honor. Then Lord Northbrook, as a constitutional Viceroy, would be at a loss to give his authority for his new-fangled tribunal for trying allied Princes. But defendants are not always kept in custody. If it be said that they are confined or not according to the nature of the charges against them, and that the Gaekwar labors under an unbailable charge, then is Mulhar Rao under trial in a court of justice, though the court consist, in its entirety, of the Commission on the one part and the Viceroy on the other. But defendants *need* not, under any circumstances short of conviction, be kept in custody. They are, in serious criminal charges, kept so from mere convenience. The object is to secure them. In practice it is difficult to ensure this security by any thing short of actual custody, when the prospect of danger to life or liberty may be too great a temptation to defendants to break their parole or sacrifice their securities. The principle is clear, that not defendants, that is persons suspected, but convicts, that is persons found guilty, alone should be put to any restraint or indignity savouring of punishment. The position of

the Gaekwar as a ruling Prince was a sufficient guarantee, if his humiliation was no object, against his breaking away from the jurisdiction of the trying court and the Government of India. Had he done so, he would have voluntarily taken on himself a punishment greater than any that that Government could, on any result of his trial, have visited him with. The Viceroy could, if he liked to be a little theatrical, have given him the option of tendering sureties of other Native Princes. He might, with better rhyme and reason, expect the neighbouring States to keep an eye on the Gaekwar. He might, while permitting him on his throne during the sitting of the Commission, by a slight disposition of troops on the frontiers, really make Baroda "a wider prison unto him." As the Commission was not to deliver sentence in open court after the hearing, or at Baroda at all, there was not the slightest necessity for coercing Mulhar Rao, or curtailing his freedom, or depriving him of authority. There was no danger of a sudden resistance on his part as soon as he heard the sentence of court. When the time came for the Viceroy to act on the decision of the Commission, in case it was unfavorable, and it was determined to punish Mulhar Rao, his Excellency could make his preparations at leisure and dispose his forces for securing Mulhar Rao's person, as he did secure it preparatory to trial. But there is no analogy between the custody of prisoners pending and during trial and the seizure of the Gaekwar and all that seizure involves. Prisoners, as we have said, are not punished before conviction—at worst only secured. Mulhar Rao has before trial been punished in the bargain, for you cannot secure reigning princes under lock and key without, in effect, punishing them. We do not say that Mulhar Rao has been punished in a constructive sense, but absolutely. His position, as it has its advantages, has its drawbacks too. No subject so high but may, after detention pending trial, go forth to the world acquitted, without a stain on his character, a blot on his escutcheon. That is the English view. It is not the Indian. Here, among us, a mere trial is an ignominy

by itself. To have been in court is a reproach. The latter, indeed, is a trifle; the former even may be got over. But the jail is an ineffaceable disgrace—an unutterable ever-present anguish. No subsequent amende, no acquittal, however honorable—no amplitude of regret expressed by the presiding officer—no extent of retribution on the author of the wrong—avails to heal the wounded heart or retrieve the family honor. Once in jail, one might as well remain there all the days of his life. The Viceroy of India cannot be excused for ignorance of so well-known a fact. Such being the sensitiveness of the ordinary native mind to the indignity of forced confinement, how keenly must the heads of the Indian people, their Princes and Chiefs, feel it! Yet it is such a punishment that Lord Northbrook has inflicted on the Gaekwar, lightly, it must be said, in one sense at least, as inflicted before investigation. It is not the peculiarity only of the Indian feeling on the subject of incarceration, that constitutes the custody of Mulhar Rao pending trial, a punishment. The custody would have been a punishment if Mulhar Rao had been Duke of Brunswick, instead of Gaekwar of Baroda. This is the difference between a reigning and a subject position. The feelings of subjects may be acute or indifferent, as the case may be, to their forced confinement, but their position as citizens does not deteriorate from such confinement, long or short; does not change in the least, in Europe, if they are cleared of the imputation on which they had been detained. Their position is, in fine, so humble! Not so the case with sovereign Princes. Their status is too exalted—their honor too sensitive—not to suffer. In point of fact, these are lowered for ever.

Regarded as a puppet prince to be made or unmade at will, whose proper career is to submit to the manipulation of the British Guardian at his capital, we recognize the substantial justice of Lord Northbrook's way of dealing with the Gaekwar by a public court. As an abject British vassal, to the extent of being a subject, without defined rights, the Gaekwar himself has every



reason to be grateful to the Viceroy. If he escapes, he will do so by the Viceroy's generosity in according him the benefit of an open regular trial. But let us understand the political effect of his trial. Whether he comes out guilty or whether not guilty, one thing is clear. His princship is gone; and, with his, that of his like. If there was ever any doubt on the point, it is removed, *pro forma*. His princship passed away when he admitted the jurisdiction. He might have saved it, as well as spared that of his brethren, by a display of self-denial of which he has given no proof. He might have demurred to the humiliation and waived the personal safety of an open court, to take the chance of an irresponsible secret enquiry. He might have made a hopeless appeal to arms—accepting with resignation on the issue of war terms it were base to listen to in peace.

There is no doubt that as a Prince his line lay that way. Hereditary rulers do not allow themselves to be captured by Police and hauled up before Magistrates. They do not look out for *mooktears*, or send for eminent criminal lawyers, or assist at the preparation of briefs. They sooner die. It were better for Baroda and for Native India, in general, if he were capable of sacrificing himself. Would that his brother Princes might, with truth, say to Mulhar Rao—

You have done well and like a gentleman.

But true to his antecedents, he preferred life to honor.

## THE JUDICIAL PLAY.

THUS far was clear, for the most part, on the arrest and deposition of Mulhar Rao, and the "temporary assumption" of the state of Baroda by the Viceroy;—the rest suggested itself, almost as a matter of course, as the Trial was ordered and the Commission appointed. In the minds of all native politicians worthy of the name,—to the instincts of all Indian statesmen and chiefs—the Proclamation of the 13th January 1875, and the Notification of the 15th February last were open to all the above *a priori* criticism,—criticism, that is, founded on first principles. To us the remarks have come, even though easily enough and as obvious truths, yet in response to a spirit of earnest enquiry and genuine loyalty befitting patriotic British subjects, proud of their privileges, and not oblivious of their obligations. It is in that spirit that those remarks are tendered to their fellow-citizens and rulers. In that spirit, though ready for the public at the periods in question, they were withheld from a fear lest they do harm to our State. Delivered then, they could hardly hope to wean the Administration from its purpose. They might possibly embarrass. No British subject has any right, in the fullest discharge of his proper duty of advising his Government and criticising its policy and acts, (with a view to the improvement of either men or measures,) or of sounding the alarm at the dangers of mistake, folly and injustice,—no citizen, we say, has any right to throw difficulties in the path of Government, far less to do aught that might weaken the very existence of the State. We did not, and do not, believe that our writing, in its tone and temper, or the conditions of its publication, was calculated to realize the fear. Still it was thought that the "powers that be" might misunderstand, that the objects of criticism had a motive for affecting to misinterpret, and friends pressed on us a silence for the season. All motive for reticence has now long since passed away.

All causes for anxiety passed away when the Gaekwar was quietly deported and the demonstrations for him suppressed. The *Coup d'état* is now matter of history.

So Mulhar Rao was kept in confinement, on the ground that the charge against him might be thoroughly and openly investigated, and at length, after no little delay, his judges were determined upon, and the tribunal constituted. At that time the public, whatever its suspicions, had no right to indulge in forecasts of the trial itself. For none could be sure of what kind of proof the Government of India had in store for the Commissioners. Soon enough, in the course of the trial, it became evident that the prosecution had not a leg to stand on. At last its cloven foot was forcibly unveiled in Mr. Serjeant Ballantine's cross-examination of Colonel Phayre and his associates. Every day made more and more apparent the want of judgment of the local officers and the incapacity of the Supreme Government in which all these scandalous proceedings against a sovereign prince originated. The whole thing seemed to have been got up by a British political with a diseased liver, at last awoke to the imminent danger of forfeiting his fat post by constant irritation to, and interference with, the Sovereign to whom he was accredited, feeling at once discomfitted, disappointed and exasperated, grasping passionately at the feeblest straw of a hope, to maintain himself,—his imagination worked upon by the rascals whom, after the manner of his official tribe, he had about him—encouraged next, in his monomania of martyrdom, by his successor, himself led by bureaucratic sympathy, if not also, unconsciously, by self-interest, unchecked by that judicial instinct the absence of which is so striking among our politicals and so weakening to the Empire; and, lastly, both supported by the Police Officer deputed to make the preliminary enquiry, Mr. Souter, with his known incompetence. Whatever the biliousness and hypochondriasis and horrors of Colonel Phayre, whatever the blue devils and black poisoners the poor gentleman was troubled

with, and however prepared his successor might be to fall into a sympathetic distemper, neither the diseased spleen of the one nor the friendly humouring of the other, would have sufficed to give more than a vague shadowy shape to the imaginings, or raise anything like the faintest presumption against the ruler of Baroda. Then came Mr. Souter, bird of evil omen—ill wind that never blew any body good ! Mr. Souter, of all men, was sent down by the Viceroy to learn the truth for the Government of India !

Mr. Souter suited the purpose of hunting up evidence very well. Whatever shyness he affected at first, he succumbed to the blue devils and black of Baroda, at last. If he did not succeed in procuring anything like proof of poisoning, or at least of the Gaekwar's complicity, he is hardly to be blamed ; the fault lay rather with the Gaekwar. Mr. Souter may or may not be a good detective ; he challenges comparison with any Police officer for *zulm*. He did not disgrace his proud eminence as the head of the Police of the capital of the West by any faint-heartedness at Baroda. He imprisoned right and left ; screwed his possible witnesses night and morning. Though it was all to little effect towards the creation of proof—to as little as the shearing of pigs towards the gathering of wool—his exertions worked him up into zeal, which in such a man as a matter of course went beyond the law ; and altogether he conceived a personal interest in the cause of the Residents,—identified himself with it. Thus he made up for deficiency of proof by the vehemence of his opinion against the Maharaja of Baroda. The Government of India apparently did not require more.

The natives from the commencement made no secret of their uneasiness at the interference, in such a delicate preliminary enquiry, of an officer like Mr. Souter, who had lost their confidence since the Bombay Riots. Many regarded His Highness Mulhar Rao a doomed man when Mr. Souter went to Baroda. It was a most unfortunate choice. Even the Anglo-Indian community, if it did not share the native distrust of the Bombay Police Commissioner, could not confidently augur well of the mission of an officer who had not proved his possession of tact

and judgment. That community would have preferred almost any other officer who had made a name in the annals of the Police Administration. As the Government of India had taken the Baroda business entirely in its hands, to the supersession of the Local Government, it would have done well to entrust the preliminary enquiry to an officer from this side the country. A Bombay man was open to more than one kind of objection. A mere detective, however brilliant, would have been a mistake. A mere detective might be good enough to hound an obscure ill-defended unfortunate through the sessions to prison, but his tricks generally would not hold water in a searching trial. Here, in a case involving the honor and liberty of a reigning Prince, a mere detective looked like a mere trifling—almost an impertinence. If the Government intended to act summarily on a convenient report, almost any body might be good enough to depute; the less scrupulous the tool the more convenient for the purpose. But having made up its mind for an open trial, it was a blunder to send on the preliminary enquiry any but a tried officer of exceptional merit. A mere Police officer who had no notion of what constituted judicial evidence, or what would stand a judicial ordeal, was out of sphere on such a grave and delicate errand. The duty required an officer like Mr. Wauchope, C.B., of the Bengal Civil Service, successively Commissioner for the suppression of Dacoiti and Commissioner of the Calcutta Police, and now a Judge for many years. If Mr. Wauchope was not available, there were others. What! could no other man be found than the one who so miserably bungled only yesterday in the Bombay Riots—to conduct this important and difficult enquiry, affecting the character and position of a great ruler? How shall we explain that it did not occur to Lord Northbrook, careful reader as he is of the papers, that no summary action taken on Mr. Souter's report would have given the public any confidence in its substantial justice:—that there was nobody to warn his Lordship that a sessions trial held on the commitment of Mr. Souter might be an unhappy committal on the part of Government!

“ he sees involves injury to the community over which  
“ he presides cannot be kept unless he breaks faith with  
“ his subjects, and this he is especially bound to observe ;  
“ this indeed it is customary for rulers to engage them-  
“ selves by solemn oaths to observe.”

There! We seem to be listening to the ghost of Dalhousie. Here is the fitting *Gooroo* of the Government of India.

All the above, in one word, is this : Promises are all bosh : Treaties, mere waste paper !—Entered into under compulsion, broken at convenience ! Advantage is the only motive for international action. Deceit is not dishonorable. Surprizes are fair play. There never is faith, anywhere, to make one afraid of a breach.

There is nothing either good or bad ;  
’Tis thinking makes it so !

As for rights, they have no existence, no *locus standi*, in the sphere of politics. There, man is in a state of nature, in which everybody’s hand is raised against every other. There, promises are a means of gaining an advantage over the unwary or the simple ; just as legitimate as the lying in ambush, among the tricks of warfare. They are tried, if possible, to gain time, to recruit one’s strength or adjust one’s forces, for a suitable opportunity for pouncing down upon the preordained victim, with unerring aim and effect. Promises are simply thrown out as baits ; it is for those to whom they are offered to judge for themselves whether they should take them or not. Politics, my good Sir, is a game of force and skill, in which there is a fair field—so to speak—but no favor. The conditions are known or ought to be understood—the *phrases* count for nothing, or rather they are simply *ruses*, where they are not empty compliments. Woe to him that pins his faith on them—him too, that walks the field as if it is not a bank of well-laid quick-sand !

Treaties, indeed ! Would you know what treaties are in truth ? They are instruments drawn up in a peculiar dialect, copious in *double entendres*, rich in equivocality and technicality, agreed between dif-

ferent members of a body of experts; commonly instruments employed for mystification or mischief or witchery. At best they are but words. Philosophers—experts in their own way—are fond of the paradox that words do not express thought so much as they govern thought, that they lend the mind ideas, not symbolize in sounds the pre-existing ideas of the mind. The caste *diplomatique* beat hollow even the philosophers in their appreciation of the value of these articulate or picture symbols. Philosophers, though ready enough for logomachy and verbal confusion, still share with the generality of mankind some vague notion that words are an index to the mind. The treaty-making caste repudiate the delusion altogether. With a profound and reverent appreciation of the favors of the Almighty, they believe that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts. There is no doubt of their employment of it in the same fervent spirit.

After all, there are Treaties and Treaties. Treaties may be met by Treaties. There are Treaties for wrong, as there are laws for the enactment of arbitrary power. There are Treaties to beguile, Treaties to cajole, Treaties to tempt. There are Open Treaties and Treaties Secret, Treaties White and Treaties Red. It is significant that though dishonorable statesmen have lived in all ages, it is to an Anglo-Indian that the world owes the first reduction of falsehood in black and white, sealed and delivered, to a system.

After all, of what use are Treaties before cannon-balls? Where is the guarantee of good faith? Who shall curb the ambition of kings? What is the value of the professions of those who (it used to be said) lie in foreign countries for the good of their own, when ruling ministers themselves do not scruple to befool each other with cock and bull stories—when great Powers are not ashamed to put in black and white the thing that is not? Cold Steel, not Cotton, is King. There will every now and then be assurances to the contrary; solemn asseverations—word of honor. Take them for what they are worth;—believe them at your peril! The

periodical jubilees at the supposed prospect of the abolition of war are periodical attempts to feel the pulse of the times. The periodical proposals to settle international differences by arbitration are periodical trials to test the credulity and self-confidence (in their own resources) of rivals and neighbours—to see which are fit objects for encroachment, victims for bullying. The Peace carnival on the occasion of the London Exhibition of 1851 was followed by the carnage in right earnest in the Crimea in '54. Yet, from first to last, the great military Empire of Louis Napoleon—of him who fought against Austria to establish Italian independence *and* rectify his own frontier, who but for the other Powers would have rectified his northern and north-eastern frontiers, and even “avenged Waterloo” if he found it convenient, who founded a vassal empire in America by taking advantage of the moment of sorest trial of the United States—was, we were told, synonymous with Peace. The usurpation of December 1851, at least the assumption of 1852, was the signal for the closing of the European temple of Janus. A still more formidable Empire of Peace is that of William, the new Kaiser of Germany. These tooth-and-nail armed Military Powers—they are all, all so many guarantees of peace on earth and good-will towards all men. They shadow forth the approaching kingdom of Christ. The standard of morals they teach is exemplary. The French shewed their respect for obligations by annexing Nice and Savoy—the Germans by robbing Denmark. We have had an authoritative exposition of the meaning and uses of pledges from Russia by which the world has been such edified. England, since the downfall of Napoleon the Great, has singly been good for nothing better than laying a road in the highlands of Abyssinia or capturing the Umbrella of King Caffec, or winning bloodless battles over Indian hill-tribes, or fulminating professorial despatches *à la Russell* on the whole duty of man and Afghan parents. But directly France, the other Power which fought for and obtained the Treaty of Paris, was down in the late War, Russia thought it



right to repudiate it. It was certainly the most opportune moment. There does not seem to have been any question of decency or generosity to hesitate at. In her repeated declarations of pacific intentions in Central Asia—against the tenour of what seems her settled Asiatic Policy—she has proved her thorough proficiency in the art of bamboozlement.

Yet we must not suppose that she means anything improper or hostile. England, however she may be overreached or bullied by other Great Powers, has in India a fine field for compensation by practicing, on smaller fry, conduct she has to submit to, from the political whales of the West. It might be taken for granted that she would make the most of the advantage. Yet, according to all noble precedents, she is proper and peaceful—benevolent to the last degree. They are all, all honorable ladies and gentlemen. *The Empire is Peace. Peace—Peace—alas! where there is no Peace!*

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We do not by any means say that it is all wrong. Far from it. We dare say, in one aspect, it is all right; under one impression, it was, to some extent, inevitable. It may, or may not, be successful, in the long run. For the moment it has passed without the necessity of firing a penny cracker. Meanwhile let us try to understand it.

Right or wrong, success or no success, the Baroda business is a great business. None since the Mutinies so great! No game so high or deep,—none so far reaching in its consequences on the relations of our Government with the Country Powers—none so widely-affecting, so all involving! Since Lord Dalhousie announced in the Gazette—the consummation of 80 years of coveting—that Oudh could, after all the endless shuffling and mean jugglery and breaches of faith, be at length finally openly swallowed in safety, and decreed that the House of Saadat Khan must cease to reign, no more important Resolution has been taken by the Govern-

ment of India than this Proclamation. No more potentially risky measure has gone forth since Lord Canning by a stroke of the pen confiscated all rights in the soil of Oudh, though only to give them away freed from all old encumbrances. It is fortunate for Lord Northbrook that no Ellenborough reigns at the India Office to expose, in language ever to be remembered, the dangerous tendency of his Act. Whether or no the eloquent condemnation of the able but erratic Earl, had any effect on the Viceroy's views, whether or no it merely anticipated his settled policy, the fact remains that Lord Canning dispensed with the right hand as reward for loyalty, or as condition of immediate submission, what he had seized with the left as punishment for war and murder. May his present successor be guided by that bright example ! The risks, though, of a violent measure are all the same, whatever the harmlessness or even liberality of the intentions concealed within it, or the extent of the benefits to be developed from it in the future. That risk was Lord Canning's when he appropriated all property in the soil in Oudh, quite as much as it was Lord Dalhousie's when he appropriated the state and sovereignty. The same risk was unquestionably run by Lord Northbrook, in deposing and placing in durance a great Mahratta sovereign. Doubtless the three British Proconsuls had immense advantages on their side. Since the downfall of the powerful military monarchy founded by Ranjît Singh, the British have been the masters of the situation in India. In each of the three instances, the exhibition of preparedness and the prestige of power in reserve and the calculation of the grave consequences of failure acting on weakness, physical and moral, ensured success to the particular policy. But though the one side played with several of the principal cards known, and the whole manipulated by themselves, the game was obviously not without its share of hazards. Even under the most favourable circumstances, something untoward might turn up to defeat the most approved calculations.

The best laid schemes of man and mouse  
Aft gang away.

We have not yet constructed a science of history. The moral man repudiates the absolute control of arithmetic. The freedom of the will practically survives Auguste Comte. There is such a thing yet as moral force. Courage is in no small degree a moral quality. There may be strength in a *cause* absent in the *men*. The courage of despair may yet be a fact to upturn all expectations built on the assumption of the necessary submission of weakness. Suicide has not been abolished by Act of Parliament or the British Prestige.

No doubt, enthusiasm goes but a small way against rifled cannon. But it confessedly goes some way. If it cannot win, it may embarrass. Governments, after all, desire to govern, or at least to subdue, not to extinguish. The peculiar position of the Government of India—the paramountcy it claims—makes it its particular interest to preserve in order to govern. A depopulated Oudh, a Guzerat run to jungle were no blessing to it, but rather a sore inconvenience. An exasperated tribe or a maddened Prince could not fail to be a grave embarrassment, might be a severe trial even to the resources of British India.

Nor should it be forgotten that difficulties have the inconvenient property of attraction. It never rains but it pours. A difficulty originally small in itself may derive cumulative force from union with others. A difficulty may be a signal, may be the feeble spark to a long laid train of explosive circumstances.

The most extraordinary part of this extraordinary business is its ordinariness. It seems so much a matter of course. The most *insouciant* can hardly fail to catch the epical grandeur and proportions of the story, but it has been gone through like any large "city," transaction. The Government of India has pursued the even tenour of its way. The mills of the state have not been put anywhere to even a momentary partial stop. There has been no indication at Govern-

ment-House that anything was the matter with the empire at any point, in any of its relations—far less that a resolution big with the fate of a great Prince and of his State was forming. A bazaar gossip of an intrigue in Central Asia, two-thirds unintelligible and one-third insignificant, gives more uneasiness. Clearly, Yarkand is terrible—Yunan something—in comparison with Guzerat or the Deccan, or Rajwara.

It is the quiet peacefulness, the attorney-like business-likeness, the apparent Bunnia-like simplicity, of what is really the tragic catastrophe of a great state drama which constitutes its most startling, mayhap its most dangerous, feature. War in fact, is declared by a Jain profession of reverence for life. A Brahman's impassiveness of demeanor recommends even the purposes of ambition or spirit of meddlesomeness. The Baroda Proclamation is not Peace, though it draws not blood. It is a *coup d'état*, though with rose-water. It is certainly a stroke of power against power, conceived in cold blood, planned and executed unto the last in cold blood, submitted to in cold blood by the immediate victim, and so accepted by the powers indirectly affected, and the country at large,—all in cold blood.

Whatever flattering unction courtiers may lay to the heart of rulers, whatever the language of diplomats, or views of statesmen, or dreams of optimists, to us the unbroken peacefulness is not altogether so cheering. In some respects it is the saddest part of the affair—in none very reassuring. That all this should be done without the necessity of firing a shot, shows the sad pass to which the country has come. That the Viceroy should, on the report of a Police officer, actually send a warrant for the apprehension of a sovereign in his own capital at the head of his troops and people, in order to his being tried, like a common malefactor, shows the abject degradation of all Powers on the Indian Continent save the British, shows how superior are the rights and dignity of the meanest British subject to the rights and privileges of such trumpery monarchs of the chess-

board\*—shows the estimation in which the latter are held by our Government. That the ruler of Baroda could be taken in custody more easily, at least more quietly, than a petty Bengali zemindar, shows the last effects of the repeated British encroachments on the weakness of the native states, till their Princes have ceased to respect themselves. If we did not see the feat accomplished before our eyes, it would be incredible that one Power, even a great Power, could treat, as we have just treated Baroda, another Power, however inferior, that it could treat with worse levity than lords usually show towards abject vassals, a self governing Principality, howsoever petty, whose relations with itself are professedly regulated by treaties.

Such an act is justified, if at all, by its success. We have reason to congratulate the Viceroy and ourselves on his success, so far. But we ought to restrain ourselves in any undue exultation. The game of empire is not one short game, or a play of one sitting, but a very protracted business, with much room, in time and circumstances, for compensations. It is one, moreover, in which appearances are apt to deceive, in which it is difficult to make sure whether a result is an advantage or a disadvantage. The gain on one head may mean loss on another. The victory of to-day may be but the earnest of defeat to-morrow, or the day after, perchance by a new enemy. We trust there are no grounds for anxiety. We have still some confidence in the wisdom

\* Raja Apurva Krishna, of the Shovabazar family, a type of our Calcutta Rajas, author of "The Conquerors of Hind" (Persian and English), formerly Poet Laureate to the King of Delhi, subsequently—since the destruction of the Mogul Empire in '58 with the banishment of Bâhâdur Shah—Knight of the most Exalted Order of some thing or other of Portugal, member of many learned Societies in Europe, in fact *sarwan*, was asked in the course of his examination in a wellknown family suit in the High Court why he, Raja as he was, did not provide better for the Ranees? He at once replied—"How can I afford? Rajas! We are only chess board Kings, my lord." Apurva Krishna Bâhâdar, it should be remembered, is not a *post-mortem* or a famine Rajah. We would look in vain for such candor as his from the plutocrats who have acquired their only patent of nobility by bribes and *pseudo* charity—men who have wasted thousands on this vanity who would not give alms for the love of God.

of the Viceroy, by the exercise of justice and moderation, to steer clear of a policy which, though triumphant for the moment, may yet have the effect of weakening the empire. But while men in power are not likely to want admirers to burn incense to them and magnify the veriest trifles, make the most of doubtful successes, and gloss over failures, it is the duty of honest and loyal citizens to remind them of possible dangers, mayhap in the far off distance of decades, contingent on mistakes in present policy.

The state of things brought out is not one for un-mixed gratulation. In as much as British supremacy is the supremacy of order, the conversion of an Asiatic kingdom into a British Province is one to make glad the heart of every friend of the human race. It means immunity from constant invasions, freedom from the plundering and slave-hunting raids of frontier hill tribes, the extinction of Pindaris and thugs, the suppression of female infanticide and forcible *suttee*, the abolition of *dharna* and barbarous ordeals, the repression of professional rascals of fakirs and Pandas and such other scum of Brahmanocracy and the territorial nobility. It means the possibility of the accumulation of property and the diffusion of comfort. But there is unfortunately a dark side to the picture. In the absence of the conditions for a noble activity, property may be a burden. Without national existence or a worthy career, comfort may be a disgrace. Order may be too orderly. Tranquility may be the quiescence of death. Order is a doubtful boon without it consist with life. Life is more valuable than a lifeless order, for life carries with it all possibilities, even those of order and progress. Death is simply—death. We do not assert that Britain has imposed, consciously or unconsciously, such a blasting order. We only point out the liabilities of dependent dominion. Man is too imperfect for the endowment of unchecked power. It is in the possession of such absolute power that our Government finds itself by the quiet issue of the Baroda proceedings. It is precisely the kind of authority that is

apt to demoralize both the weilder and its objects. Throughout the length and breadth of the Indian Continent Great Britain is absolutely supreme. Her fiat is law—her vagaries command respect—her very injustice must be obeyed. The Viceroy, as the representative of this Power, is practically an absolute despot, in some respects more formidable than any Emperor of Delhi ever was. There is no tribunal anywhere in Asia, no power in Princes or people, to call him to account. Indeed the whole people are as playthings to him; Princes he makes or unmakes at pleasure.

We who are loyal to the Government—loyal from immediate personal advantage, loyal from the sympathy of education, loyal far more from unselfish calculation of what is best for our father-land and our race, in the present as well as in the future,—have had as yet no cause to repine at the uninterrupted career of British success. Nevertheless, it is our duty, as a part and proof of that loyalty, to remind our rulers that, as according to the well-known maxim of the French cynic, there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which does not displease us, there is something in the character of British supremacy which somewhat repels the people. Great, brilliant, long-continued success, undiversified by reverses, provokes if not the dormant envy, at least the spirit of mischievousness, a modicum of which seems to go into the composition of the human heart, which in its milder form makes us desire to see a swaggering bully or even a big thundering fellow licked by some plucky or lucky little dare-devil. Apart from the operation of this feeling, there are other causes for the indifference and jealousy of India towards the progress of the supremacy of Britain in the East. Her power is too great not to be alarming. The spectacle is overpowering to the imagination—the reality is sure to be crushing to any one so unfortunate as to tempt or irritate it. No one can divest himself of the feeling that the existence of such a power is a permanent menace to all. In truth the very existence has been sufficient to crush the spirit of all.

It need not be so. Under other conditions, it would not be so. There is at this moment a good parallel to the British omnipotence in India in the United States' supremacy on the Continent of America. There is no nation so proud, in season and out of season, of the power and prestige of their Government as the people of the Union. They have good reasons to be so. For, the people and the Government are one. The evil of British power in India, as well as its inherent weakness, lies in the absence not only of the ties of close ethnic and religious consanguinity—these are not practically of so much consequence as bigots are apt to fancy—but of those other important artificial ties which result from moral and political affiliation between the rulers and the ruled. It is a power essentially foreign, not only in origin but throughout its progress. The people did not found it,—it does not depend on the people for its maintenance. It is a Government over, rather than of, India. It is an oligarchy of foreigners, deliberately, or by disposition, isolated from the people. Sympathy is a plant too delicate to grow under such circumstances. A magnificence which, in some important respects, is independent of the people, they cannot be expected much to care for. They are not likely to be proud of achievements—in arms or policy—in which *they* are nowhere—to feel a lively personal interest in the aggrandisement of a power and authority *they* do not share.

We are not disposed lightly to find fault. We are aware of the difficulties of Government in giving unqualified satisfaction to parties and the public. We have some notion, however dim as being formed without personal experience, of the responsibility of high office. We have seen repeated instances of how men have failed in a ministerial position to realize the promises of a period of Opposition. We are sure journalists will not find Government such a bed of roses as they would seem to fancy it. We share a good deal of the general confidence of the community in the ability, assiduity and determination to do his best of the present Viceroy.



In the absence of fuller information, therefore, we were willing to believe his action respecting Baroda, proper. We share with all our countrymen a tenderness for the Native States. With them, too, in that tenderness, we view with concern and sorrow any diminution of the status, dignity and rights of the Great Western Principality now under a cloud. That tenderness does not in the slightest degree imply the sympathy of the native community with the crimes of their Princes—least of all their condonement of the Gaekwar's attempt to poison Colonel Phayre, supposing he did poison him. Modern Europeans are accustomed to pride themselves on having founded the Law of Nations. There was, in their opinion, nothing like a sense of international obligation among the ancients. The liberal speculations of Cicero are regarded as the exception to the practice of his countrymen or their intellectual masters the Greeks. How could the idea of fairness, not to say law, towards other tribes and nations be expected of people among whom the terms *stranger* and *enemy* were synonyms! International Law is no older than Grotius. According to this self-complaisant view, Christianity was a previous necessity, before the Ethics of War and Peace could be a possibility.\* Whatever the truth of the remark in the West, it has no application to the East. Nor is it anything of a reproach to Europe that she has learnt to be just to strangers who can not enforce their rights, within the last few centuries during which she has picked up the other rudiments of civilization. But Asia the hoary-headed, Asia the autocthonous, Asia the discoverer and first teacher of duties and arts, cannot dishonor her sages and kings of old by the political flattery of pretending to receive as a new revelation an ancient, very ancient and yet unforgotten, lesson. In India the morals of warfare and duties of princes to one another have ever formed a part of the art of polity—*Rājantī*. It does not matter that the Indian Aryans,

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\* *Histoire des Progrès du Droit des gens en Europe et en Ameriques. &c. Par Henry Wheaton.* 2nd edition, 2 vols. Liepsig, 1864.

*Elements of International Law.* By the same author. 3rd edition. Philadelphia, 1846. Preface to the third edition.

Kent's *Commentaries on American Law*, 34 vols. seventh edition. New York, 1851, vol. I, Part I.



like the Greeks and Romans, regarded foreigners as "barbarians"—*mlechhas*. For, except perhaps in the earliest Vedic times of desperate struggle, of which we find some traces in some of the Rig Hymns, their attitude towards non-Aryans was one of some contempt and pity—not of hate, such as the civilized peoples of ancient Europe by their language entertained towards the races around them. Certain it is that an international jurisprudence had been worked out in the Panjab as early as the wars of the Mahábhárata. With regard to the point involved in the case under notice, the inviolability of ambassadors rests in the eyes of all Hindus on authority much stronger than international law; it is absolutely a part and parcel of their religion, and not an accidental or minor part and parcel. Were it not that the people of India relying on their experience, at once of Native Princes and the British Ministers at their Courts, utterly discredited the charge against the Gaekwar, as by instinct led,—his own countrymen would have with one voice repudiated fellowship with him, execrated his name. It would be more to the point to attempt to explain the native sympathy for native Princes on the principle of national leanings—by the admission—dread heresy to a world which has received its creed from that Professor of the Philosophy of Indian History, Sir Henry Elliot!—of the patriotism of the people. The native sympathy, as it is akin to the universal pity for the weak, the persecuted and the helpless, is, in point of fact, due to the native knowledge of the native princely suffocation under British pressure,—the native princely despair under the petty domination of the indifferent British men who compose the bulk of our diplomatic service.

We own to a tenderness for the Gaekwar himself. But neither the one tenderness nor the other, because it should not, does not, blind us to the interests of truth and justice. If the Gaekwar seriously planned the death of the British representative at his court, we are quite prepared to give him up and his cause. If he had been a citizen of the Empire, we would not have cared for

how he was dealt with, provided he got justice and fairness. Because he happens to be a Prince, we wish none the less that he may be brought to account, if there is any case against him. All we wish is that, in his crimes, the state of Baroda, which he merely represents for the moment, may not suffer—above all, that other States may not be involved in his degradation. To meet the double condition—to try and punish the Gaekwar, if guilty, and yet not try and punish Baroda, or affect the Native States—was a difficult problem. It was this problem that Lord Northbrook had to solve. How has the Viceroy met it?

We cannot congratulate Lord Northbrook on his solution. Indeed, he seems to have missed one half of the problem—by far the most difficult part. He has evidently had one idea—the necessity of investigating the charge against the Gaekwar, and of punishing him, if the charge was made out. No candid man will dispute the necessity. Justice is a paramount claim. In the present instance, its claim is urged by policy itself. Surely the British Power cannot with safety allow itself to be trifled with. Surely even a great Chief cannot be permitted to poison a British officer. But his greatness and independence claimed a special regard. We have reluctantly come to the conclusion that Lord Northbrook has failed in exhibiting that regard—we do not say, we do not believe, from want of intention. We simply say he has failed.

We pity his failure; we grieve at it. We grieve the more that the Cause of the Princes seems more and more hopeless. Where Lord Northbrook has not done well, it was not much likely others would have done better. It seems impossible under present circumstances to do much better. The absence of high political ability among the native Chiefs, the very want among them of physical vitality, tenacity and fertility, with their consequence of frequent adoptions and minorities—in other words, interregnums of weakness—in the succession, and the expansion, in various ways, and consolidation, in many respects, of British India, have together gone on for a long series of years, undermining

the power, and diminishing the importance, of the Native States, till they find themselves so utterly prostrate that it is not easy,—it is extremely difficult, if not quite impracticable,—even where there is a *will*, to see one's *way* to punish a *prince* without compromising his *country*, or *punish* the prince without *crushing* him. Such as the way was, Lord Northbrook has not discovered it. Hid far up in the serene heights of genuine statesmanship and originality, it remains unsuspected by the realistic intellect of the Viceroy—to be the glory of some future Proconsul with the unselfish craft of a Chánakya and the imagination of a Disreali.

Lord Northbrook moves in a lower plane of ideas and aspirations. In his sphere, however, he is a king, for wisdom and moderation. Only the sphere does not go far enough. To this Baroda business he was clearly unequal. He has made a mess of it. Yet it is difficult, with candour, to impeach the motives of Lord Northbrook. There are in his action obvious indications of a spirit of justice and fair-play. So difficult are the duties of statesmen, that the highest sense of justice, united with the most enlightened judgment, cannot, by any particular course, escape all criticism, avoid all error. Statesmanship in its nature is condemned to a choice among inconvenient alternatives. In rejecting the unsatisfactoriness of a secret enquiry through a secret department like the Foreign Office—in eluding the prejudice to which such a mode is liable—the Viceroy has laid himself open to the charge of lowering the dignity and status of the Gaekwar, and, in the latter's person, those of the Native States in general. He, however, simply intended to profit by the experience of the agitation on the case of the ex-Nawab of Tonk, in which Lord Lawrence was accused of injustice and secrecy. "You Native Princes," says Lord Northbrook, "complain of it as a grievance that you are tried by a secret irresponsible tribunal like the Foreign Office or its agents. You cannot expect that such a complaint shall stop all enquiry into your crimes. You point to the advantage that the meanest British subjects enjoy of their causes being tried by regular courts, with

numerous appeals unto the Highest Court of the Empire, Her Majesty's Privy Council. You glibly talk of the denial to you of opportunities for proving your innocence. You need not repine under *me*. You will get the said opportunities"—with a vengeance, he might have added. It is lamentable to see a minister of Lord Northbrook's capacity and experience listening to the rhetorical appeals or miscellaneous suggestions of agitators and agents for deposed Princes, in preference to dependence on himself, for shaping his course in regard to the suspected Gaekwar. Such agents and advocates are not always a superior class who care for more than the immediate success, or understand the true interests and dignity of their clients. In stress for a point, they may throw out any suggestion by way of an *argumentum ad misericordiam*. Practical men know what they are worth. Lord Northbrook has steered clear of the Sylla of secret enquiry to be stranded on the Charibdis of the degradation of the Native Prince. He commenced with an initial mistake. He failed to appreciate the position of the Gaekwar. The idea uppermost in his mind was how to bring the Gaekwar to justice. That idea, and the way he set about in carrying it out, are inconsistent with the divinity that doth hedge a king. Reigning Princes are not to be brought to justice like ordinary citizens. True, that perfect impunity belongs not to man. Even kings cannot set at nought law or morality without jeopardy to their power or even person. Practical immunity, however, from obedience to judicial processes is the prerogative of princes. Their position exempts them from the call to answer criminal charges before anything like a judicial tribunal. If nations in their exultation at new powers have presumed to sit in judgment in regular court over their deposed sovereigns, no king has ever claimed anything like a judicial jurisdiction over foreign rulers. Such a judicial jurisdiction, inconsistent as it is with the independence of the numerous minor States, has been claimed by our Government over the Gaekwar, and exercised over him, *perforce*. It is idle to say that the recent Commission was but a committee of enquiry directed

to make a report to the appointing authority, not a court empowered to pass sentence. The name is nothing. The Commission was as much a court as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council which, too, in form, report its opinion to the Crown. Indeed, it was more so—as a body taking evidence on oath, of witnesses examined and cross-examined before it—a court at once of first instance and final, without the check of an appellate judiciary. The necessity which compelled the Gaekwar to submit to the jurisdiction did not rectify the original illegality of the tribunal. Inasmuch as he had no right to be liberal with the privileges of the Baroda Raj, his free and willing submission could not legalize its pretensions. The equity and moderation of our Government in imposing such a tribunal on the weakness of a foreign Prince remained questionable, all the same. Our Government cannot claim to have evinced due respect for the rights of its minor allies or care to carry out its pledge of protection and renunciation of views of avarice or ambition.

The Gaekwar submitted to the jurisdiction of the Commission under protest. His unconditional submission could not absolve Lord Northbrook from the responsibility of such a politico-judicial experiment.

Though to all intents and purposes a judicial tribunal, the Commission was a strange one in all conscience. It was neither a court of law nor one of equity. It was not a court of conscience, good or bad, nor yet a court of chivalry. It was not a tribunal of peers nor a chamber of judges. Even less was it a committee of sovereigns. It was a mixed quasi-political body of Princes, statesmen and diplomats, with a sprinkling of *Kazis*. Such as it was, it was a creature foreign to our Constitution. We at least labored under the impression that we lived—even in this Indian Empire—under a Constitution. The establishment of the Baroda Court and its acceptance by India and England tend somewhat to shake the notion. Does Lord Northbrook wish to set up a Viceregal despotism, pure and simple, to which neither Parliament nor the Crown lays claim? Here is a High Court—

disguised however under another name,—limited, though, to a single enquiry—a court in dignity and for its work above all the High Courts established by Her Majesty's Letters Patent under Acts of Parliament,—constituted by his simple edict. Under what authority he exercises such an autocratic power, we wonder. There are Legislatures in every Presidency of India, and a Supreme Legislature in England. How can a court be established independent of any and all these sources of authority?

We wonder Sir Richard Couch did not hesitate to accept the Presidency of the Court. Warren Hastings was impeached for appointing Sir Richard's predecessor, the first of his official line, to the Presidency of the Sudder Court, and Sir Ellijah Impey was impeached for receiving the appointment. His retirement from the office of Lord Chief Justice of Bengal—if he had resigned it—might remove the absolute legal objections to Sir Richard's acceptance of his recent commission, but cannot alter the questionableness of his countenance towards an institution without precedent or authority.

It is significant that Lord Northbrook does not pretend to cite his authority. If he acted as British Viceroy, the Judicial Committee he appointed was invalid. As usurping Gaekwar, *pro tem.*, he could not well bring his predecessor to trial, nor were his judicial Lords bound to serve him.

The *personnel* of the Court was no less extraordinary and objectionable. This is the first time that the sovereign rulers of Native India have formally been commanded to give up their remaining pretensions to independence by accepting, at a time of peace, and not in connection with their own dominions, civil duties under the British Indian Empire. This is beyond anything the Great Mogul ever assumed over any neighbour, however humble, who was anything like independent, *de facto* or *de jure*. Independent sovereigns, no doubt, with dignity and without compromise, undertake duties in reference to disputes between their neighbours. Here in this Baroda matter, it is not only that the sovereigns

are *not* asked to do a favor, but they are ordered to take office, and sent out on a commission. No one has been deceived by the miserable pretence of the distinction between a Court and an Enquiry. Everything about the late Commission marked its character as a British Court. None else is recognized by our Constitution, such as it is. It was not formed so as to ward from it the imputation of such a character. If foreign rulers took part in it, the fact does not matter. The rulers were simply degraded, and degraded themselves. Nor did Princes alone take part in it, but commingled themselves with the dust of baser humanity—low in the dust, as it were! That those who sat at the late trial formed, or at least were meant for, a regular Court, and not an august meeting of Sovereigns, assisted by Privy Councillors and Chancellors, it is patent on the name of the thing, and the face of the Notification. It was a “Commission.” Small difference between a Commission and a Court! If so much virtue lies in a name, then have the Commissions which have from time to time tried so many officers of Government been recognized under a mistake, then the highest appellate tribunal for all British Dependencies, as only a committee, is no Court. A court is a machinery for the determination judicially of facts in dispute, and the Baroda Commission, or Committee or Board or whatever else you like to call it, strictly conformed to the definition. Anyhow, the degradation of the Native Princes was real. There can be no doubt of what a Commission implies, and they served on a Commission—received each a *commission*. Maharaja Sindhia and Maharaja Jeypore were not requested, but openly before the world *appointed*. To all appearance, the Government of India did not care to observe towards crowned princes the courtesy that even British subjects not in state pay would exact. People cannot help regarding it as an indication of the utter weakness and absence of sense of dignity of the Princes. It is not unlikely that the Princes were privately requested; indeed that they had been previously sounded to



ascertain whether they would comply with the request. But that does not alter their public humiliation. As regards honor, what is private is as nothing. Public respect depends on the public judging on public facts, and it is only the *appointment* of the Maharajas that the public sees. If there was any correspondence of a character more soothing to their status and honor, thus compromised by the publication of the Government warrant, it was due to them to publish it. If there was no ulterior design to attack their independence (such as it is,) or at least to leave open a way to such attack, on the basis of their quiet acceptance of a gazetted appointment in the Foreign Department of British India, it is difficult to understand why that correspondence was not published in the same *Gazette* to check the interpretation of the appointment, and save the honor of the Princes. Without the aid of such a hypothesis it is difficult even to understand the terms of the Notification. Nay, if it was not intended to constitute a British Court, though a special Court, only *pro tem*, the Notification is an inexplicable affront to the Maharajas. If the so-called commission was to be an honorary and honorable sitting of crowned heads and ministers and experts, there was no occasion for the use of the habitual language of sovereigns to servants and subjects. The Notification is not in the nature of a submission of matters in dispute to arbitrators, or of a request to equals, or to independent rulers, of howsoever low a degree; it plainly purports to be a patent of office—a *sanad* of service. The difference of political status between the several classes of sovereigns, foreign subjects, subjects and servants joined together in one undertaking, did not render a confounding of their several distinct positions by the Government of India unavoidable. It was within the resources of the English language, meagre as it is, to make a distinction in addressing the several parties. They could be addressed differently and separately, by different communications. Above all, there was no necessity, unless for the sake of being

theatrical, or except in the spirit of an attorney habituated to forms, or for the assumption of absolute empire over Independent India, to give the document calling together a meeting of the Princes and Statesmen and kazis the particular form given to it, far less to publish the said document in the *Gazette*. Neither that form nor that publication, nor both together, could give the Commission any validity it did not otherwise possess. They could not render the Viceroy's creation of a court un contemplated by Parliament, unsanctioned by the Indian legislature, a whit legal. Still less could they confer on it a jurisdiction over Baroda and its ruler. Neither were they likely to command for it the confidence of the people of India or justify the Viceregal policy with the public of Great Britain. That people and that public know full well that the *Gazette* is the record of the least important of political matters and papers, that international designs are kept a sealed secret, that international intrigues are never published. If all the forms of judiciary *could* be observed, symmetry might require the formal appointment and its publication. But the Commissioners did not, for one thing, enter on their duties taking the usual oath. Such as the Viceroy shows himself, we can imagine his scruples to dispense with such a formality even in carrying out a high-handed measure against another State, but he could not see his way to satisfaction on this score, without rousing attention. Though Lord Northbrook took it upon himself to establish without authority from the legislature, by his own prerogative of Viceroy, a Viceroy's Bench, a High Court for the trial of Princes in alliance with British India, he can of right command the services of only the *employés* and servants of the State. If the Native Princes submit to serve the Viceroy in conjunction with British servants, it is partly through fear, partly through ignorance of what their compliance implies. If the Viceroy imposed an oath of office on them, the film on their eyes would have been removed and they would have rejected the implication. It is thus, in the quiet usual way, but not always or wholly without

design, that the Native Princes,—who, however strongly developed their instinct of self-advantage, whatever the natural shrewdness or acquired cleverness, or cunning if you will, of any of them, whatever even the superior talents and ability of their ministers, are as mere children lisping diplomacy or groping in the dark as to the nature, causes and consequences of political moves—are sacrificed: sacrificed, not in the clash of power—they do not repine of that, in fact, there is no clash, for they have accepted their inferiority—but in the clash of knowledge and intellect. The poor fellows are compromised, by consent as it were, because not suspecting it! There is, however, little generosity, to say nothing of morality, in such a policy of the mighty. The absence of principle, too, is here, as in common life, the absence of wisdom. Broken-down as is the spirit of the Independent Powers, there was some considerable chance of the Government of India meeting with a refusal from Scindhia and Jeypore of the British yoke of abject submission offered them under guise of the Notification. If the present Administration of India was bent on insinuating the remainder of the wedge of direct and unqualified sovereignty into the Native States, and yet not prepared to rouse the suspicion of its victims and the criticism of the public, here and in England, it could not have gone about it in a more blundering way. As if the servitude of the addressees implied in the Notification could not be considered sufficient for the demands of British ambition; or, as though British *ambition* might be satisfied with the bare *injury*, British *official insolence* thirsted for the pleasure of adding *insult*! 'Tis not in mortals to pretend to search of human hearts, but every clement appears to have been availed of to make the Perwana of office of the princely Commissioners as offensive as possible to themselves and the Gaekwar. It is not a light thing that the Maharajahs of Gwalior and Jeypore were placed under the presidency of a British Kazi—instead of the Kazi being appointed to assist their deliberations with his professional learning and experience. They could not possibly

feel the religious veneration which a Mahomedan Kazi might command from Mahomedans, even Princes. Is the Ruler of an Independent or quasi-Independent State, as such, inferior in position—we do not mean in reference to any self-established British table of precedence—to the Chief Justice of Bengal? But it was not even as such Chief Justice that Richard Couch headed the Baroda Commission; as *such*, he had no business there, any more than Mr. Melville had, as Judge of the Punjab Chief Court, or Sir Richard Meade, as Chief Commissioner of Mysore. They were simply servants of the state or private men available to the Government of India for a particular service. So indeed might be said of Sindhia and Jeypore, but that sovereigns do not, unless by the exceptional circumstantiality imported into the Baroda business and by the character of the Baroda Notification, necessarily forfeit their sovereign status by undertaking any honorary work of courtesy, such as the decision of any matters laid before them by a friendly, though far more powerful, State. Under any view, the Commissioners, as such, were at least equal. There was, therefore, a clear want of respect for the rest of them, in putting over them Sir Richard Couch. The pretence that a President was necessary will not avail. The Commissioners might have been left to elect their own Chairman for each sitting. Their electing Sir Richard Couch, or any other Member, would not have compromised their individual positions, personal or sovereign. The Maharajas, in their jealousy of each other, if not in their respect for the professional eminence of the Chief Justice of Bengal, nor their deference to the secret wishes of the Government of India, might, we think, have been safely trusted to elect the man after the Viceroy's heart. But such a course would hardly have carried out the views of our Government. The Baroda Commission was in fact Sir Richard Couch's Commission: he, or rather they, the British officers, the Knights Richard and Judge Melville, were everything—the Maharajas and Raja, the Native Sovereigns and the Native Statesmen, were nothing.

For anything that was absolutely required of them,—for any authority they might jointly of themselves ever exercise on the deliberation—they might just as well have minded their own business, or enjoyed their *otium cum dignitate*, at home. And they were told as much, though not in the same terms, in the *Gazette*. Their sense of decency and anxiety not to be guilty of a seeming disrespect prevented their taking the hint. They were to assist the Chief Justice and the other British officers, if they could.

The relative positions thus publicly assigned to Sir Richard Couch and the Maharajas of Gwalior and Jeypore raises the question of their precedence under the constitutional theory of the British or British Indian Empire. Are the Native Princes as such in rank below the Chief Justices of the several Presidencies. Then they are below the Commander-in-Chief, below the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors; below the Metropolitan. Are they below Members of Council? Are they above any body? Or, are all Anglo-Saxons, whatever their relative positions among themselves, are they all political Brahmans to the dust of whose feet all Indians, sovereign princes not excepted, must consider it a comfort to level themselves? Or, is there any point in the official hierarchy at which the inferiority of the Native Rulers ceases?

To us, it appears that, as sovereigns of their own territories, Gwalior and Jeypore are in status above them, even in the just eye of the British Government, above them all—above all servants of the British Crown—below only the Viceroy. To him alone is their allegiance due—their allegiance personal and political, as the Viceroy of the Queen, the Representative of the Sovereign Majesty of Great Britain in the East. The Governor-General for the time being holds an exceptional and unique position, to which there is no parallel in India, and few in history. To the Queen, Lord Northbrook may be a servant only, however important, only one of many servants, a servant inferior, it may be, to others, in relation to the administration of the

whole British Empire,—inferior for instance, in the imperial hierarchy, to the Secretary of State for India,—inferior manifestly to her Chief Adviser, the Head *de facto* of the Executive. All that only in Europe. In India he is everything, as the direct personal agent of Royalty as such—sole king, *pro tem.*, *per procurationem*. To the Indian subjects and the Chiefs and allied powers of India, he is the only British authority and personage—not a mere placeman. We do not conceive that the native rulers are bound by anything approaching or akin to loyal submission to any other British Chief or Functionary.

But if there be any doubt about the relative precedence of Native Princes and British Judges, there is none, it may be presumed, about the respective positions of Native Princes among themselves or about their superiority to ordinary British subjects,—Hindu British subjects,—and the subjects of the Native States. Still less doubt is there as to the difference between master and servant. British paramountcy, whatever absurdity it may impose on the people, will not easily confuse their fundamental notions. The Government of India has made confusion worse confounded with this *omnium gatherum* of a new-fangled heterogeneous Commission of incompatibles, over and above the original sin of seizing the person of the Gaekwar and the state of Baroda. It has more than killed two birds with one stone—has, by a short column of type, caused a variety of complications, and infinite heart-burning and mischief. The mischief is the more wanton that, as master of the political situation, it does not affect that Government. The Notification disturbs the existing precedence among the Native States which had become historical by appointing on a Committee, on a footing of equality, a Great Indian Power, Gwalior, and a Lesser Tributary, Jeypore, and degrades the Gaekwar, a sovereign of the first rank, entitled not long since to the royal salute of 21 guns throughout British India, by constituting the judges of his case a great Mahratta rival—between whose House, as the one which

long contested the sovereignty of Hindoostan with the British, and his, as the one which ever stood firm to the British cause, there has always subsisted a mutual hatred—and a Rajpoot enemy. Did the matter end there, these two Commissioners might have some cause for satisfaction, might have got some poor compensation for their necks meekly bending to receive the yoke of the chariot of Sir Richard Couch. But as if our Government was resolved to leave no room for balm to wounded pride, the high adjudicating princes were humiliated by being harnessed in the same team with Sir Dinkur Rao. This private gentleman, formerly minister of Gwalior, is, we believe, a native of Gwalior territory. He has certainly jaghirs there. If he is not a subject of a Native State, he is but an ordinary Hindu subject of the British Crown. It was derogatory enough to Maharaja Ram Singh of Jeypore to sit with the *quondam* servant of a brother Native Prince, but to Maharaja Sindhia it must have been absolutely galling to serve on the same board with the servant he had dismissed, against the wishes of the British Government, whose jaghir he had confiscated, whom he was understood to regard as little better than a traitor. The Maharaja complained of his minister's subserviency to British views against the interests, at least the wishes, of his master. Believing, as we do, in Sir Dinkur Rao's substantial patriotism, we fear, if he did anything, he merely succumbed, like so many ministers in Native States who, in their natural solicitude to retain office, regard the British support as a better guarantee of their position than the pleasure of their masters, to British pressure. Probably he was sacrificed simply to the Sindhia's morbid jealousy of Raja Dinkur, excited by the minister's habitual, though only courtly, deference to the British representatives, and the demonstrative satisfaction with him of the British Government. But that misunderstanding has apparently injured the ex-minister far more than he feared. It is probable that the prejudice which forced him to retire from Gwalior has hitherto been in the way of his acceptance at other Courts. It is a fact

that this able and experienced statesman has since in vain tried to gain a proper footing elsewhere. It is a reproach to the British system that it affords no career for such capacity as his. It is a misfortune to the country that an unfortunate misunderstanding should have so long prevented his being utilized in the government of the Native States, which stand so much in need of such sagacity and mature judgment as he could afford. But so it is. It is by an accident that Raja Dinkur Rao has had at last the miserable opportunity—miserable for the sad occasion, miserable in the absence of reward, miserable for very thanklessness—to give his honorary services to our Government and the country on the Baroda Commission. For empty honor, the exclusiveness of the British system had left no higher object of ambition open to an Indian subject than to be called to assist at the deliberations of a Committee of Native Sovereigns and high British officers. But if the subject was ennobled, the Sovereigns were proportionally lowered. Bitter, indeed, must the pill have proved to both the Sindhia and Jeypore—to have for a fellow-member the servant of one of them.

Almost no stone was left unturned to make the Maharajas feel the poignancy of their situation. Not only was their appointment under all its conditions published throughout the land, not only were they condemned from the commencement to play second fiddle to the British Kazi-ul-Kuzzat, not only were they subjected to the fellowship of a native subject. The Pelion of contempt was heaped on the Ossa of political degradation which laid them low. All the native rudeness of the Saxon tongue and Saxon manners was invoked to insult the independent members of the Commission. The Notification is a curiosity of political literature. Its like will be looked for in vain in the archives of any civilized nation. The *ukases* of the Czar, we trust, are rather more complimentary to those to whom they are addressed. The Calcutta Foreign Office,—which has so often played the rôle of king-maker and king-



destroyer, which has perpetrated so many freaks in mere lustiness of military strength, which revenged on the poor puppet King of Delhi for His Majesty's kingly rebuke to Lord Amherst for the Governor-General's demand for a chair in the Presence by procuring the assumption of the royal style by the hereditary rulers of Oudh and Viziers of the Mogul Empire,—never fulminated so coarse an address to the most insignificant of its tributaries. The Great Mogul himself, in the grandest Mogul times, during his most imperial fits, when he exacted the divine honors of the *Shijdá*, the Great Mogul, whose Viceroys proclaimed themselves his slaves, never pretended to address such language to any Ruler with whom he exchanged *khureetas*. The Viceroy barely avoids Billingsgate to call a spade a spade. The English are not an over-polite race, nor is their language copious in its complimentary forms. Yet even in English there is a distinct difference between the languages of men in different stations and occasions—between the vulgar tongue and the genteel tongue, between the slang of the Turf and the vocabulary of the Lecture-room, between the *patois* of the boor and the jargon of the Cockney, between the speech of the street and the *lingo* of the city. Even in England, it may be presumed, there is a language of familiarity, a language of respect, and a language of command. There is a well-understood language of the *bureau* and a language of Royal Courts, each differing from the speech of ordinary social intercourse, not only in the choice of words and phrases and in the forms of address, but even in grammatical construction—differing even more in the degree of outspokenness allowed. There is a distinct dialect of diplomacy—that in which ministers and courts address one another—so widely differing, indeed, so reticent, as compared to other language, that it has been characterized as the language of evasion and concealment of thought. The Government of India may be allowed to have made amends for all its past sins of verbal omission and misdirection by its recent verbal enormity. The enormity appears all the more horrible

in Asia, where gentlemen are accustomed to address, and be addressed by, equals as if they were all Princes, but even in Europe such a Notification would have shocked. It is a strange fate to have been reserved for Indian Princes to be addressed with individual distinctness as if they were footmen. The string of high sounding titles of Maharaja Jiyaji Rao Sindhia,—the proud heirloom of Jeypore—that small word *Sevâe*,—acquired for the House by its great soldier-statesman—*savan*, Maharaja Jey Singh—are a mockery in connection with the degrading pronoun “you”—in Hindustani *tóm*. Were “Your Highness” too great a condescension? Did the Hon’ble Mr. Hobhouse—the Law Member of the Government of India and, of course, the Keeper of the Viceregal Conscience—demur to so honorific a form from a fear lest it invalidate the document or the Commission? Is it usual in Europe for Great Powers to address Small Powers, even Subordinate Powers, in such wise? Supposing it to be so, no forms drawn from the etiquette of a Continent which for centuries lay benighted in barbarous ignorance and groaned beneath feudal tyranny, have any business here, in despotic but well-bred Asia. European precedents will not justify haughty clownishness in India. It should be remembered that whatever the native Princes are to the British Power,—they may be independent or not, allied or mediatized, protected or tributary—but they are not vassals. There is no such thing in India. There has been here no pure and rank and unchecked feudalism. At least neither Jeypore nor Gwalior is a vassal.

The language of the Government of India to the Princes Commissioners is in keeping with the harshness of its treatment of Mulhar Rao. All India read the Notification with astonishment hardly inferior to that with which all heard of the arrest of the sovereign of Baroda. A document unprecedented in its very language in the East led readers of European literature involuntarily to remember passages in the Western dramatists in which gentle folk at every turn “sirrah”

humble humanity. We wonder how the Foreign Office has translated the *Perwana*, if any translation was supplied to the Native States. We can imagine Maharaja Jiyaji Rao Bahadoor and Maharaja Ram Singh Bahadoor's feelings on reading the English or hearing it explained—"What! is it come to this? Does the Viceroy mean to order us a whipping on a post before Government House?"

It would seem as if the Government of India was succumbing to the vices of virtual omnipotence. Its great prosperity is telling upon its manners. The thing is nothing new. Impunity in insolence is apt to demoralize. The Indian Government had not been noted for its civility and respect for the feelings of minor powers. And now diplomatic *brusquerie* threatens to develop into rank Yahooism.

It is superfluous to insist that Baroda and its king suffered in the degradation of Maharajas Gwalior and Jeypore. The prisoner's rank, as it determines the character of the tribunal, cannot escape the humiliation of his judges. The inclusion of even a Sindhia among a mixed body of British officers and subjects could not constitute it a Court august enough for the trial of a sovereign prince. It could only humble the Sindhia. Here the Sindhia was gratuitously lowered still further by the relative position assigned to him in the Court, and above all by the barbarous language of the appointment. The Maharajas Commissioners ceased to be much that they had been, before the Gackwar received them for his judges.

Every feature of this strange Court involves some kind or other of blunder. A Commission of Indian princes only, would *not* have been closed to objection. It is all very well for subjects to be tried by their own peers. Princes, though they may be ready enough to accept with complaisance the necessity of submission to the strong arm, cannot brook the idea of humbling themselves before equals no better than themselves. It is such a humiliation that the Viceroy has inflicted upon Baroda, by constituting Gwalior and Jeypore judges in his

cause. Lord Northbrook has deliberately despised history and disturbed the *statu quo*. Between the houses of Gwalior and Baroda there has, as we have already observed, always been antagonism, as between the Mahratta state which had long kept in check the career of British ascendancy in Hindostan, and the Mahratta state which had almost uninterruptedly been the steadfast ally of the English. Whatever the real degradation and injury to the Sindhia from the manner in which he was put on the Commission, that Prince was not probably sorry to be placed in a position of such advantage over a great Mahratta rival. Jeypore, besides being a brother prince, was to the Gaekwar an alien Rajput. Being, moreover, but one of the lesser fry, his sitting in judgment over Baroda had no redeeming feature in it. After this trial, whether Mulhar Rao be found guilty or not, restored or not, no Gaekwar can again hold his head high among the Powers of India. By one stroke the Viceroy has definitely reduced the Native States as a class, humbled Gwalior and Jeypore, and laid Baroda low in the dust.

But the unkindest cut of all for the Gaekwar, as well as for the princely Commissioners, was Raja Dinkar Rao. We have the greatest possible respect for this statesman, but he is but a subject, and he himself cannot be ignorant of the political effect of his presence among the Commissioners for the trial of the ruler of Baroda, or its personal effect on the feelings of all the Maharajas. The chagrin of the princes at the political effect on their status from the appointment of a subject as fellow-Commissioner of princes to try a prince, was not likely to be softened by the antecedents of the particular subject so appointed, who had been a servant of one of them. But if there was any loss of self-respect or diminution of position of the Rulers of Gwalior and Jeypore in being compelled to receive for their equal an ex-minister of one of them, how great was the humiliation of the Chief of Baroda to submit to him as a judge in his cause. But there was a special reason for the Gaekwar's personal mortification from the imposition on him of the Sindhia's ex-Minister. We believe it was unknown to Lord

Northbrook that about the time of the first Commission under Col. Meade, Raja Dinkar Rao had been attracted to Baroda by the position of affairs. He was a candidate for the ministry, but was refused. What must be the reflection of Mulhar Rao and his subjects to see the simple Mahratta gentleman, who was not considered good enough to be made Dewan, transformed in a moment, by the irresistible will of the white-men, into one of the Gaekwar's judges, on whose word might hang the fate of the prince.

These are not trifling or unimportant considerations, as some, in adulation of power or in their philosophic vanity, might fancy. Even in Europe the distinction between princes and placemen, sovereigns and subjects, is rigidly maintained. India has always held a peculiar pre-eminence as *the* Land of Caste. At the present day what has India left under the growth of one absorbing State, but some privileges divorced from power? In Europe congresses have been held to classify the various classes of diplomatic agents—hot contests for precedence have not been unknown. In India, difficulties about precedence have kept away princes from Durbars. Chiefs have pined away for the honor of a salute; endless have been the intrigues about a step or so in the order of seats. A titular sovereign like the Newab Nazim of Bengal incurred most of his misfortunes from his scruples about offering nuzzur to the Viceroy. The objection to Raja Dinkar Rao as a fellow-Commissioner with Gwalior and Jeyapore and as a judge over the Gaekwar, was anticipated by the late Maharaja Naredra Singh of Puttiala, when he objected to sit with him in the Viceroy's Council for making laws when it was first instituted by Lord Canning. He had come to give his assistance in Council to the Viceroy, because his assistance was asked, as he had given it in the field when it was needed, but he would not be insulted by the acceptance of office or the obligation to sit as a Councillor with the servant of a brother Chief. His refusal would have made the Legislature on the new footing a failure and defeated the entire policy of Lord Canning. But as the Sikh

There was not much respectable evidence produced—not a tittle thoroughly trustworthy. It is only in India, under the arrogant universal domination of a single overpowering Power practically irresponsible to man, that such flimsy statements could be tendered in court, or relied upon, to subject a Prince to the indignity of even temporary deposition, arrest and trial. Such evidence might be tendered by a malicious private prosecutor against an enemy on the chance of its passing for proof to convict in an ordinary court of justice. It would not, of course, amount to proof. A conviction on such evidence would be almost sure to be quashed on appeal in any respectable superior court, with a rebuke to the convicting lower court. Such a prosecution and *interim* conviction would be a matter for social regret, as entailing, for nothing, domestic sorrow and individual heart-burning. They would call forth no small amount of sympathy for the undeserved misfortune of the victim, for the inconvenience, expense and trouble incurred by him, for the days of shame and nights of anxiety through which he would have passed. But there is a limit to the wrong of the private victim. Its extent is believed to be practically computable. Englishmen at least regard it as one compensable by payment in gold. Such a compensation is not, under any circumstances, open to Sovereigns. It is out of the question. *They* stand on quite a different footing from ordinary mortals; a footing of vantage, yet of such honorable preeminence, of such dangerous height, that, though they cannot be easily touched, easily pulled down—indeed *because* they cannot be easily touched or pulled down—they cannot be temporarily insulted and subsequently apologized to—provisionally degraded to be finally restored. Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion to be sure—that is, if Cæsar would not be a cuckold—though Cæsars are not always so sensitive on the point of the honor of their Casaressees. Cæsar himself, *quà* Cæsar, must be *sans tache*, whether or not *sans reproache*. Cæsar himself is more of a Hindu wife. Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion. The Cæsarian *status* itself is above trifling. Sovereigns cannot be lightly charged with crime to be honorably acquitted. There is in fact no

bringing them to trial, because there is no acquittal for them—no *amende*, honorable or unhonorable. Once deroyalized, they are deroyalized for all, for good or for bad. There may be restoration of domains and taxes, of freedom and luxury—but no restitution of sovereignty. At least there can be no return, in its original integrity, of sovereignty once disgraced and debased by the arrest or trial of the holder. Even Europeans go quite the same length with enslaved Asiatics in regarding the status and privileges of sovereigns to be inalienable, and incapable of being suppressed or kept in abeyance for a season, during trial. Even the commercial genius of Englishmen, which has discovered a perfect remedy for the lacerated feelings of husbands at the dishonor of their bed in cash payment, has not yet come up to the enlightenment of reducing a vital wound to the sensitive plant of sovereignty to a sum in Arithmetic, a question of £. s. d.

The Government of India has inflicted this irreparable wrong on the friendly State of Baroda on the merest suspicion or rumour,—on grounds at least on which no magistrate would think of committing, and no judge, except Sir Richard Couch in his Panchoo fit, of convicting, a respectable person.

It is possible that the Viceroy had not at the date of Mr. Souter's mission yet made up his mind as to his future action, contingent on one or another result of that officer's investigation. Such a fact would not be to the credit of the present Administration. At any rate, His Lordship ought to have hesitated before deposing and bringing to trial a sovereign Prince on the report of such an officer as Mr. Souter. There would have been no harm in a few weeks of delay. He ought certainly to have sent a lawyer, or at least an officer of judicial experience, to check the results of Mr. Souter's enquiry, before ordering a trial. Any officer with a respectable head-piece, who had even a clever layman's notion of what was evidence and what not, would have saved the Government from the Baroda Scandal. The appointment of Mr. Souter, and the rashness in submitting the results brought out by him to dissection before an open court, have laid bare the

weak side of our present ruler to the gaze of a hitherto unsuspecting public.

It would indeed seem as if the Supreme Council deliberately made choice of Mr. Souter as the right man for the right place, and have not been disappointed in him. It would not have done at all to send a superior man on such a nasty business. *He* would not have given them the benefit of his *opinion* against the Gaekwar on such evidence as Mr. Souter got. At any rate, the responsibility of bringing the Maharaja to trial on such evidence rests with the Viceroy and his Colleagues, and they must accept all the consequences.

The facts elicited in the trial utterly condemn the proceedings of the Government of India. These are shown to have been not simply hasty or indiscreet, but frightfully unjust and harsh. Such doubt as the most firm believer in Governments professed as to the folly of the Baroda business must have been dispelled in the course of the trial. The last possible justification vanished with the light of the open enquiry. It is abundantly plain that neither Colonel Phayre nor the Government of India had ever any case against His Highness Mulhar Rao for which he could, with any propriety, be distantly interrogated. It is not necessary in condemning the action of our Government to question the good faith of either the Colonel or the Supreme Council, though, after the facts brought out, we may well question both. We may believe that the Resident at Baroda believed—that the Members of Council believed—that an attempt had been made on the Colonel's life, and yet we can find no exculpation for the one, nor, above all, for the other. By the utmost stretch of charity we can but pity the physical and moral weakness of the Colonel, at the prospect of loss of an enviable office, in charging the Gaekwar, on the statements of menials, with the intent to murder him. There is not even that much excuse for the rashness of the Government of India in suspending and bringing to trial the Gaekwar on hardly better foundation than those statements strengthened, if they may be said to have been strengthened, by the *opinion* of such an officer as Mr.



Souter. The history of political imbecility will be searched in vain for an instance of so important a step taken on such a slender foundation. The imbecility should be measured not by the character of the evidence produced at the trial, but by the character of that on which the Government took upon itself to order the extreme measure of the Gaekwar's suspension and trial. Such as the evidence was, which was ultimately tendered to the Commissioners, even that—the best of it—was not before the Government of India when it arrested Mulhar Rao. The confession of Damodar Pant makes the faintest approach to anything like decent testimony on which any respectable person might be arraigned. Worthless as in reality is that testimony, even that confession was a *post facto* incident which in the eyes of the simple may have redeemed the trial from absolute ridicule and contempt, but which, as an unexpected after-luck, cannot be claimed in defence of the extreme measure to which the India Government had already committed itself. The 'original sin' of that arrest and arraignment is, indeed, indefensible.

It is not necessary, as we have said, to impugn the motives of Lord Northbrook to impute to him a great mistake involving a wrong to a faithful ally. All through this business, up to the progress of the trial, we tried our best, in private and public, to defend his personal honor in the transactions. Even now, after the revelations before the Commission, we are prepared, in justice to the general character of his administration for honesty, and his personal straightforwardness, to believe that he meant no intentional injury to the Gaekwar. Facts, however, are stubborn things, and we must confess that the facts in the matter in question are so ugly that such a belief is almost too great a tax on credulity to pay. Certainly a belief in the Viceregal good faith demands a surrender of belief in the Viceregal good sense. The Government of India is either way condemned. It must be content to receive against itself one of two alternative verdicts—that of deliberate wrong-doing, or that of gross incapacity.

We believe that up to the trial the India Government exhibited only the latter. Many of the circumstances were no doubt suspicious. Some of the measures were, almost on the face of them, unjust. It is impossible to think that the enduring wrong to Baroda which the trial of the Chief foreboded, did not strike Government, that Lord Northbrook did not perceive that the State was being permanently degraded and deprived of its sovereign prerogatives, even though Mulhar Rao might be honorably acquitted. It is hard to think that the Viceroy did not see the absurdity of bringing to public trial a ruling prince on such grounds as Mr. Souter was enabled to submit to His Excellency. Harder still that he did not suspect the unpardonable slight on the entire body of the Country Powers that lurked in the act of bringing a first-class Sovereign to trial on evidence which left any room for the chance of acquittal, not to say *such* evidence as was produced at the late trial—evidence which could satisfy only such men as Colonel Phayre, Mr. Souter, and, we must now add, the Members of the Supreme Council at Calcutta. It is hard to think that those Members really regarded it an absolute necessity, towards the due prosecution of the enquiry, or even for the securing betimes the successful bloodless execution of the sentence in the event of a verdict of guilty—to arrest the Gackwar, and attach his personal estate as well as the State he headed. Harder yet to think that they really thought they were giving Mulhar Rao a fair trial when they seized all his means of making his defence, sat in judgment on his solicitors' estimates of expenses and passed such as they thought proper,—when they arrested and coerced the witnesses and kept up a reign of terror in Baroda and scared away every soul who might be of any use to him from the prisoner's side, and, indeed, exacted support of the prosecution from everybody. Hard essays these, indeed difficult to the extent of being nearly impracticable, but they are not, we suppose, quite impossible, and, if not quite impossible, we are willing, in gratitude to a ruler to whom we owe the great boon of killing the political giant Campbell, to make the attempt. But the penalty of such a loyal determination must be

paid, if only fealty to Northbrook is to consist with fidelity to truth. In saving the credit of his heart, you must sacrifice that of his head. There is no help for it. Granted the purity of his motives, you are startled by the fit of obscurity which clouded his intelligence.

The whole thing was ordered in a hurry after Mr. Souter's interview with the Viceroy. Such rapidity of action in such a grave political, nay international matter, may betoken quickness of apprehension and decision of character, but it not unoften betrays mere rashness. Precipitation is not celerity. Quickness of thought may be desirable, but correct thinking is essential. To discern the truth at a glance, to will in the twinkling of a moment, and to execute the will without the loss of a moment, is the prerogative of genius. It was in an unlucky moment that the Viceroy, who belongs rather to the hard Scotch type of intellect, virtually laid claim to genius. But genius does not, like the present Administration, despise history or the teachings of every-day experience. Genius takes care to act on sufficient data. Genius is pretty sure in its aim. Here the Government of India, wanting the audacity of unscrupulous genius to extinguish the dynasty of Mulhar Rao, hampered perhaps by somewhat of principle, influenced more probably by a weak love of popularity, had the imbecility, of its own instance and choice, to grope in the dark for a verdict against the Gaekwar from a packed jury. Genius, if not synonymous with success, at least generally proves itself by that evidence appreciable to the feeblest understanding. The Government of India has by just the skin of its teeth escaped a catastrophe,—a catastrophe prepared by its own policy and, if luckily averted, *not* avoided by its policy. A catastrophe indeed, not arrested by judgment or tact—it were absurd to talk of *genius* in the connection—but fortunately rendered impossible by the unexpected utter demoralization of the Princes and fighting races of the Empire.

Such as the utmost evidence tendered went, it was pitiable in the extreme. Even the European witnesses did not come out of the box in flying colors. Colonel

Playre, the original prosecutor, as an exponent of straightforwardness and exemplar in court of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, gave English society little reason to be proud of him. The close cross-examination by which Serjeant Ballantine reluctantly pushed him into a corner to give up more of the truth than he had made up his mind to disclose, was not creditable to the Indian *corps diplomatique*. Far from complimentary as were the terms in which, in the address for the defence, the eminent counsel spoke of him, the learned Serjeant still rather spared a fellow-countryman. Except that the Colonel belonged to the ruling nation, and to the highest ruling class of that nation in India, wherein, (in his connection with the case and his conduct in court,) did he differ from the poor natives on whom the counsel poured out the vials of his just indignation and scorn? Yes, he was far above them all in education and wealth and social and political position; but that was a reason for a severer handling. We appreciate Serjeant Ballantine's English independence and zeal in defence of the prisoner who had engaged him to represent him, but we fear that while he was justifiably severe on the Police who got up the evidence, he was unexpectedly tender in dealing with the high English officials whose miserable tools the Police were. He failed to point out with distinctness the suspicious hand of those officials in getting up this charge. If the theory of the alleged crime presented by the prosecution was absurd, that propounded by the prisoner's counsel would not any more hold water. Perhaps he was afraid of prejudicing his client by such an outspokenness. Here lay the weakness of the defence. We acknowledge the ability and industry displayed by the learned advocate, the skill of his cross-examination, the moderation of his address the prepossessing bearing he maintained in court throughout under trying circumstances. But he clearly went on a wrong scent in fixing upon Damodar Pant as the presiding witch of the cauldrons of arsenic and other infernal liquids alleged to have been employed against the Resident, when the whole thing was evidently due to

the poisoning of the *mind* of the dyspeptic Colonel against the Gaekwar by Bhow Poonikar and the appearances concocted by Bhow and his associates, subsequently assisted by the Police. Serjeant Ballantine suggests that Damodar Pant attempted to murder Colonel Phayre to prevent all enquiry by the Resident into his (Pant's) accounts. It is not certain that such an enquiry was seriously threatened; still less certain that, so long as Pant retained his master's favor, any enquiry would have harmed the Gaekwar's Private Secretary. It is not on such possible minor dangers in the future, that people risk their necks by engaging themselves in murders. Above all, there was no certainty of preventing an enquiry into accounts by killing the Resident for the time being. There was much more likelihood of being hanged for murder in an insane attempt to escape the vague distant prospect of the milder penalty for embezzlement. Serjeant Ballantine, instead of taking up an untenable position, ought to have confined himself to the one inevitable suggestion of the absurd and contradictory statements of the witnesses that there had been no poisoning at all, but a mere show of it got up to destroy the Gaekwar. We are far from implying that Colonel Phayre consciously cried "poison!" while he knew there was no poison. He has not acted like a man of judgment and scrupulous delicacy; his conduct in the box was that of a bully who was afraid of enlightening the Court too much; his evidence must be accepted with great caution; there is a violent contradiction between him and the medical men about the color of the alleged poison deposit; still we can never for a moment believe that he would deliberately go through a play of poisoning to injure his bitterest enemy. But he was evidently a weak man, suffering from biliousness, and had given himself up to the guidance of the knaves that hang on every Residency who encouraged, if not persuaded, him to take up that hostile attitude towards the Maharaja that he did, interfering in all his affairs, espousing the cause of all the disaffected (from whatever cause) in the country, and altogether giving himself the airs of a philanthropist—an attitude which so hopelessly embar-

rassed the administration of Mr. Dadabhoy Naorojee. These fellows brought him all the loose gossip of the bazaar they could lay hold of, and, for the rest, invented for him their own "gup." They not only flattered him into the notion of his importance and the value of his services in the cause of the Baroda people by reporting to him such real business-like efforts as were being made at the Durbar for procuring his recall as they could learn ;— they also frightened him with bugbears of imaginary schemes of taking his life by means natural and supernatural, possible and impossible, till he actually came to believe in the truth of much of the nonsense. When once the Resident is turned a monomaniac, haunted by visions of being charmed by *mantras* and poisoned by diamond dust and unknown philtres, the rest of the programme is easy.

The entire evidence tendered in court was for the most part contemptible for credibility, and inconsequential where it might be credited. It was tainted by imagination, by interest, or by compulsion. Even the European witnesses did not descend from the box with flying colors. Colonel Phayre himself, the original prosecutor, actually conducted himself in court in a way which makes his deposition of little judicial value, except against himself. According to the most liberal view, he seems to have been possessed by a hallucination of murder. The doctors prove at best that there was arsenic in the tumbler. There is no trustworthy evidence to account for how it came there, or that the Gackwar had anything to do with it. The evidence of accomplices is always suspicious. That of low accomplices against respectable persons should not be easily entertained. Obtained under promise or prospect of pardon, it is worthless. Everywhere it is treated with contempt. In India, where witnesses are purchasable in the market, where there are tribes of hereditary criminals, where menial servants are as a class thievish and lying, ministerial agents peculative, and the Police extortionate, where morality is the distinction of the higher classes, it were better to exclude such evidence altogether, unless independently corroborated. To convict a gentle-

man of position on the testimony of domestics or of any men thoroughly disreputable by their own confession, would, in an ordinary case, be felt as a wrong on society. To convict a reigning Prince on such trumpery foundation, must be a crying shame. In the Baroda case, the evidence was doubly tainted by the means by which it was procured. All the power of the British Government was virtually placed at the disposal of the most experienced experts of a notorious Police to procure the conviction of the prisoner. If the proof produced fails to convince the impartial public of the guilt of Mulhar Rao, the activity of the myrmidons of power was not at fault. That some kind of make-believe statements should be offered which might be twisted by the interested into a suggestion of criminality is no more than was to be expected. The late Mr. Biddle, known to fame as the great “Mr. Slasher” of Rancegunj, once offered to Lord Canning,—if the Governor-General visited, not in state, the coal districts,—to get him convicted of any crime under the sun. Considering how much greater are the power and prestige of the Governor-General than those of a Biddle or a Harry Inglis, considering the resources of a despotic State, how much easier is it for our Government, to get any body judicially hanged if it once stoop to the means hinted at by Mr Slasher! Not Biddle himself, nor Inglis, nor—not to withhold justice from our own worthies,—Mati Baboo nor Madhusudan Sandyal nor Ramratan Rae nor Vaikunthanath Munshi, could escape. Under such a view, the present Administration would be perfectly justified in visiting with condign punishment the Bombay Police sent to Baroda, for compromising it by the miserable play which was all they could bring before the stage of the Commission—so disproportionate to their opportunities for impressment of actors, for instruction and for rehearsal. They actually gave a worse performance than their *confreres* of Bengal in the Wahabee (so-called) *causes celebres*, rendered famous by the absolutely disinterested fearlessness and noble enthusiasm, the ready resourcefulness, the encyclopædic constitutional lore, and the eloquence of the the late Mr. Chisholm Anstey and the courage

and eloquence of Mr. Ingram, and infamous by the un-English law, and Oriental flunkeyism delivered in English defiled, and platitudes peurile, of Mr. G. C. Paul. The Bengal Police had not a tithe of their advantages for getting up a strong cast and clever tragedy. The Bombay managers gave a contemptible melodrama. Seriously speaking, while the Gaekwar was in confinement, deposed and disgraced, his friends scared away, his subjects punished for showing any sympathy for him, unable to communicate freely with his advisers, his private property attached, his expenses for the defence granted with a niggard hand and after no end of bother, the Police were let loose on his territory, establishing a reign of terror, imprisoning people at pleasure, subjecting witnesses to turns of the horrible Police vice, relaxing their discipline on particular persons as they gave them satisfaction, offering pardons and probably rewards, and we know not holding out what horrible threats to unfortunates with stiff consciences, till they succeeded in getting up a case against the poor Maharaja. We do not hesitate to say because it is obvious, and virtually admitted, that all the native witnesses had, for a long time previous, been coerced to a degree that left them no free agents when they came to court. Evidence so procured, if it were absolutely consistent and conclusive, could have no weight with any judge worthy of the name. But it so happens that it is in the last degree incoherent, contradictory and irrelevant. The Police were not so stupid as some suppose. Their ideas of what is proof were at fault from Mr. Souter's. They considered the story very clever at which the public laugh. They were there deceived by the very experience for which they were selected for their task. They had doubtless seen innocent men in shoals convicted in our courts on similar cock and bull stories from packed witness-boxes. Are Police officers without legal training to blame for hazy notions of what constitutes judicial proof, when the lawyer judges of the highest court in the land sent a respectable gentleman to herd with felons in prison on the unsupported oath of a low wretch? There is some-



thing, too, in the vitality of truth, even under the worst circumstances, to answer for the breakdown of the prosecution. The Ayah somewhat disappointed those who brought her, the jeweller contradicted Damodar Pant, and Pedro contradicted Nursoo and Rowjee. We will not however weary our readers with an analysis of the evidence which has over and over been presented to them in the newspaper press and in the judgments of the Native Commissioners. We will not insist on the improbability of a Prince like Mulhar Rao making so suicidal an attempt as the poisoning of the British Resident. But that he should attempt to despatch Colonel Playre at the same time that he was endeavouring to procure the Resident's removal by representation to his Government is highly improbable. That at a period when he was under the special watch of the public and the British Government, during the months of grace allowed him to reform his conduct and administration, both condemned by that Government on the report of a Commission appointed for enquiring into them, when it was his interest to conciliate the good will of the Government, when if he did not sincerely commence a course of reform, he must certainly be desirous of doing his best to get credit for such a course,—that at such a period he should do ought to compel an enquiry into affairs at his capital which might not only cut short his reign but draw on him a worse punishment, is inexplicable. That he should go about the delicate and risky business of poisoning the Resident as if it were a child's play, as if he meant only to incur the penalty of a crime without being able to perpetrate it—as the evidence for the prosecution, if trusted, would show—passes belief.

With all our hearty admiration of the great ability, application, zeal and independence of Serjeant Ballantine, we must confess to a disappointment with the defence. It looks like being wiser after the event—it would be ungenerous to make the counsel responsible for what may be, after all, an accident—what is more properly fate; but the remark holds good irrespective of the actual result. Serjeant Ballantine could not, any more

than the greatest advocate that ever pleaded, effect the impossible. But even with Mulhar Rao unanimously acquitted by the Commissioners, the address of the counsel would have been poor for any noble principles, any weighty appeals, any fund of erudition which future advocates of imprisoned princehood or injured innocence generally might draw from it. That address stands on record a straightforward lucid statement, a most exhaustive uncompromising analysis of the evidence, most damaging to the prosecution. There the eulogist must stop. It is a roomy substantial structure, conceived with ability, judiciously erected, economically, of good materials, convenient, and not unsuitable for the purpose ;—not a noble monument of art, massive and majestic, worthy of the dignity of the occasion and lending it dignity, capable of resisting the ravages of sun and weather, an example for all time. It is neither a brilliant argument nor a great appeal. This is no disparagement, for it is only saying that the address falls much below perfection. It is not given to many men to attain the highest species of advocacy, and the learned Serjeant was wise in not travelling from the beaten path in which he has earned his laurels into ground in which his footing might be doubtful. He did full justice to his powers and to his splendid fee. Nothing, under the circumstances, could well be more adroit than his cross-examination ; nothing, so tranquilly skilful as his analysis of the evidence. Had he not been hampered by the necessity of communicating with the witnesses through interpreters, he would in all probability have produced still better results. With Indian experience he would have been able to attack the evidence with more unerring effect.

The whole conduct of the defence was thoroughly businesslike, and no more. It was perhaps as able as could be expected of a lawyer fresh from Europe, assisted by clever Indian advocates, without exceptional experience or qualifications. It was not however commensurate with the importance of the greatest *cause celebre* since the trial of Nandakumar, involving a bigger personage than Nandakumar or Shamsuddin Khan or Akbar Shah,

or to mention the victims of secret enquiry, the ex-Raja of Satara or the ex-Nawab of Tonk, and as high a national stake as the case of Ameer Khan. Such a case merited a more masterly defence, demanded a larger treatment.

For all his preliminary avowal, Serjeant Ballantine scarcely realized the fulness of his grand mission. He certainly failed to rise to the height of his situation. All India—almost all Asia—watched him with the most anxious interest. He was hailed by tens of millions as the saviour of their remaining sovereigns, from destruction or encroachment on accusations lightly preferred. We do not, in saying this, in the least distort or exaggerate the native view. The people of India did not care so much for the man Mulhar Rao as for the Prince Gaekwar and his brother Rulers, who, they saw, were being humbled and shorn of their sovereignty, now that annexation had been formally abandoned—by a new procedure. It was not enough, therefore, that the counsel for the defence at Baroda should expose the particular prosecution and reduce to its original elements of imagination and frivolity and falsehood, the structure of serious charges against the individual prisoner. It was necessary that he should, as far as possible, without compromising the client who had sought his assistance and confided to him his honor, his throne, his liberty, aye life itself, he should show up the apparently new method of playing an old political game. It was expected that a new comer from Europe would not spare his natural scorn for the imbecility which could, in good faith, proceed to arrest and depose and bring to trial a sovereign Prince, on an alarm of murder given by the weakness of such an unfortunate being as Colonel Phayre, followed up by the unsupported opinion of such an incompetent officer like Mr. Souter. It was expected that a lawyer fresh from the atmosphere of Westminster Hall, would point out to the delegates of his own country sent to rule the East, the danger to the entire social order from light indulgence in the pastime of such grave proceedings against Princes, on suspicions founded on such inadequate ground. It was expected that a British patriot

from home, remembering the events of 1857, and knowing how political profligacy led to them, would not forget to warn British Governors, with as much of eloquence as he could command, of the political danger of such injustice against Chiefs who are the true national aristocracy of the Indian people. All this, we contend, Serjeant Ballantyne might have done, with not only no prejudice to his client, but to the great good of the prisoner. It is bosh to say that such considerations would have been ill addressed to the Commission, constituted as it was, limited as it was to decide on the bare question of guilt or no guilt on the counts, or that the Commission would have had a right to stop him in such miscellaneous talk. The Commissioners, if not the whole court on the matter, were certainly the jury, and the points referred to by us were quite legitimate points to offer to a jury, and counsel could not properly be commanded to suppress them. In truth, the Commissioners constituted the jury and the bench in part. Above all, he could well claim to address the secret tribunal of the Council Chamber of the Government of India behind the Commissioners, through the latter. Or else, as the Viceroy in Council reserved to himself the right to pass and enforce his own judgment in the case, to the supersession of that of the Commissioners, the Gaekwar might reasonably ask to be permitted to be heard in his behalf by counsel before his Excellency and his colleagues, before they proceeded to decide his fate. Talk of Serjeant Ballantine being stopped in his denunciation of those who have lowered British credit and weakened British Power by their frivolous harrassment of the Princes of India, as exemplified in the trial of the Gaekwar ! As well might Anstey have been put down in his efforts to bring down Heaven and earth in defence of Ameer Khan and the liberties of the subject and the interest of the stability of the empire ! If Serjeant Ballantyne was capable of better, and we believe under better advice he was capable of much better, his moderation was only a mistake with Sir Richard Couch and his European colleagues.

We hope to be excused for the freedom of our remarks. We owe an apology to the learned profession—the members of which are, certainly in ordinary cases, the best judges—for our criticism on one of its brightest ornaments. We yield to no man in our appreciation of his powers and our determination to do them justice. Possibly his speech was all right under the circumstances, as it must be pronounced a very able one under any circumstances. It is beyond question luminous; it shows a wonderful grasp of interminable and perplexing detail; its calm force is perhaps the best thing of its kind we remember. But all these qualities went for nothing. The self-command which restricted itself to an unvaryingly common-sense argument on the merits of the evidence; the suavity which might have been irresistible to almost any other men; were simply wasted on the three English Commissioners. We, therefore, the more keenly regret that another, and that undoubtedly a higher, line of advocacy was not tried. Even a bullying tone might possibly have succeeded where a rational discussion was thrown away. But bullyism is contemptible and hypocritical, and would have been doubly impudent on the occasion. We would none of it. As so little was to be expected from the Commission—as we now find from the report of the English members and the opinion thereon of the Government of India—it is a pity that, from whatever cause, the address was not prepared with a greater aim to public effect. There were those who relied much on the independence and professional experience of the President. But they evidently leaned on a reed, already condemned as cracked by experts and laymen alike, when they expected a sensible view of evidence, or of the requirements of criminal justice, from the presiding Solon in the appeal of Mr. Gerald Meares, against the patriarchal justice and Draconian sentence of Mr. Magistrate Smith. As there was nothing to be gained from the good sense of the European Commissioners, it would have been as well not to conduct the defence with exclusive reference to them. Doubtless the counsel's exhaustive commentary on the evidence has been satisfactory to the public, but that

evidence was *ab initio* so admittedly tainted, by the coercion of the witnesses at the hands of an unscrupulous Police, with apparently free permission to have things in their own way, and there was so little in that evidence at best that the public found no difficulty in forming conclusions in the course of its unfolding, insomuch that much of the Serjeant's work was supererogation. Particularly, as the real Court lurked behind the screen at the back of the "open" box of the six jurymen—as the Commissioners may be called—it would have been best for the prisoner for his counsel to reserve his energies for a thorough exposure of the iniquity from top to bottom of the entire proceedings of the Government of India, as well as for a great discussion of the legal and moral rights of the action of the Viceroy, and to concentrate all his powers on an impressive appeal in behalf of his client on the highest constitutional and political grounds.

For *such* a defence the counsel was, we fear, unequal. Great as has been his success in the courts in England, it is the success of little better than an ordinary leader. He has achieved mark neither as a great ready lawyer nor great advocate. His name is not associated with any state trial at all. His achievements have been in the more usual routine of criminal practice. He fully sustained his fame in India. His conduct would have been grand at the Central Criminal Court, London. The difference lay only in the status of his prisoner at Baroda and the circumstances of the case. What would have been a magnificent defence for a great London forger was obviously inadequate in the cause of a "persecuted prince."

It was almost a mistake to select for the defence a raw English barrister, even though a leader in his line. It was an almost inevitable mistake, if we may use such a term. In the absence of a prominent name recognized throughout India, the attorneys for the Gackwar naturally sought for a barrister over the water. We are not sure that any other leader of the English bar available, would have done more justice to the case. There were, we suppose, among the more brilliant junior counsel, one or two whose ambition might have been fired at the opportu-

nity of making a historic name as the defender of a great Indian sovereign, and who might have been glad to give their heart and soul to the work. But the advisers of the prisoner could not go upon the chance, if they had been permitted to do so, of bringing to light a new genius—possibly a failure. It was doubtless a case for genius and erudition, combined, if possible, with special knowledge of India and Indian politics. That is, it was a case for a prodigy, which has rarely, if ever, been produced. No untravelled Englishman, unless of the calibre of a Burke with his special Indian study and general lore, his grasp of first principles of polity and law, his enthusiasm in behalf of the oppressed, his patriotic and philanthropic anxiety for the proper discharge of England's obligations in India, could do it perfect justice. But Burkes, alas ! are rare birds. The eloquence and chivalric zeal of an Erskine would have been the next best thing in a case involving no curious law points. But eloquence in the English bar is a thing of the past. The Broughams and Plunketts have left—their mantles. No more are the Talfourds and Phillippes. Since the trial of O'Connell, nothing like Mr. Shiel's brilliant discursive rhetoric, or Mr. Whiteside's close argument varied by choice declamation, has been heard ; and the judicial addresses of the "old man eloquent," Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, have alone kept up the memory of the former triumphs of the profession. There is now more true oratory in a French provincial city than in all the English circuits. O for a Berryer ! exclaimed we, as we read the measured comments of Sergeant Ballantine. And there is far more enthusiasm of advocacy. Mr. Ballantine's is a type of the decorous English able advocacy. There is more life, more incident, more give and take, more life-and-death struggle, more memorable speaking in the pettiest Continental or Irish state trial than in the impeachment of the sovereign of Baroda. The English bar, in these luxurious latter days of cynicism and indifference, when the once reprehended example of Sir William Follet, that, namely, of deliberately accepting many more briefs than he could possibly do justice

to, seems to be the rule in the profession, and is followed even by those who could not by chance be of anything like the use to their clients that Follet could be to his if he *had* a chance,—in these days, the English bar is not distinguished for its members' disinterestedness in identifying themselves with the cause entrusted to them. And now the Inns of Courts, in their anxiety to repress indiscretion and extravagance,—as in the dead set against poor Dr. Kenealy,—are doing their best to suppress all fervour altogether. As the name of this disbarred gentleman has been mentioned in connection with the Baroda trial, we cannot refrain from expressing our contempt for the nervous alarm with which some English attorneys and others have disavowed his name as that of a possible defender for the Gaekwar. We do not share Dr. Kenealy's distrust of the honor of the English Judges. We believe he was wrong in that from the first. But his perversity is the blindness of a noble nature; which is more than can be said of the unexampled persecution to which he has been subjected. His distrust would, however, have been more just and useful in India, where judges are sometimes the conscious and oftener the unconscious tools of a despotism. Before he lost the balance of his mind from his great and single-handed exertions in behalf of the claimant, and his wrongs since, Dr. Kenealy would possibly have been a better counsel for Mulhar Rao than many of the respectabilities of the English bar. For, one thing is certain; he would have given his soul to the cause. He would not have been overpowered by the imposing spectacle of an imbecile autocracy, nor swayed by feminine sensitiveness as to how his conduct was regarded by literary or legal or social exquisites. He would probably have dissuaded all future administrations from granting another open trial of a Native Prince. But after the breakdown of Lord Northbrook's simplicity, his example will not easily be followed all the same. A little of the Kenealy audacity would, therefore, have been more welcome than the almost unbroken suavity of Mr. Ballantine. A few home thrusts were needed at the authors of the wretched



Baroda business. The learned Serjeant actually took the trouble to construct impossible theories of the poisoning, when he ought to have been pretty sure, when a little Indian experience would have made him morally sure, that there had been no poisoning, or attempt at poisoning even of a cat.

Indian knowledge, indeed, was a *sine qua non* in the counsel for the Gaekwar. What has been done in comparison with the expectations naturally raised by a lawyer fee'd like a Prince, and brought from the distance of seas and continents? We are not of those who complain of the fee as excessive. We rather regretted the haggling of the Government of India over the expenses. A smaller fee would not have suited the dignity of the client, nor been a sufficient inducement to Counsel to sail to the antipodes and undergo the extraordinary strain of such a case. A famous Indian leading counsel would hardly have undertaken the job for less. A leader from Europe might have expected more. The fees usually paid in the Bengal Presidency to local barristers taken to distances by our noblemen, landholders and bankers are not on a much inferior scale. The hide-man Ameer Khan spent a fortune for the luxury of being defended in Bengal by a Bombay barrister, though Mr. Anstey received but a comparative trifle, and was actuated by a noble ambition and a nobler enthusiasm against unconstitutional exercise of power by the practically irresponsible despots of India. As the practice of importing English counsel for great occasions becomes fashionable, fabulous sums, we expect, will be offered, if the moderately fee'd barristers of England can hold out. It is not, therefore, the fee we grudge, but the inadequate work received, which we regret. Work inadequate to the height of the occasion,—we do not care to say, to the magnificence of the hire; for we are accustomed to counsel well-fee'd by stupid clients doing nothing for them, indeed capable of doing little under any circumstances. We wish there had been a public discussion on the subject by professionals. In the present dearth of literary activity among the barristers in India, we natives must form our opinions unaided. Alive fully to all the difficulties under which

he labored, alive to all the merits,—and they are not ordinary ones in ordinary advocacy,—of his conduct, we fail to see any achievement in Serjeant Ballantine's defence of Mulhar Rao. What has he done that any senior counsel in any country having any pretensions to civilization,—say, in any British colony,—ought not to have done, that might not have been done in India, but for the scarcity of talent under which we now labor. We must do our home men the justice to say that Mr. Scoble's address fell very little short of that of his opponent, as we read the report; in the defence of a prisoner it would have been in all likelihood much better. It was far more respectable than anything that might be reasonably expected from the foolish fluency of the leader of the Calcutta bar, and, amid the numerous indiscretions of the present Administration in the Baroda affair, we perceive a gleam of true wisdom in avoiding the anticlimax of pitting against an eminent counsel from Europe the fortunate Asiatic who occupies the position of Attorney-General for the Crown in India. The favorite of Lord Mayo had, indeed, been sufficiently weighed in the balance in the matters of Amcer Khan and Hashmadad Khan. But the Calcutta bar ought not to be disparaged for a freak of fortune which has brought up its comparative worthlessness to the surface, though etiquette would not, we fear, have permitted British idolators to avail themselves of the well-known acumen, skill and knowledge of Messrs. Kennedy and Evans. Reverting to the late defence, it was not such as ought not to have been equally well performed by well selected talent from the country. We are not writing up the interests of the local bars. We would not discourage the fashion of those who can afford it, importing great advocates for great occasions from the original mart of English forensic ability. We know how to enjoy a luxury provided at others' expense. We are too ardent connoisseurs of *quality*, for any leanings to home-brewed *mediocrity*. But surely if the foreign article is not to be something decidedly superior to what we turn out at home, by all means commend us to our own! Such random foreign commerce causes only disturbance in

the home market, check superior production, and lead to unnecessary heart-burning. Attorneys will naturally be tempted to advise an importation which cannot fail to swell costs to princely proportions; even the most moderate-minded of them will be ill able to resist the *éclat* to their firms of bringing over celebrities from Europe. But public opinion at home ought to enlighten clients better as to their true interests. We have no superstitious reverence for the wisdom of our ancestors. We do not share the exaggerated notion prevalent among the more ancient members of our community occasionally put forth in print, as in the preface to Mendes's Report of the great Wahabee (so-called) Case—of the surpassing eloquence and skill of our bar in the days of Turton and Morton, Leith and Dickens, Clarke and Cochrane. Their powers as recorded for us do not appear to us so stunning. Mr. Leith and Mr. Cochrane are still living and practising in the Privy Council—venerable patriarchs, but not such as need be ashamed of the younger Bells, Doynes and Woodroffes. Almost every one of all these eminent counsel, it must however be admitted, has at times, though on a smaller scale, because on occasions far less important or interesting, exhibited power not very inferior to Serjeant Ballantine's at the late grand state trial; and, in defence of a persecuted prince, might have equalled him. Our comparison, as based on recorded utterances, refers, of course, to the matter more than the manner. Serjeant Ballantine's delivery is said to be magnificent; but that of Mr. Doyne, or of Clarke, or of Cochrane—all of whom we have heard—was striking. Those who remember Dickens and Turton may speak of them. Mr. Peterson himself,—not the *beau idéal* of delicacy of management, though much of the indiscretion imputed to him was an eccentricity of manner he purposely indulged in, and which he found useful with witnesses in cross-examination,—would have made an effective defender of the late ruler of Baroda. His commentry on the evidence would have probably lacked the elaborate book character of Serjeant Ballantine's; but it would not have been less convincing to the the generality of people, be-

cause off-hand: He would certainly have known the uses of indignation. Of late years, the easy-going business-like method of confining pleading to a tender of precedents and text-books to the bench from opposite sides, is daily tending to make not only the eloquence of the forum but advocacy itself, one of the lost arts in India. Still, opportunity makes the man, and our present prominent barristers would have developed into superior pleaders under the stimulus of a great cause. Joy-gopal Chatterjee *v.* the Calcutta Rothschild, Mutty Lal Seal—the legal sensation of our boyhood—was the making of Mr. Peterson, and as junior defender of Amcer Khan, quiet Mr. Ingram surprized the court with a burst of unexpected eloquence and intrepidity. As an argument, the speech of the Advocate-General, in the Wahabee case, was not unworthy of Mr. Graham's reputation. Even the ambitious Standing Counsel felt the ennobling influence of the situation and the day. He would have been allowed to have acquitted himself most respectably, had he known where to stop. Tempted, however, by a fatal facility, which has made him the admired of half-educated *vakils* and gaping *mooktears*, he, in an unlucky moment, attempted the heights of declamation—which his wiser senior scrupulously avoided, or left to the Defence—in what was at best a foreign tongue to him. The result was that he sank in the bathos of a peroration which, even for a piece of flattery, would be deemed poor and absurd from a travelling Turkish effendi captured and brought to a camp of Koordish banditi, not to say a prisoner before the rudest provincial magnate in Iran.\*

It is a pity for Mulhar Rao and India, that the case came on late by two years, or else there would have been

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\* This curiosity of eloquence in the English bar in the nineteenth century ought to be rescued from the Reports of the day in which it is buried. Here is a lawyer's address in Court not to bench or jury or bar but to the non-legal world at large, for making which he neither asked, nor, apparently, required, permission, and, of course, did not apologize :—

"I cannot close my observations without referring to one or two remarks made in the opening of the *rule*. I do not think it absolutely necessary for the legal merits of the rule that I should advert to them, but as they have been made, and as they might operate on the minds of the non-legal world, to the prejudice of the authorities of the country, I have thought it necessary to devote a passing notice to them.

no necessity for going out of India to search for counsel for him. In Mr. Anstey he would have, in the bar of the same Presidency itself, found the champion fit—one of the ablest lawyers, an experienced politician, a busy publicist, a man of unflinching persistency and indomitable courage—one of the most irresistible speakers that ever addressed a bench. As one of the very few upright men in a cynical and lax age, his zealous adhesion to any cause would itself have been a source of moral strength to it. Misanthropic in his stern and unamiable virtue, he was singularly unEnglish in his contempt for the cant and untruths of the day. He was not the man to abate one iota his struggle for principle in deference to persons or even personages or the proprieties. He had at his fingers' ends not only juridical wise saws and modern instances; he had at command all the resources of black letter riddles. He was too true and earnest a man to affect the meretricious ornaments of literature, but he spoke always with the appropriateness of phrasology of a cultivated man and the point of an accustomed debater; and where his

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"It is stated that the circumstances of the case will exhibit one of the most tyrannical and oppressive instances of the exercise of an illegal prerogative, and violation of the liberty of the subject to be found in the books for the last three hundred years, &c., &c. I have to submit that the enlightened, generous, and humane Nobleman who presides over the affairs of this country, and who represents Her Majesty here, is incapable of conduct, described as tyrannical and oppressive.

"The many prominent proofs that his Lordship has afforded us in his various high-minded, generous and well-directed actions of his integrity and honor, render it impossible to conceive that either oppression or tyranny could emanate from him, or form the basis or groundwork of any of his public acts.

"Some gratitude is surely due by the public to a ruler who, commanding affluence and ease in his own country, but feeling himself animated by a desire of advancing the interests of an extensive empire, tears himself away from his home, his relatives, and friends of high social position, traverses the seas, and lands in a foreign country, there to assume the reigns of Government and to accept the cares and solitudes of a new, responsible and troublesome office; and surely a high degree of admiration must also be accorded to a Viceroy who, within a brief space of time, has won the golden opinions, the unbounded esteem and confidence of the governed, and the unfeigned and cordial friendship of Native Rulers and Princes."—Speech of the Standing Counsel, in Mendes's Report of the *Great Wahabi Case*, Calcutta, D'Kozario, 1870.

After that, Lord Mayo was in conscience bound to appoint so promising an advocate of arbitrary power and so fervid an admirer of aristocracy, his Advocate-General.

Lord Northbrook has clearly lost an *éclat* by passing over the claims of the learned gentleman to prosecute the Gackwar.

The curious reader ought to read Mr. Anstey's exordium in immediate reply to the Standing Counsel, as the latter *sank* down at the conclusion of his great

subject admitted of it, he not unoften rose to the eloquence of reason and strong conviction. Sir Richard Couch and his colleagues he would have addressed with the experience of courts and public affairs of two Continents and many countries, and with the weight of one who had contested elections and sat in Parliament, who had made the colony of Hong Kong too hot for the residence of an honest official (who would not by a discreet silence be accessory to gigantic official crimes,) and been unrighteously recalled, but who had on the question of his wrongs in connection with the administration of the colony made himself a terror to Lord Palmerston, until he made that popular minister almost crouch to him. No human persuasion can of course alter a foregone conclusion, and the unsuccessful advocate of the suspected Amcer Khan would probably have been no more than the disappointed defender of the doomed despot of Baroda. But his advocacy would have given his cause a completer moral victory with the public, and a more thorough exposure of the persecution of his client, and left for all time a grander argument.

Failing Mr. Anstey, there was still one gentleman in the profession whose claims are strangely overlooked on such occasions, whose merits, though impossible to be gainsaid, are but grudgingly acknowledged, damned by qualification and overlaid by calumny, but who is one of the ablest, most upright and most fearless men who ever adorned the bar—we mean Mr. William Austin Montriou. So long as we can boast such a man, it must be a mere perversity which leads us to seek for counsel for the most difficult or most important cases elsewhere. Mr. Montriou has the learning of more than a text-writer—of a comparative jurist and general scholar. He is blessed with a fertile mind of great acuteness. He is an admirable speaker. What is usually called his bad temper is for the most part a bad name given to his persistence and boldness, and his impatience of stupidity and wrong. Such as the faults of his temper were, they have, we believe, been already conquered. We have heard Babu Surendra Nath Banerjee, late of the Civil Service,

who had been warned against entrusting his case to such a counsel, testify to the eminent tact, judgment, and temper, no less than ability, with which Mr. Montriou conducted his defence. There is another valuable member of our bar who had retired, but who has just returned, to the joy of law-going folks. We had some years since to observe Mr. Woodroffe's conduct of cases, and we can declare that one could wish no better representative of himself for tact and perfect zeal. The Gaekwar certainly needed no more efficient counsel than might have been Mr. Montriou, as senior, and Mr. Woodroffe, junior.

It is not for an idle talk that we have pursued this subject ; not in vain that we have taken these names. Our object is rather to suggest through them that Mulhar Rao should have engaged for his defence a first-class Anglo-Indian. There would have been no harm in importing a London celebrity besides. His cause, indeed, would have been the better for such assistance. But he should not have entirely depended on a "new arrival." India and England *are* parts of one Empire. The principles of law and justice are the same everywhere ; and so are the facts of human nature. Yet there are features of litigation peculiar to every country. India is not a subject to be got up in the voyage. The case of Mulhar Rao was a peculiarly Indian case, which was not to be thoroughly comprehended by an outsider. Able as was Serjeant Ballantine's conduct of the defence, it was after all the conduct of a "griffin." With adequate Indian experience his cross-examination and exposure of the evidence would have been far more effective ; he would have been sure to elicit many more damaging facts—offered suggestions much more to the point.

Serjeant Ballantine is the first barrister brought from England on a special professional mission. It may seem premature, and even invidious, to found any comments on a first instance, which may or may not be repeated. But though the first instance consummated, it is not the first occasion when such a thing has been bruited about. Serjeant Ballantine himself has, on more than one previous occasion, been talked of for an Indian

case. It is not, therefore, now too soon to take any alarm, if there be actual grounds for it. It is but proper to judge how far the experiment has fulfilled expectations. It is important to decide whether such advocacy as the Serjeant's, able as it undoubtedly has been, could not have been got in India; and if not, why not; and to note wherein our local celebrities generally fail. For our own part,—as we have been apparently so severe on him, certainly unsparing,—as we dwell at such length on the deficiencies of the defence, we are bound in truth and honor to confess that the author and speaker of the address which occupied the Commission so many days, is not, in his way, an ordinary advocate. Every American is said to be a born speaker. Many men in all countries can speak; some of them to some purpose. Most barristers in good miscellaneous practice are accustomed, on their legs, to deliver running commentaries on evidence. But most of all such kinds of speaking have no artistic value. They are fitful, unconnected remarks, interspersed at best with a few expletives and epithets, interrogations and interjections. They all lack the unity and constructiveness of Mr. Ballantine's in a sense great speech. Indeed, the Serjeant showed a literary grasp and ductility of handling rare anywhere. Beyond that, ability like his may, by a wise scrutiny and an exacting as well as cultivated public opinion, be, nearly at all periods, discovered in India, but not nearly his independence and zeal. It is the curse of a limited Anglo-Indian society, unstrengthened by a wider public opinion, that unflinching, uncompromising advocacy—the courage in the discharge of one's duty to a client to tell unpleasant truths of men whom one is more or less sure to meet with in private life, or to receive favors from—is rarer. A proper appreciation of the point may, however, yet raise the tone of Indian pleading. Meanwhile, there are not wanting at all times exceptional instances of ability and independence combined, and these qualities give an Indian advocate with his local experience an advantage over fresh importations of a larger intellec-



tual calibre. Such exceptional instances are not confined to the English bar in India. Contemptible as native capacity is in the eyes of so many Anglo-Indians, synonymous as the name "Baboo" is held to be with every form of imbecility and moral turpitude, those who remember the late "Baboo" Justice Mitter's conduct in the famous Rent Case, before his elevation to the bench, think he would have made a splendid counsel for the Gaekwar. Above all, it is one of the manifold misfortunes of India from her political bondage that her Superior (English) Bar is drawn from a numerically insignificant but privileged class, dissociated from, and having little in common with, the great body of the population,—a class which can, generally, feel but a cold interest in the national struggle for good Government and proper administration of justice, and in the liberty of the subject,—whose passions and prejudices are, indeed, often opposed to the wants and aspirations of the people. We are, therefore, grateful for the English liberality which allows the admission of natives of India into the English bar, and we are glad to see that the boon is being gradually availed of, more and more.

In native *brains* and native *tongues*,  
The only hope of *freedom* dwells.

Native "brains and tongues" we say advisedly. For where there is, on the whole, on the part of the ruling power a disposition to fairness, which may improve under enlightenment and cultivation,—on the part of the governed it would be criminal, even if it were not rash, to attempt a breach of ties which have been beneficial to both, in favor of a doubtful good. Genius is limited to no clime or age. Years, however, must, we fear, elapse before the Asiatic members of the English bar will exhibit the talent or command the weight to be of much political service to the country. For the moment their *rôle* seems confined to bullying junior Civil Servants and procuring expensive verdicts from country Magistrates and Sessions. Meanwhile, for political services from lawyers and in the courts, we must be indebted to the

generosity of exceptional Englishmen. To the honor of Britain, such Englishmen are not so very exceptional, after all. And for an age yet, it will be necessary, and well, to be content with what we thus get. Early enough, the Ram Mohun Roys and Dwarkanath Tagores were encouraged in the first Indian aspirations for the privileges of British citizenship by the Fergusons and Turtons, Leiths and Clarkes, Dickensses and Humes of the Calcutta bar. No counsel in defence of client ever pleaded for the liberties of his country so strenuously as the late Mr. Anstey or the living Mr. Ingram did, to share the advantages of the British Constitution with the millions of Asiatics subject to England. French republican leaders in their own defence or that of their personal friends and political colleagues—unless reduced to the pass of the six hundred prisoners-at-the-bar, in the “Monster Trial” of ’35, selected out of almost as many thousands captured among the insurrectionists of April of the preceding year, who distracted and nearly defeated of its intention the Government of Louis Phillipe by the demand for non-professional advocates for themselves,—obstinately refusing to plead to the charge unless the counsel of their choice were granted, preventing the proceedings, (when attempted without the concession of what they deemed their right,) by setting up an endless howl in chorus and creating the most horrible confusion, and, (when, after no end of delays, the trial at length proceeded, under better management and stricter discipline,) by desperate denunciation of the Court;—French democratic lawyers, except on purpose to precipitate an armed struggle, rarely attempt a more liberal line of advocacy, or maintain a more intrepid bearing. A Chatterjee or a Dutt could not dare to essay any thing like it, for obvious reasons. If he did, it could not have any effect on Government or the general public; would probably do more harm than good to both the immediate client and the country’s cause. But after all our past experience of the breadth and boldness of the pleading of men whose fame never travelled beyond India, of counsel

weighed down by local disadvantages, we were hardly prepared for a leader from Europe arguing down a great State Trial, in the strictest sense of the word—the greatest in our century in India—to a non-political cause, an ordinary discussion of facts of ‘poison or no poison.’ We fear this result of the importation is to be attributed as much to the deficiency in the eminent practitioner of speculative tastes and historic grasp, as to the absence of special knowledge, and consequently of Indian sympathy. Mr. Ballantine, like a prudent man, unacquainted with Indian history and even Parliamentary Indian legislation, religiously eschewed constitutional topics—abstained from hinting the most obvious political suggestions—confining himself strictly to the evidence of crime. What an opportunity was thus thrown away, for shaming the European Commissioners into dealing in a more judicial spirit with the case, and detracting from the moral force of any finding made against the weight of the evidence! A skilful allusion to the foregone conclusion and the political game of the Government of India, might have caused the Viceroy to pause in executing his purpose, but it was, we do not say withheld but not made. Indeed, on any point on which, in the expectation not only of those who brought him but of the Indian world, an English chief in the profession might be expected to display his special strength, the great Serjeant disappointed.

It is to be regretted that neither Mr. Branson nor Mr. Shantaram Narayen supplied the deficiencies of the eminent stranger. Was it that there was no disposition to receive, or no time to impart? Or was it that, though Indians themselves, they possessed not the requisite knowledge? That their experience had been of limited range, and their reading did not make up for their want of experience? Nothing wonderful! State Trials are nowhere, except at unsettled periods, matters of ordinary occurrence, and they are too rare in India for the education of the bar. The trial of the Gaekwar was the first thing of its kind, in all respects quite unique. To be

able to give the utmost assistance to the Gackwar in his difficulty, it was necessary that his adviser should be a man not only of Indian experience, but also familiar, personally or otherwise, with the courts of native Princes and the relations usually subsisting between those Princes and the British representatives at their courts and the Government. There is even in India hardly a barrister who can boast such familiarity. It is therefore that we should have liked to see among the counsel for the defence a man of books like Mr. Montriou, whose habits would have led him to look up the records of the past for anything like similar matters. Mere lawyers would confine their research to law reports. These could not afford them many precedents. Such reports as there were, the counsel for the defence did not evidently know them. Mr. Montriou was not likely to miss them, and he was likely to get at other literary repositories. Indeed the Gackwar's case was of a kind that, for its proper defence, required not only ready lawyers but also men who knew of Indian courts and politics. Such men are not so rare as may be imagined. They are rare only in Calcutta—still, in the words of Lord Ellenborough, the “Commercial Capital of Bengal;” they are to be met with in Upper India, though; and on the Bombay side, several of them possessing the advantage of an English education. Thus, Mr. Dinshah Ardeshir Teleyarkhan, the indefatigable publicist and unflinching patriot, to whom Mulhar Rao chiefly, though mediately, owes the loss of his throne, if he had been available for advice to the Gackwar, might have been of great service to him. But if he was not to be had, the present able editor of the *Guzrat Mitra*, we believe, might be. Mr. Dadabhoy Naorojee seems to have, from delicacy, preserved a strict neutrality, but there were others capable of giving substantial assistance. In the absence of a man who had actually resided at native Durbars, the next best thing for the defence would have been to seek the hearty assistance of a historical student or literary politician, well read in state papers, blue books, memoirs,

and other writings on the relations between the British Government and the Native States.

Such a person might have demonstrated by comparison the unparalleled tyranny and unnecessary harshness of the proceedings of the Government of India. He might have shown up the incapacity of that Government, more than the ill will, which blundered into the persecution of Mulhar Rao. He might have placed the antecedent improbability of the crime imputed to the Gaekwar on an unanswerable footing. He might have described the set of domineering unconscionable upstarts that the generality of our politicals are, who exercise at their respective courts all the authority, without practically feeling the responsibility, of their respective Governments, —who, indeed, secure from observation, at remote corners outside the influence of public opinion, are given to ways which no member of the Supreme Council could indulge in with impunity,—whose mission seems to be to harass all the vestiges of independence out of the Native States, and the life out of the Native Chiefs. He might have pointed out how average British gentlemen of education and position originally no better nor worse than any similar body of their countrymen—together an estimable class at starting—are almost inevitably, slowly but surely, demoralized by the exercise of unchecked power among a spirit-crushed people, over Princes who feel that they are doomed, stimulated by the aggressive policy of our Foreign Office. He might have divided the tyrants into the bribe-seeking bullies *and* the British Sultans, avaricious of power and inclined to insolence towards the Native Chiefs for the glory of the thing, with here and there specimens of the “Friend of Humanity;”—not forgetting to premise that most of them were open to the acceptance of favors *without thanks*, and rather accustomed to *command* them. He might have told the Commissioners that the first class were alone at all endurable,—that India owed it to them that there were still left any native principalities for the provision of a large body of British officers,—that the others were

unmitigated pests. He might have reminded them that Native Princes are, in essentials, like the rest of us all, of all climes,—that, in so far as they are different from Englishmen, they share the difference with other native gentlemen,—that the impatience of English officials with them, is due to the impatience of Englishmen of ways not English, that, if the Princes disappoint English expectations of reform, it is because the English propositions involve a radical change in native manners and modes of thought and action, to which they are naturally averse, and to which they reluctantly submit, under compulsion. He might have told them that uncultivated as most of the Native Chiefs are, none of them are hopelessly stupid, not one so insane as Mulhar Rao was virtually charged with being;—that they all have the initial rude instinct of self-interest not to cut away the branch on which they sit and are supported. He might have told them that the Native Princes are hard to persuade that Annexation has, for good reasons, been abandoned by the Paramount Power—that, at least, when the particular attention of that Power is bestowed on any State, as it was bestowed on Baroda, deposition is always imminent—and that they will not give the British Government the last, the only utterly unpardonable offence which must bring down on them punishment sure and sharp. He might have argued that the crime of assassinating the ambassador of a Great, indeed a resistless Power, presupposes either the sublime of savagery, oblivious or scornful of self, or great ambition and deep policy of throwing off the yoke of the stronger State; neither of which hypotheses is, for a moment, tenable. That, at the lowest, it implies a capacity to be the prime but unsuspected mover of a most risky tragedy, which could not fail to be thoroughly investigated; though, on the Government of India's own showing, no such capacity belongs to Mulhar Rao or the Native Princes in general. That the facts deposed to by the Government's witnesses, if they are facts, not only do not credit him with the possession of any such capacity, but make him out to be the veriest

idiot on earth. He might have convinced them, if they were open to conviction,—he might have convinced any man who, after the evidence, still harboured a suspicion of the Gackwar's guilt,—that it is not in the way alleged that such crimes are committed, or can at all be committed by a man of the slightest common sense possible. He might have shown how the story given in Court had all the appearances of a clumsy play got up by the hangers-on of the Baroda Residency, which the Resident was too ready to regard as a serious attempt on the life of an obnoxious representative of the Viceroy, and which Mr. Souter was too much governed by the *esprit de corps* to see through, and his Police too zealous and police-like not to adopt and make the most of. He might have lent plausibility to his suggestion by a vivid picture of the Indian police and of Native Courts, including British Residencies—of the dark doings of the one, proved in many a judicial enquiry, and of the daily, but generally petty and never bloody, intrigues of the other, drawn from official papers and other authentic records. He might have proved how British officials are quite up to all the tricks of Native *darbaris*—how they ally themselves with the worst characters in the States, and avail themselves of all the worst arts of espionage and corruption—how they frequently permit in their underlings (who are often virtually their masters) acts with which they themselves would be ashamed to be personally mixed up. He might have proved how, not only Residency menials and the private servants of the Residents, but also the ministerial officers of the Residency, are notoriously, often with knowledge of Residents, in the habit of receiving presents from the Native Princes on most festivals and happy domestic and public events; how even the higher Officers of the Residency do not go without their share in the shape of entertainments or indirect grants; how the Chiefs, who are ready enough to pay on the recognized occasions, are dunned by the Amlah and menials for such *bakshish* on all kinds of constructive occasions; how the Chiefs are sometimes bullied into compli-

ance from a fear lest the fellows work up their superiors against the Durbar. He might have satisfied everybody how tampering with servants was a vice freely indulged in equally by Princes and Residents, and with the tacit consent of the British Government, and he might have freely admitted the coming and going to of servants, even a superstitious conference about turning the heart of Colonel Phayre by means of charms.

All the facts above referred to, should have been urged in defence, and even evidence tendered in support. It might have been hazardous to call in any officers in Government employment;—and the elder race of experienced politicals—the Sleemans and Outrams and such others—having passed away or retired, there were not available any Europeans of high character and historic standing. There were, doubtless, native gentlemen of position, former ministers and *attachés* of Native Courts, who could speak to facts notorious to those who are conversant with such matters. If, however, there had been any fear lest their evidence should be suspected, there were official papers and standard works to offer in proof of the allegations. Anything that we now publish, cannot have the remotest influence on the settled doom of Mulhar Rao or on affairs at all, but the fate of that Prince is a highly dangerous precedent. It is dangerous as due not only to a decision in the teeth of the evidence, but also to a presumption against all probability. That precedent has lowered the securities of native thrones. What has befallen Mulhar Rao may befall any other Prince. The same ignorance and recklessness of our rulers which brought the Chief of Baroda to trial and ultimately deposed him, may prove the ruin of others. We who believe in the value of the Native States to the Empire;—who consider them of the greatest political utility to the general peace and prosperity, as employers of the restless spirits of the country, as some kind of field, however inferior, for the higher kind of ambition which cannot be satisfied under British exclusiveness and repression—who regard their maintenance necessary as a source of military strength



to a foreign rule like that of England;—we think it as well, by way of warning the Government against a repetition of the Baroda folly, to offer the public a few exhibits and references showing the mistake of the late trial. Mulhar Rao himself may derive from them the comfort of a clearance of his honor, if not the alleviation of his undeserved punishment.

The complainant failed to give a rational account. The counsel for the defence failed to suggest any better. We offer our own for what it is worth. It will at least show that we are not in the least disposed to pooh pooh the prosecution, though we confess it is not easy to preserve one's gravity under some of the features of the case urged against the prisoner. We have from the first been anxious to judge it candidly. Yet with such knowledge as we happen to possess of our country and our Princes, we could not, from the first unfolding of the case in court, help being struck by a sense of its unreality—a sense which grew on us as the depositions went on. It would be uncandid, however, to denounce the story as one tissue of fabrication without foundation, from beginning to end. Not in the least. We think the grain of wheat may be separated from the bushel of chaff. Colonel Phayre was made to admit that he had brought on himself the severest condemnation of Government by his proceedings on the Sind frontier, in his previous office. He admitted that at Baroda he conceived for himself a benevolent mission—that of protecting the people against their Prince. In consequence, he lent his ear to all kinds of complaints against the Gackwar. It is a weakness that he shared with most British politicals at these utterly weak and contemptible Courts! Even Sleeman and Outram were not above it.—See their reports, and the former's *Journey through Oudh*. The good Bishop Heber himself has occasionally in his Journal adopted a story or two against Native Governments without suspecting the tainted source, or even fully comprehending the purport. Residencies are of course more or less *Grievance Offices* against their respective Durbars;

that of Baroda during the Colonel's incumbency became one in especial against Mulhar Rao. Of course, the usual hangers-on and spies and intriguers of the Residency were suddenly multiplied under so philanthropic and innocent a Resident. Of course, whenever he went out for a drive, he was besieged by petitioners in crowds. Of course, he held his levees of rascals in greater numbers and grander style than his predecessors. Bhow Poonikar, a sworn foe of the Gaekwar, a most restless spirit who thirsted for a revolution in the State that he might come to something in the course of the change, was the virtual Vizier to the Residency and director of the petitioners. It is admitted that it was Bhow Poonikar from whom the Colonel heard that there were vague rumours in the bazaar, if not a plot in earnest in the Durbar, to poison him. Bhow must bring his supply of gossip for the weak ear of the Resident, and hints of poison and charms are easily given in India, specially at native capitals. People accustomed to regard Oriental courts through the medium of ancient tradition or popular tales of wonder and mystery, are apt to believe of them any crime or cruelty imputed, and Colonel Phayre seems to be among such old fashioned simple people. In point of fact, though there may sometimes be an alarm given, few poisonings or stabbings do occur in the Native States, any more than in the British territories. The spirit of the people of those States not being crushed as in these territories, there is some exhibition of it, as a matter of course, which strangers may be pleased to call turbulence. There is more private fighting, because the people are accustomed to arms, and have not subsided into the arrant cowards British administration makes of its Indian victims. But there is not much poisoning to speak of, not more at the present day at all events, than in any other country in the world. Whether there be or not, the British representatives would be the last persons to have any reason to fear. The game (of taking the life of one of them) is not worth the candle. The risk is too heavy for the possible advantage. Colonel Phayre,

as Bhow anticipated, was flattered by the report of the attempt against him, as a compliment to his effective interferences in behalf of the misgoverned subjects of the Gackwar. Being not in the best health or spirits, and being in a bad humour with the Prince, he worked himself up, with the assistance of his *entourage*, into all sorts of dark imaginings. Meanwhile, the Gackwar and ministers,—despairing of effecting the reforms demanded by the Viceroy within the specified time, under the constant obstruction of the Resident,—indeed, unable to command the obedience and respect of the subjects under the Resident's encouragement to disaffection and defiance,—were preparing a strong and able representation to the Viceroy against the British Minister, with an earnest request for his removal. The Colonel received information of the secrets of the Durbar during the preparation of the *khareeta*. He certainly tried his best to prevent the despatch of the letter. Failing, he gave the alarm of the attempt to take his life, which failed from the miraculous interposition of Providence for the favored child of Heaven. Although he had been warned of poisoning, he had, like a magnanimous Briton reckless of danger, not scrutinized his food or drink. Only after the *khareeta* had gone to the Viceroy, his attention was accidentally drawn to a black sediment in the punalaw sherbet he was in the daily habit of drinking. The black substance may have been the magnified description of the stain at bottom of the glass of the oxide of iron produced by the action of acid on the knife (particularly if it was an old one.) If it was arsenic, which unaccountably looked black to Colonel Phayre, it may have been put in fun, or in mischief by one of the servants conspiring against another. More probably, it came there at the instance of Bhow or his like, but not so as to hurt or at least to kill. They not only were inclined to humour him, but it was necessary that they should do something like it, in their own interest. They knew that the Gackwar had urged on the Government of India the necessity for Colonel Phayre's recall. They had heard of the reputation for ability and character of the

Gaekwar's then Minister, and that a document drawn up by Mr. Dadabhoy Naorojee was not so easy of refutation as might be a state paper prepared by His Highness with the assistance of Damodar Pant. They knew, better than any others, how far the proceedings of the Resident complained of, were open to censure. They had remarked his anxiety at the *khareeta*, and had reason to fear his removal, and, with it, the loss of all their profits and prospects. Such a situation offered them every temptation to a desperate game. In truth the game, though extreme, involved no risk to *them* at all, the Resident being well disposed towards them and prepared to catch at any appearances likely to criminate the Durbar. Such at all events, was the only, likely means left to them, of maintaining Colonel Phayre in his post, and Bhow and his *confrères* were not the men to shrink from a line of action, however immoral, which promised such a necessary object, without threatening any personal danger. Bhow, indeed, or another of the lot, might have put arsenic in the glass before it was made over to Dr. Seward,—by himself alone, without any body else's knowledge, whatever Col. Phayre in his *zid*, though without conscious inaccuracy, might suggest as to the impossibility of the thing being done without observation—so that there might be almost no chance of the trick being brought home to him, without his own confession. That appears to us the most likely view. Afterwards, the Police, during its reign of terror, coerced some of the Residency servants into confessing to some kind of story of crime which it was thought might go down with Government and the public. The story so confessed to, is not only incredible, but absolutely impossible. The prosecution did not succeed in proving it. Its managers did not even call witnesses available, many of them in their custody, who were mentioned as important actors in the transactions. They contented themselves with only offering the depositions of the witnesses, whom by the usual “management” they had brought down to their peculiar views. Some of their important witnesses failed them. But even if the with-

held witnesses had appeared, and corroborated the others, the case against the Gaekwar would hardly have gained much. For nothing could explain away the fatal contradictions and inherent improbabilities of the evidence tendered. It was not likely that any body could suggest a rational motive for the Gaekwar going in for such a crime, and that at a time when he might reasonably expect the consummation of his heart's wish—the removal of the obnoxious Resident—without crime, before he received the Viceroy's reply to his request. It was not likely that the discrepancy between the color of the stuff found by Colonel Phayre and that of the substance seen and examined by Dr. Seward, might have been explained. It was not likely that a more rational motive could be suggested by any possible witness for the murder of a kind master by his servants—one of them a menial of twenty years' standing—than the inadequate and improbable motive—the temptation of the trifling consideration and unsubstantial hope—which they themselves pretended. And nothing could obliterate the impression of the course of coercion by which the witnesses had been brought round to make their particular statements, or of the absurdity of the circumstances of such a crime as related by them.

The managers for the defence failed to bring together and press all the many antecedent improbabilities of the case. The general, we might say universal, improbabilities, applicable to mankind in all countries and stations, in the inferences sought to be deduced from the evidence, they of course noticed. But they evidently lacked the special knowledge and the philosophic speciality which could alone expose the special weaknesses of the case, showing what Indian Princes in particular would not do, and most particularly Mulhar Rao. They represented, and with perfect justice, how unnatural it was that any man would care to resort to the ordinary means of sending a man away from him whom he was trying by violence to deport to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns to do his enemy harm. No man is so invertebrately fond of superfluous troubles and anxieties—no man so wanting in the elemental percep-

tion of the ludicrous--as to prepare voluminous instructions to attorney and bring action for ejectment or trespass against a party whom he is aiming at to shoot every day. The improbability is heightened as the action is predicated of a man presumably acting on advice of one or more persons; for Princes have usually some secret advisers. A native Prince never lightly sends up any communication to the awful Government of India; the intercourse between the two States is the most serious business at the court of the inferior; not a message is forwarded, not a line written, but after long weeks of anxious deliberation, and there must always be a befitting occasion for taking such a trouble; the trouble would not be undergone unless there was a necessity for awaiting the result of the communication. Again, it is only after the ordinary ones have failed, that man resorts to the desperate; and if the object is to eject a man from a certain place, one would certainly rather put him in court and wait for the decision, than discharge a revolver on his head. Mulhar Rao had *his* court open to him; it is in evidence that he was busy preparing his case, and that he laid an elaborate indictment against his foe; whatever misgivings he might entertain about the success of his plaint, he had certainly some chance; and he would certainly exhaust *that*, before he would seriously and actually seize the last resources of desperation. He would certainly not do aught that might possibly reduce his chance. It needs no great experience of human nature or of British Indian history, to tell us that an attempt to poison the Resident, if it failed, was sure to rivet the foe to his place more than ever, and make him a deadlier incubus--indeed, whether it succeeded or not, to bring down on the princely wretch a far worse doom than any that the permanence of that Resident, or a yet more inimical one, could threaten.

The Hindu infant school-boy prayed for the death of the tasking tutor, until he found that death led only to a change of task-master, and then prayed for the demise of the father, the never-failing supplier of pedagogues. So long as the British Power lasted, it was no use for a

native Prince to procure the murder of the Resident not much. Another at once takes the place of the deceased,—may be a worse tyrant. Maybe, to be sure, a better disposed, more manageable person. But Residents are not immortal, and British officers are notoriously not fixtures. Shifted from post to post they are more like rolling stones that gather no moss. And then the hazard, far from imaginary, of the crime—to seek an uncertain boon?

Let us allow ourselves an impudent question. What would people have said to an accusation against Lord Northbrook of poisoning Mulhar Rao, when it was open to his Lordship to dispose of him, if necessary, in a more civil way, by means of a Commission appointed by Government, or a Proclamation of Her Majesty's Government *and* the Government of Her Viceroy in Council? People, whether flatterers or men of independence, would simply laugh at it. They would be equally incredulous if Colonel Phayre had been accused, while he was trying to shelve the Gaekwar by means of representations to Government. Equal incredulity was due for similar reasons, to the charge (irrespective of its good faith) of Colonel Phayre of his being poisoned by Mulhar Rao, at a time when the latter was officially struggling with the former, and in a legitimate way endeavouring to procure the recall of his political opponent. That incredulity the charge would have met with, had the accused been a European. But he happened to be a native, and worst of all, a Native Prince. In any other country the difference would not have mattered—even in England natives of India as against Englishmen receive fair play; everywhere save in their cursed home, crushed by a clique from the antipodes and a caste of virtual foreigners, rather than governed by a great and liberal nation which is sovereign *de jure* over it. In India, natives, you know, are not to be treated like European or American human beings; they must be judged of according to native standards—that is, when such a mode of procedure may tell against them, for they are not to receive any benefit from the so-called native standards. In other words, they

are suspected on eternal, (though exclusive, original,) facts supposed to be notorious, that is on Anglo-Indian notions, and condemned without a hearing; the real facts of Oriental life and ways may be utterly inconsistent with the guilt of the unfortunate victims of prejudice. Natives, in the usual parlance, are but natives. And Native Princes,—why, in Anglo-Indian opinion, to borrow the language, with a slight variation, and the spirit without variation of a great English writer, for the nonce an Anglo-Indian—What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindu is to the Italian, what the Bengali is to other Hindus, that is a Native Prince to other Natives.

Not even a child requires to be told of the risk of poisoning others, of the possibility of discovery and the certainty of severe retribution in the event of discovery. Children and men alike, whatever their malice, are too fond of themselves to incur unnecessary risks. The very repugnance to waste exertion, is enough to prevent people from, in the language of the native proverb, erecting a battery of cannon to demolish a mosquito. Self-love and common sense prevent a man from firing a mine to accomplish the same trifle, with the certainty, or all but certainty, of accomplishing his own death, and the great uncertainty of harming the mosquito. So strong is self-love, and so common at least *this* common sense, that man instinctively prefers the lower risk to the higher—reluctantly seeks more imminent or graver dangers only when lesser or more distant or problematical dangers have been incurred in vain. Therefore, the object being not the death but the withdrawal of Colonel Phayre, the Gackwar, not a child, nor even a stupid man, would naturally employ the usual means for ridding himself of the Colonel's presence. These failing, he might take extraordinary, even guilty means for the same object, instead of entertaining murderous designs for effecting the superfluity of taking the obnoxious Resident's life. There was no necessity for murder, and there was the greatest imaginable danger in the attempt; the risk of detection of a Prince's attempt, who could not effect anything without accomplices, who could not



administer poison or stab himself, was, the Gaekwar must know, all the greater. The Gaekwar only wanted to send him away, and he took the right and proper method of doing so. The particular charges he, in his *khareeta*, preferred against the Resident may not have been all quite true. Nevertheless, as he rested his hopes on them, and virtually challenged scrutiny, they were well selected ones,—above all, as he restricted himself,—evidently at the advice of his minister, Mr. Naorojee, a man of conspicuous ability and wide experience,—to so few when he might have easily availed himself of dozens, they may be presumed to have been unimpeachable instances of the Colonel's hostility or at least unjustifiable interference. The Government of India could not but take notice of them after the earnest way in which they were placed before it and the clear issue flatly presented to it. There was every reason to believe that the Government would comply with the Gaekwar's request to remove the Colonel. After the Government actually did remove the Colonel on that representation, it is idle for the prosecution to contend that the Gaekwar did not expect that he would get anything by his request, and that therefore he attempted to murder the Resident. The Almighty alone knows whether Mulhar Rao did or did not expect. No dictation of such an inherent improbability can be accepted from human lips. We would not believe Mulhar Rao himself if he denied his expectation, unless he could give a satisfactory motive for an alleged absurdity, as it now stands. The least that the Government could do, was to pass a severe censure on Colonel Phayre, and warn him to be careful for the future, and that would have been sufficient for the Gaekwar's purpose ; it would have been almost as good as recalling the Resident,—in one sense better for the Gaekwar. Colonel Phayre's successor might have turned out a worse Resident for him—more careful indeed than his predecessor, but, if ill disposed to the native state or its Chief, all the more formidable on that account. But Colonel Phayre as a barely permitted Resident at Baroda, might, if he altered his policy and ways and shook off

the influence of his *entourage*, have served Mulhar Rao, but could hardly do him harm, by his misrepresentations of the Prince and his administration. What nonsense, therefore, to suppose that His Highness exposed himself, as though wilfully, to capital punishment for himself and misery for his wives and child—for next to nothing!

Supposing, for the sake not so much of argument—of which we have had enough—as of dislodging the supporters of the prosecution from their last resort, their most contemptible “cabbage-garden”—supposing that the Government of India did not listen to the Gackwar’s solicitation, supposing that it went so far as to express its unbounded confidence in Colonel Phayre and to strengthen his hands, the Gackwar’s prospects would not have been utterly benighted. He might still have looked forward to an ultimate triumph—the prosperity of another effort. His ignorance, of which so much has been made, might have buoyed him up, where others might have been thoroughly depressed. Failing human agency, he might have invoked superhuman,—or infernal. He might have thought Mr. Dadabhoj Naorojee no good,—or so good that he was good for nothing,—and preferred a plausible Purohit, or invited an astute astrologer, or taken some mendacious mountebank into his confidence. A superstitious man, he might have relied upon turning the heart of the Resident, purifying the understanding of the Vice-King and his Nine Gems, and altering the policy of England, by means of sorcery. It is all very well to say that an uneducated and not very bright Asiatic might commit a horrible crime, likely to recoil on himself, more lightly than a more enlightened being would do; that we should not too closely ask for intelligible motives of a Hindu’s guilt. For nothing comes by chance—cause underlies all phenomena—not a Hindu’s or Mahomedan’s crimes excepted. It is conveniently forgotten that ignorance, as it has its manifold weaknesses, boasts, too, its peculiar advantages. Why should a man such as we have been describing, with his abundant resources, tangible and transcendental,—a Prince who has acquired, and presumably benefitted by, the vulgar experience of a dreary dungeon, who can com-

mand the services of Shastris and sorcerers by hundreds, easily commit himself to a prosaic offence, from the awful consequences of which neither gods in this Iron Age, nor men in a British world, could absolve ?

After all, the Gaekwar might have found relief in human means. It was not so very difficult to get rid of the objectionable Colonel, if his presence at Baroda was an unconquerable danger to the maintenance of the throne by Mulhar Rao. The Viceroy is not quite a Czar ; even a Czar cannot wholly despise public opinion ; there is yet a Free Press in India, whatever may come after this sad Baroda business, in revenge for the ridicule that has been universally expressed on the botchery, and another in Great Britain above the caprice of bunglers who cannot bear reproach ; and there is a Secretary of State above the local *Ma-Bap*, and a Parliament above all ; and a Gaekwar need not want talent to represent his grievances to the ultimate authorities and the world. Even a Governor-General not so just as Lord Northbrook usually is, could not refuse to withdraw a personally obnoxious minister, particularly from a court placed on trial at the prosecution of that minister, indeed condemned, and only allowed a few months' grace to mend. For a good enough case—even a plausible case against the presence of a particular Resident at Baroda, Mulhar Rao might command success even with the assistance of a less able adviser than Mr. Naorojee. Under any circumstances, why should he resolve upon a desperate deed of destruction, when a lesser crime might effect the indispensable purpose ? He would certainly try his hand at pettier tricks to compromise the Resident, before taking the chance not remote, of utterly compromising himself and his heirs by the lost game of death. It is much easier, pleasanter, less risky and more to the purpose, to drive away a Resident by calumny. Talk of judging natives according to native standards ! Why, a Hindu or Mussalman would much rather employ fraud than violence.

The evidence does not disclose that the Prince and the Resident entertained towards each other any deep feel-

ings of personal animosity, felt anything beyond, at most, the personal irritation which may be supposed to subsist between two men opposed in public affairs.

It is not in such feelings that murderous intents take their rise. The Hindu, with a hundred vices, is not blood-thirsty by nature, and there is no warrant for supposing that, much as he had cause to be aggrieved at the conduct of the Resident, Mulhar Rao harboured a deadly hate towards Colonel Phayre which could be appeased with nothing short of his life. There was nothing to suppose—in fact, his whole bearing belies the suggestion—that he brooded over his wrongs till worked himself up into a fit of desperation. The circumstances deposed to, giving them the value given and putting on them the interpretation put on them by the prosecution, are not the circumstances of a crime of desperate vengeance. Mulhar Rao did not himself stab Colonel Phayre as Vizier Ali revenged himself on the meanness of Lord Teignmouth on the person of poor Mr. Cherry, or have him shot by a hireling as Shamsuddin Khan executed his own wild justice on Mr. Fraser. On the contrary the evidence, so much as may with the utmost liberality be believed, would show that the Colonel was considered an inconvenient Resident—a thorn at the side—whose movements it was necessary to watch with more than ordinary care, whom it was sought to pacify, to influence through the members of his family if possible, or at length, to get recalled. To out-siders, it may seem stupid in the Chiefs or the statesmen of a native Government to try to secure the good will of a high British officer through valets and nurses and *femmes de chambre*, but the Chiefs and their ministers know better. Such small arts are not unknown among Princes and statesmen in Europe; they are, alas! among the serious daily business of our native courts. Wise or foolish, avowed or unrecognized, all that occurred, or may well be supposed to have occurred, at Baroda, was in the way of business—perhaps stern, unneglectable business. There was nothing in it of the mysterious, dark, or vindictive. The sinister coloring matter in it which has ruined Mulhar Rao, has been supplied by the imagination of ignorance.

Even if Mulhar Rao was actuated by an implacable sentiment, he would not be likely to satisfy it at his own expense or risk. Revenge is sweet, but life sweeter. Even if Colonel Phayre's removal was indispensable to the maintenance of Mulhar Rao's power, it was still far from an object to secure at all hazards. Power is dear to all, but liberty is a prior need—self-preservation the superior consideration. All that Colonel Phayre threatened at the worst, was the throne of Mulhar Rao. If the latter was ultimately adjudged to fail as a ruler, the luxurious retirement of a titular sovereign on a splendid pension, with succession to the State of his son—a condition hardly less tempting to most of our Princes than their miserable sovereignty, and no less tempting to an unambitious and not over-able voluptuary like the late Gaekwar than to the rest—was secure for him. He knew as much. He was not the man to endanger that magnificent certainty, in pursuit of the uncertain mixed good, perhaps far more evil (for such a man) than good, of retaining his throne by means of a possibly undetected, but at least quite as likely to be detected, capital crime of the most aggravating kind.

It is not impossible to imagine any Indian Princes, under any circumstances, acting as Mulhar Rao was alleged to have done. It would be natural for many, under certain circumstances, to act in the said manner. Those who are familiar with the annals of diplomacy, know that the Sublime Porte used, on the breaking out of a war, to put in close imprisonment in a military fort the representatives of the Frankish Powers at its court, on plea of preserving them from the wrath and violence of its subjects. The Maharaja of Baroda might without difficulty have got up an emuete against an unpopular Colonel to avail himself of a plausible plea for terrifying him and guarding him from harm. But could a petty Gaekwar do even the needful where a powerful Grand Seignior would be permitted to indulge in the frivolous? It would have been perfectly legitimate for Mulhar Rao, if he seriously felt that he could not carry on *his* Government without it, to restrain Colonel Phayre by force, pending re-

ference to his Government. But *could* he venture on such an assertion of his right under the law of nations? Is it not rather that not he alone but all his like, want alike the power and the will for anything that is likely to be,—anything that can possibly be,—construed into an offence against the Paramount Power? We know, what Sevaji or Ranjit Singh, Hyder Ali or Tipoo would have done with a Resident who, he thought, was doing his best to dethrone him; but neither in character, whether good or bad, nor in power—which goes so much towards the formation of character,—are our native Princes anything like the Maharatta founder, or the Sikh, or the Mussulman, or his son. We cannot answer for possibilities of greatness under the most adverse circumstances, but History is not unacquainted with doomed races, incapable of producing even an occasional prodigy, and the Native Princes, to all appearance, belong to these. *They* know it who have done their best to reduce them to this degradation and infertility.

The prosecution and its friends cannot be allowed to blow hot and cold in the same breath, or to draw, according to their stress for argument, conflicting conclusions from the same facts. They would have a Native Prince judged after his kind, and according to his individual character. Be it so. What kind of beings are the Native Princes? Let us even accept the portrait of the group of the jackals and jackasses and other minor beasts of the Indian political world—wilderness, properly speaking—as painted by the Lion himself, or by the Painters, “by appointment,” to His Majesty of the Forest. The beasts are all represented as monster foxes and hyenas with long ears and branched horns, dove-breasts and chicken feet, and gold and jewelled trappings. Such *tertium quids*, supposing such nonsuchs to exist in nature, may be mischievous among themselves, if they have a chance. What are they good for in their relations with their leonine Chief, except to swell his train and impart grandeur to his pageants? Whatever he may declare in moments of irritation, or pretend, on suitable occasions, when he takes a fancy to the meat of any of them, and wants a plausible

excuse for a preliminary quarrel before pouncing upon the ill-fated prey, *he* only knows the ass and the deer and the dove and the chicken in them all. As towards the lion, such is their mortal dread of him, the fox-and-hyena in them is completely suppressed. The Native Princes are, indeed, incapable of mischief against the Great Power. For the rest, they are as a rule notoriously luxurious and weak-minded, slaves to pleasure and ease, without strength of will—the last kind of persons for such deeds of violence and passion and of activity of soul. They do not willingly risk. They weakly yield to fate, rather than stoutly resist. Look at Wajid Ali Shah. He would not defend his rights, though sorely tempted by a brave and martial people ready to take the chances of a desperate war to maintain his throne and their national independence. He preferred to fall at the feet of the agent of the “despised Feringi” and weep and sob like a child. Look at Mulhar Rao. How quietly he submitted to all the increasing aggressions on his sovereignty unto the last. A gymnosophist could not muster greater resignation under his gathering trials. In truth, he acted as a quiet innocent man and an imbecile voluptuary. It is not of such stuff that dangerous conspirators and murderous villains are made.

It is no reply that assassinations and secret plots are the work of cowards. They are *not* the work, though, of timid or self-indulgent men, afraid of pain, without energy, decision of character, and capacity !

Nor was the situation of Mulhar Rao at all so desperate as to lead him to extricate himself from it by such a deed. It was not, we shrewdly suspect, so necessary to send the Colonel away, toward Mulhar Rao retaining his throne, that he must be despatched by violence, with all its risks and dangers. Colonel Phayre was, no doubt, provoking enough, and a drawback to the success of the career of reform on which Mulhar Rao had entered, at least to his reaping the *full* benefit of the reformation in the administration with the Viceroy. It was, therefore, highly desirable to procure a change in the Residency ; hence the *khareeta* : but it was far from indispensable. Even with

Col. Phayre at his Court, Mulhar Rao might still sufficiently satisfy the Viceroy to be continued on the throne of Baroda. The *Khareeta* was all right. If the Resident were changed, nothing could be better. In any case, the Viceroy was apprized of the charge of obstructiveness against Col. Phayre, and when His Excellency came to pass final judgment on Mulhar Rao as to how he had employed the period of grace, he could not fail to make allowance for the difficulties of the Prince,—he would have been sure to accept the representations of the Resident with abatement and caution. In justice to the late Gackwar, it ought to be remembered, that Sir Lewis Pelly gave honorable testimony in favor of Mulhar Rao, giving him credit for a sincere desire for administrative reform and for effecting many improvements. With such a determination to carry out the wishes of the Government of India, and such success as could not but attend him, with even such a Resident, however suspicious, meddlesome, bumptious, or indiscreet, but not necessarily malignant, one who might be an unenthusiastic but was not absolutely a dishonest reporter, the Maharaja might calmly and confidently expect to avert the threatened consequences. He would naturally go on working with a heart to the end, instead of launching himself in an infernal game of chance.

Had it been so absolutely necessary to remove the Resident at all hazards—as it was almost immaterial—had it been resolved to murder the Colonel, he would not have, in all probability, been left to report a providential escape, or to enlighten the Commission on the supernatural promptings which dissuaded him from taking the deadly cup. The Durbar would at least have taken care to proceed so as to effect its purpose. No one just wounds a cobra. There were plenty of ways open to an Oriental despot to procure the death of an Englishman in his territory, with far less chances of being implicated in the crime, than poisoning, in the way of the alleged crime, offered. There was no lack of desperados ; or opportunities for secret assassins. No man is absolutely without his enemies, and a Resident necessarily gives offence to



many, on one or other of whom the crime of the crime might be thrown. He might be cut down in the confusion of a scuffle got up in the street or in a procession. Blake and Alves were coolly attacked in open day in front of the palace at Jeypore. These are all dangerous games, to be sure, but they have at least the practical merit of being to the purpose. They have the no mean advantage of securing immunity from the effects of the victim's personal vengeance, from his efforts to bring the guilt home to the real culprits. The alleged Baroda attempt was a declared absurdity. It has all the appearances of amateurs playing at a court conspiracy for murder. It is beneath Princes and *peons*—beneath, in fine, children. It was the most ludicrous way that any decent man can be supposed to have set about in so serious a thing. It looks like playing into the hands of justice and vengeance, without gaining the point. The point seems to have been—how to be caught nibbling at a big human life.

Poisoning no doubt has its attractions to murderers, but surely not *such* poisoning! The endless record of human crimes does not afford an instance of an attempt by sane men in such defiance of the commonest precautions of common sense. It has been urged that if conspirators did not at all miscalculate or misconfide or otherwise mistake, none would even be brought to justice. Not exactly so. Conspirators, like other men, are liable to error of judgment, and exposed to treachery; in their passion, their devotion to a single object, they are far more liable; in their necessary connection with wretches like themselves, they are peculiarly exposed to treachery; and in their unavoidable employment of inferior men, to stupidity; in their hurry they are apt to overlook important trifles. In the attempt in question, however, there is not an occasional blunder committed, or a solitary omission made, by the way, or a screw left loose somewhere, which leads to discovery. The whole thing is improbable as an act of madness attributed to sane men. Murderers do not take superfluous confidants. Here, they went on putting themselves in the power of one low person after another, most of whom were not at all needed as

accomplices, and could only prove traitors in the then present, and remain witnesses for all time. Every precaution is taken to be caught in the act, but not to *do* the deed. The poisoning goes on for days and weeks,—and is *not* finished. The job is entrusted to, not the cook, or the butler, but to an ordinary servant, an orderly in fact, who could not easily have access to the food. If the life was to be taken by one dose, any servant other than a cook or a butler, might *possibly* get the *one* opportunity, but no—the victim was to be slowly poisoned to the grave or to its brink. The poison is not introduced in food or drink; in tea or coffee; it is not administered in the wine, at night, in the midst of inebriation; but actually left during the light of day, from day to day, in the cool, unoccupied, certainly undistracted hour of the morning, when the head is all right and the senses in proper order, in a sherbet in a transparent tumbler. And the poison chosen is not a few drops of tincture which may pass in a larger draught, or an impalpable powder, but a good quantity of comparatively thick particles of adamantine dust, which must go down like lead in water and settle down as a conspicuous black or iron-grey sediment in the clean clear drinking glass of the Englishman, nationally particular about the spotlessness of his vessels and the purity of his beverage,—and attract his attention the first day. Whatever Mr. Scoble might say, whatever the Police acted, whatever Colonel Phayre believed, it looks too much like the doing of a Hindu who could not approach the dining room or gain access to the cellar, but who must get up a mock-poisoning, serious enough to make the Colonel, in his then state of mind (prepared to be poisoned,) believe it real, but sufficiently cautious not to injure him, and yet *vraisemblant* enough for implicating others.

The diamond dust mockery is clearly an aim at a Native Prince. And here we may as well express a suspicion which occurred to us, that only diamond dust was found in the glass, but that—the conspirator against the Gaekwar, having heard a doubt of its deadliness and fearing the miscarriage of the plot from the absurdity of an attempt

at murder with an innocuous substance,—arsenic was somehow smuggled into the sediment before the doctor analysed it. Be that as it may, it looks as if the arsenic was meant to establish the genuineness of the attempt, and the diamond to connect with it a Native Prince. A Prince who at all cared to ward off suspicion, would most probably be afraid of employing against one not a member of the palace, so desperately princely a material. Indeed, we think we clearly discern in the diamond-dust dodge the hand of a vulgar amateur. Diamond is admittedly not a poison; it was admitted by the prosecution to be none. Oriental Princes should know this better than English lawyers or even English doctors,—the latter of whom, indeed, appear, from the trial, to know vastly little. Oriental Princes will easily be allowed to understand something at least of poisoning. They really know a deal about poisons, much more than Europeans in general. Not so much because they are Princes, as because they are Orientals. Apothecaryism has not been pushed among us to an exclusive and respectable profession. We have druggists, rather than apothecaries. Our physicians are themselves chemists,—our patients are quite as often chemists, (under the doctor's directions)—always compounders. All Asiatics, indeed, are more or less zealous amateurs in medicine. From special causes—which do not include the habit of criminal poisoning—Asiatic Princes are specially given to dabbling in physic and nostrums. The late Gackwar could not have been an exception. The evidence shows he was not; that he was familiar enough with drugs. Native Princes are addicted to experiments with medicines,—on the lower animals with the more dangerous kinds. They have a *penchant* for expensive medicines, compounds of precious metals and jewels. Surely it is unfair to attribute to an Indian Prince the European inappreciation of these. Whatever the suggestion of the prosecuting counsel, Mulhar Rao had a better knowledge of the physiological properties of the diamond than British text-writers. He could not be fool enough, gratuitously, to pound his diamonds for nothing—nay, just for drawing suspicion on himself.

But a native must not know over-much. A native Prince should not know the toxicology of things the most familiar to them all. Mulhar Rao must have been ignorant of what he was about! He was an ass who willingly exposed himself to detection in an attempt on the life of the British minister, without making sure that his weapon was capable of more than a scratch! Mr. Advocate-General Scoble quoted the only work produced in a trial in which we expected a shower of Blue Books and Black, in black letter and letters worthy to be inscribed in gold, books little and books great, in all kinds of covers, from both sides—Chever's *Medical Jurisprudence for India*—to fix on the people of India the superstitious unfounded belief in the toxic virtues of the diamond. A mere lawyer, however distinguished in his profession, could hardly be expected to supply the medico-historic deficiencies of the greatest of Anglo-Indian text-writers, one of the most accomplished of medical men. For, the failing imputed to our countrymen, is by no means peculiarly Indian. It seems to be one of the vulgar errors of our planet. There is no doubt that, at one time at least, the learned of Europe shared the highest notion of the medicinal properties of the diamond. It was believed to be a cure for insanity. It was employed as a poison, as well as an antidote. Paracelsus, who appears to have introduced into Europe the knowledge of so many poisons, was said to have come by his death by diamond dust.\*

Though once a learned superstition in Europe, the toxic quality of the diamond, is,—Chevers notwithstanding,—not among the living delusions of the day—not a vigorous contemporary folly—among respectable people in the East. Our Rajas and Nawabs, Khans and Khedives, are certainly innocent of it. To set bounds to the credulity of the profane vulgar, is always hazardous, but we make bold to assert, that in a practical sense as a general fact, it is not, except among the lower *bourgeoisie* and the *canaille*, a popular error in these countries. Not

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\* A Memoir on the Diamond. By John Murray, F. S. A., F. L. S., F. H. S., F. G. S., &c., &c., &c., Longman, London, 1831.

that we never in the least hear of any such thing. We hear, and love to hear, many things equally strange and unfounded. Man is an imaginative and humorous being, —the only animal that enjoys the Arabian Nights, and about the only one that indulges in canards. So, in regard to the poisonous property of the diamond, the idle talk may linger, but the belief is not. Grandmothers may startle children by stories of lovesick princesses dying by their own hand by sucking their ring of brillints, and the mob may believe. But the superior classes are generally above it. Particularly, those who habitually handle precious stones, must necessarily be aware of its absurdity. So must poisoners know poisons, as artizans their tools. Now we have been told that Oriental Princes are all poisoners, and the ex-Gackwar in especial. Both, therefore, as a hereditary Prince and an accomplished poisoner, he could not perpetrate the nonsense of administering diamond for poison. But though Mulhar Rao could not act as if diamond was a deleterious substance, it is more probable that there are humbler men still left to do so. In the East, the belief must have sprung up, and been kept up, so far as it has been kept up, by the vulgarest confusion of language, unchecked by acquaintance with the thing, and therefore confined to the more ignorant and poor. *Jahar* (or *Jaohar*) is precious stone (or, the diamond, as the representative of the class) and *Zāhar* is posion. The difference between *J* and *Z* is sufficient to strike the more educated ear, and too insignificant not to escape the uneducated, and hence the vulgar jumped to the idea of the poisonousness of the chief of the precious gems, if not all. In the Baroda case, the diamond dust looks like the trick of a prosperous pettifogger who could afford to lay out diamonds in speculation or in pursuit of his purposes of ambition or resentment, but who does not know enough about gems, and not much more about Princes and Durbars. We will not, however, do Bhow Poonikar the injustice to impugn his social position by suspecting one who was ambitious of creating a change in the *personnel* of the Baroda monarchy, of the rudest

savagery on the subject of diamonds and rubies, pearls and pagodas. Still he may have considered the turning up of diamond dust in the cup of the Resident as the only way, and that an irresistible way, of throwing the suspicion of the expensive mischief on the highest person in the State, and hopelessly implicating him who, in the imagination of all, is *the* master of "barbaric pearl and gold" in Baroda—who, indeed, is widely known to be *the* man for it, throughout the East, from "Ormus" to "Ind."

And here we may notice another fatal absurdity in the prosecution. In trying to bring home the guilt to Mulhar Rao by showing that he purchased diamonds and arsenic, the managers attempted to prove too little or too much. The purchase of diamonds by a Prince is utterly irrelevant to any practical issue whatever; it is an ordinary incident in princely life. Dabbling in drugs is a daily diversion with Asiatic Chiefs. How contemptible this activity to represent an Oriental monarch as actually under the necessity of going to the market for diamonds, that he might pound some into a poison, to be administered to no less a person than the British envoy at the same capital. How gross the folly, no less than the malice, which could set up such a fable in reference to the rulers of a kingdom who are well-known to lavish diamonds and pearls on menials and mistresses, monkeys and mountebanks, *derwishes* and idols! We were informed that the European juggler who has more than once been here to astonish Calcutta, received Rs. 5,000 for permitting Mulhar Rao's predecessor the privilege of kissing his lovely daughter. It is a fact that the same Gaekwar amused himself with the tomfoolery of a sham marriage between a monkey and one of his favorite female servants,—an occasion on which both bride and bridegroom received valuable presents from His Highness, and were decked with precious gems. It is notorious that he, a Hindu, more than once, presented to the Mussulman shrine of Mecca a cloth of gold and jewels, each time to the value of many lacks of Rupees. The last *châdar* exhibited at Bombay so excited the cupidity of the Europeans, that there was a general cry

for the annexation of the dominions of the modern Cræsus. In fact, the extravagance of the Gaekwars, exaggerated by thirsty souls, has been the theme of Anglo-Indian society for years, and their—not wealth indeed, but profusion of precious jewels of which they have almost made an unnecessary parade, has always been their danger. And now, what a cruel mockery to ruin a Gaekwar on a trumpery story of poisoning which insults his understanding, by attributing to him an attempt to poison with diamond, and disgraces his position by imputing to him the want of a few diamonds for alleged poisoning purposes! For reasons adduced above, the endeavour to prove the purchase of poisons by Mulhar Rao, to any quantity, was equally little to the purpose. The evidence might be admitted;—the inference found on it, must all the same be rejected. An Indian prince may sometimes send to the bazaar, in the ordinary way, for medicinal substances in quantities which, to the European mind, particularly to the European imagination full of horrors regarding Oriental magnates, may suggest infernal designs. But even a Native Prince may be expected to be afraid of sending to the shops for poison, previous to attempting to poison a human being, particularly the British minister at his court. Nor would he be in want of any kinds of poisons employed in medication or poisoning in the East. The head of the pettiest principality has always these at his command. His State dépôt of medicines and public hospital and private or personal dispensary, are always well supplied.

It is a great pity that these facts were not brought out in evidence by the defence. Probably the point escaped the attention of the managers from the very notoriety of the matters referred to by us.

The trial was conspicuous by the absence of all speciality in information—of the most obvious, the most necessary technicality of suggestion. Not only were all constitutional references excluded; the politics of the cause were completely eschewed. There was at least no necessity for ignoring the law of nations or of nature. But there were even legal points to raise. Supposing it

to have been proved that Mulhar Rao had had offered diamond dust to the Colonel, is the administration of an innocuous substance, even in the belief of its deadliness, an offence? We believe at worst Mulhar Rao simply communicated with the servants that they might put in a kind word in his favor. Supposing he had gone a step farther and employed sorcery to turn the Residential heart—employed a priest or *sannyāsi* in the diabolic rites of *basikaran* or *māran*—would he have been adjudged guilty by a British Government or civilized men?

There are, we are aware, some excellent people, who believe Mulhar Rao guilty. They, however, are not men accustomed to scrutinize evidence or weigh probabilities, but such as are guided rather by, as they are sometimes ostentatiously fond of declaring, “instincts.” These, they tell you, are unerring. Vain delusion! Wilful blindness! It is useless to argue with those who virtually, if not in so many words, repudiate the allegiance of reason and degrade man to the level of brute intelligence, however high they may wish to raise him above brute morality. They cannot give a reason for the faith that is in them, and they do not care that they cannot. But the reality of their faith is beyond question. If they have reached their conviction in a vague, yet intelligible way, they cling to it all the more like bigots. With many of them, a charge against those for whom they have no personal regard, is very near a proof of crime. Most of them from the commencement thought Mulhar Rao must be guilty because he was a Native Prince. They were prepared to believe any rascality of a Native Prince, without evidence. They had heard of the dark deeds in Native Courts, and they would not stop to consider that it might be anybody’s object to injure a Prince by a false accusation, or that anybody might be fool enough to make a charge lightly, without sufficient grounds. Mulhar Rao has indeed been compromised by the loss of his class in public estimation. The ignorance of men in general, of matters beyond the sphere of personal knowledge, is notorious; that of the public regarding



Native Courts, most dense. Such knowledge as most people possess is worse, indeed, than absolute ignorance—it is one-sided and inaccurate. Public opinion has been fed by, and formed on, the accounts of sensational writers or interested witnesses. The prejudice against Native Chiefs unfitted those laboring under it from taking a correct view of the evidence tendered at the late trial. Looking at that evidence with all the candour we can command, we are bound to confess that the admitted intercourse which the Gackwar had with the Residency servants, looks certainly suspicious to outsiders, and lends plausibility to the graver charge against His Highness. For the character of Native Princes as well as for the cause of the Gackwar, we very much regret that the defence did not make a regular effort, or did not possess the knowledge necessary for making a successful effort, to prove that that intercourse was a matter of course, and that it did not necessarily imply any criminality. Vicious such intercourse undoubtedly is, but it is vice sanctioned by time and universal custom, vice shared by British officers as well. Indeed, if it is an offence at all, it is greater in the Resident than in the Prince. “Bakshish” is one of the recognized gods of the East. No Prince is strong enough to withhold the worship. He, however, does like his fathers and his kind—the Resident goes out of his way to permit by choice a foreign idolatry. In fact, the Resident, by the influence which he allows his servants over him, often virtually compels the Prince to make his court to them. The Residency servants and Amlah besiege the Prince for presents on all ceremonies and occasions of joy. Natives, as a rule, are disposed to be liberal on such occasions, if they can afford it; they would go to some sacrifice to observe the custom. A Prince could not set a different example. It would be a gratuitous offence to Residency people for a Prince to except them from the benefits of his liberality on the usual occasions. But these people do not content themselves with what they get in the usual way, but bully and intrigue to get more. To give weight to

their claim they give themselves the airs of influence with their master,—relating apposite anecdotes, saying how they put in a good word in favor of the Prince, what hand they had in what affair. Of course the Prince asks questions, makes enquiries about the temper and ways of the big Briton at whose mercy he and his State completely lie. Thus the intercourse is kept up. But we must say that the servants rarely communicate direct with the Prince, but rather pay court to the minister or confidential agent of the Chief who advise him in his relations with the Residency, according to the information received from the servants or other sources. Of course such intercourse *may* be made use of for criminal purposes, but usually it is restricted to the veriest tittle tattle of men of petty curiosity in terror of the British representative. Rarely indeed is any piece of useful information obtained by this means; more usually the servants relate trifles or retail mere gup.

At the worst, the Prince follows a custom, and is the victim of circumstances. Not so the Resident. “Bakshish” is not among his idols. He does not distribute Rupees on Good-Friday or on Queen’s-birth-day, or on his own, or on his wedding. The Prince’s people do not ask him for presents; his own dare not approach him with such a suggestion. Let it not be inferred in consequence that he is innocent of intercourse with the Prince’s people, or ignorant of the veriest trifle that passes within the zenana. The righteous Government of India would not perhaps consider him worth his salt if he was not acquainted with all the ins of the harem and outs of the Durbar—familiar with the *amours-propre* and amours improper of the Chief. It may be said that the residence of British Officers at Native capitals demoralizes them, but it may with greater truth be urged that the behaviour among strangers, of British gentlemen far from the eye of the society and public opinion of their own country, encourages the Princes in the viciousness. In fine, it all is the ordinary phenomena of human nature. Diplomats in Europe are not always the most scrupulous of mankind. Above all,

the mutual viciousness of Native Princes and British Politicals is the inevitable result of the relations between a Great Power with petty Principalities. Perhaps the Residents are more to blame than the Chiefs. There is no longer any object in the latter to intrigue against the British Power. The British are still enough jealous of the Native States to harass them by petty annoyances.

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We do not speak without the book. We think it is unfortunate that advantage was not taken by the Gackwar's friends of the mass of written records in existence, buried in official archives or reposing on upper shelves, to point out the antecedent incredibility of the story of the prosecution. The settled doom of Mulhar Rao could hardly have been altered, but the world should have known something of the amenities exchanged between Native Chiefs and British representatives, and the ways of the enlightened Power that has succeeded to the throne of the barbarous Moguls. The fate of Mulhar Rao is an evil example. It is important for the Native States and India generally, that the British public should hear of what things are done out here in its name. It may perhaps not be yet a labor wholly thrown away, to quote chapter and verse. As well from the absence of a good library at hand, as for want of space at our disposal, we can quote but a few authorities and give but a few extracts.

And not to keep the reader in suspense we will at once plunge him into a scene of wrong and persecution towards sovereign princes unexampled in the history of the world. Unexampled out of India, for in India, unfortunately, it has been the usual way of a Great Power towards its weaker allies and "protected" dependents. No language we could command, could adumbrate the profound depths of moral degradation to which the meanness of the oppressor, and the trustfulness and helplessness combined of the victims, have reduced the Princes and Chiefs of India, glimpses whereof may be caught in the unvarnished tale below. The following is not from

the pen of a suspect, but is the narrative of a Visit to the Sovereign of Oudh (then styled the Nawab Vizier) to wheedle him out of his remaining hoards, paid by a great and good Governor-General, Lord Hastings, in his own words—a record left by him in secret, under circumstances which give it similar authority to what a death-bed confession would receive in a court of justice :—

A SOVEREIGN PRINCE, BUT THE WRECK OF A MAN AND A POWER :

OR, HOW AN EMPIRE STOOPS TO CRUSH AND—PLUNDER.

*A Narrative by a Governor-General.*

WITH NOTES.

“ 1814, October 13th.— . . . . I de-  
 “ sired to speak to the Nawab Vizier apart. He  
 “ took me to a retired tent, accompanied by Mr.  
 “ Ricketts and Mr. Swinton, whom I had desired to  
 “ be present, as well as Major Baillie. When we  
 “ were seated I addressed the Nawab Vizier at some  
 “ length on my view of the character which the re-  
 Commencement of the coaxing, “ lation of the two states ought to  
 “ bear ; *I explained that the leaving*  
 “ *of him perfect freedom of action*  
 “ *in his internal administration of his dominions was*  
 “ *the principle on which I meant to*  
 How the assurance has been kept ! “ proceed ; *I assured him that there*  
 “ *was not, on the part of the British*  
 “ *Government, the remotest notion of further circum-*  
 “ *scribing his territories ;* I professed it to be my wish  
 “ to attach to his station all the dignity and the autho-  
 “ rity requisite to give it lustre and influence in  
 “ the eyes of his family and subjects ; and I closed  
 “ by *entreating him to place un-*  
 Uninformed kindness—the unintended stab. “ *bounded reliance in the Resident,*  
 “ *Major Baillie, as that gentleman*  
 “ *possessed my entire confidence.* There were points in  
 “ this address to which the Nawab  
 No wonder ! “ Vizier appeared very sensible. But  
 “ *at the termination there was such a deficiency of any*  
 “ *show of gratification that I was*  
 Of course you did ! “ *much struck with his manner.* I

“ ascribed it, however, to Asiatic reserve. His Excel-  
 lency thanked me politely for my  
 Fool not to know “ dispositions; *expressed his know-*  
 better ! “ ledge that the musnud of Oude must

“ rest wholly on the protection and justice of the British  
 “ Government; affirmed that he could never have the  
 “ notion of a discrimination of interests; and said he  
 “ had looked forward with eager solicitude to this day as  
 “ the period which would put an end to all the misunder-  
 “ standings whence the last years of his father had been  
 “ made unhappy. He added that he had put into  
 “ writing some points for my consideration, and en-  
 “ treated that I would weigh them favourably. He  
 “ then put a paper into my hand. As it was in Per-  
 “ sian, I delivered it to Mr. Swinton, saying that as  
 “ soon as a translation should be made, I would per-  
 “ use it with the most serious attention. Major Baillie  
 “ could not conceal evident surprise and uneasiness at  
 “ this occurrence. His bewilderment made him forget

The delicacy of a Po-  
 litical.

“ himself so far as to take the paper  
 “ out of Mr. Swinton’s hands and to  
 “ begin to peruse it. I stopped this  
 “ by observing that it was immaterial to examine the  
 “ contents of the paper at the moment, as no sudden  
 “ answer ought to be given on such a subject. Here  
 “ the conference ended. Returning to the tent, where  
 “ we had left the company, we found a splendid pre-  
 “ sent of trays of jewels and shawls laid out. I de-  
 “ clined them. But I accepted a sword, richly set  
 “ with diamonds, which had been made on purpose  
 “ for me. The expediency of giving the Nawab Vizeer

The acting of a false-  
 hood.

“ entire confidence in me made it re-  
 “ quisite that I should induce him to  
 “ believe I had taken this gift; though

“ I subsequently in secret lodged with the public secre-  
 “ taries an acknowledgment of its being the sole pro-  
 “ perty of the Honourable Company, and to be deli-  
 “ vered to them after I should have gone through  
 “ the expected ceremony of wearing it at Lucknow.  
 “ Swords enamelled after the Lucknow fashion were

“presented to the secretaries and to my aides-de-  
“camp, which I allowed them to take, as it was  
“understood to be a compliment offered by the New  
“Vizeer on his accession to the musnud. . . . .  
“A Mr. Clarke, in the service of the Nawab Vizeer  
“by licence from government, had been recommended  
“to my secretary, Mr. Thomson, as a person whose  
“local knowledge as well as established integrity might  
“render him useful to Mr. Thomson in any of his  
“arrangements for the household while we should be  
“at Lucknow. This gentleman was invited to dine  
“with me to-day, as was Captain M’Leod, of the Com-  
“pany’s Engineers, who had been lent to Saadut Ali  
“to superintend the construction of some buildings,  
“and had been retained in that employment by the  
“present Nawab. When they arrived at Mr. Thom-  
“son’s tent before the hour of dinner, by way of some-  
“thing to say, he expressed his satisfaction at  
“thinking that what I had explained to the Nawab  
“Vizeer must have made his Excellency quite happy.  
“*To his astonishment, they answered that so far from*  
“*his being happy, they had left the Nawab in a state*  
“*of absolute despair.* On his asking  
“with much surprise the cause, they  
“told him that the *Nawab Vizeer*  
“*had reckoned on being emancipated from the IMPERI-*  
“*OUS DOMINATION OF MAJOR BAILLIE, UNDER WHICH*  
“*HIS EXCELLENCY GROANED EVERY HOUR, but that I*  
“had professed my confidence in Major Baillie, and  
“had riveted him in his position. Mr. Thomson lost  
“no time in apprizing me of this extraordinary com-  
“munication, which he justly thought ought not to  
“be withheld from my knowledge. I sent for the  
“two gentlemen separately, and questioned them on  
“the point. It was clear that the Nawab had imparted  
“to them all I had said, for my very expressions were  
“repeated by them, and no attendant of the Nawab’s  
“had been present at the conference, so they must  
“have had the information from himself. They con-  
“curred exactly in what they stated as his observations

The despair at the  
continuation of the sla-  
very.

“on my language. On my declaring that the *confidence in Major Baillie, professed by me, was a compliment paid to the Nawab, whom I imagined entertained a peculiar predilection for the Resident*, they severally exposed the reasons of the Nawab’s disgust. They stated that his Excellency considered the assistance afforded to his tranquil possession of the musnud to have been rendered by the Resident in his official capacity on the part of the British Government; and though his Excellency felt obligation to the instrument, still it was not of an amount to counterbalance the *grievous dissatisfactions which he daily experienced. He complained that Major Baillie dictated to him in the merest trifles, broke in upon him at his palace without notice, whensoever he had anything to prescribe, fixed his (Major Baillie’s) creatures upon his Excellency with large salaries, to be SPIES UPON ALL HIS ACTIONS; and above all, lowered his Excellency in the eyes of his family and his subjects by the MAGISTERIAL TONE which he CONSTANTLY ASSUMED.* I asked why the Nawab Vizeer had not unfolded this to me when I pressed him so distinctly to mention what would contribute to his comfort. The reply of each of them was that *the Nawab’s mind was in a state of such subjugation to Major Baillie that his Excellency did not dare to hint at a dissatisfaction before him.* To both I testified my disappointment at finding I had failed in my earnest wish of making the Nawab’s situation essentially agreeable as well as ostensibly dignified; but I did not hint at anything I had in contemplation. Here the conversation ended.

Ignorance at Head Quarters.

The incubus of a Residency; the woes of the Protected.

(the Resident)

Cheap Espionage, Billeted Budmashes.

Simplicity of a British Nobleman.

A cool way of throwing the responsibility on the weakness of the unfortunate.

Nonsense! you did your best to smother complaint.

"October 14th— . . . . . Received a letter from  
 "Mr. Clarke, in which he states his having related to  
 "the Nawab Vizeer my expressions of surprize at the  
 "Nawab's want of frankness towards me, and commu-  
 "nicates his Excellency's solicitation that I would  
 "indulge him with a private interview when he came  
 "to dinner with me next day. Mr. Ricketts was  
 "requested to answer this letter; to say that the Nawab  
 "should have a conference without Major Baillie's  
 "being present; but to desire Mr. Clarke to address  
 "any future communications through the regular  
 "channel of the public secretaries. . . . .

"October 15th.—The Nawab Vizcer met me on the  
 "review ground soon after it was light. . . . .

"Pretty punctually at that hour he arrived, when I  
 "immediately said aloud that I wished to have a con-  
 "ference with his Excellency; and I

A gleam of hope to  
 be, hereafter dashed to  
 the ground.

"observed to Major Baillie, as if from  
 "a sudden thought, that it would be  
 "more delicate for him not to be present. I took the  
 "Nawab into a private room. I requested Mr. Ricketts,  
 "Mr. Adam, and Mr. Swinton to accompany us. I  
 "explained that these were principal functionaries  
 "of the Government, sworn to secrecy, who would  
 "have to settle all the details of whatever might be  
 "transacted between the Nawab Vizeer and me, and  
 "who might therefore as well hear the business in the  
 "first instance; adding that my position made it in-  
 "cumbent on me to lay down the rule of never having  
 "an interview with any native prince without the  
 "presence of one or other of them.

"The Nawab said there could be no objection. I  
 "asked if he wished to have any of his own suite  
 "present, but he declined it. *Before I could open*  
 "*any subject to him, he addressed me, and said that*  
 "*as we were engaged in a war which might embarrass our*  
 "*finances, he begged leave to offer a present of a crore*  
 "*of rupees to the Honourable Com-*  
 "*pany.* THIS WAS EXPECTED BY ME.

Of course it was ! You  
 come for the purpose.



*"I knew that his father had intended to make this*

Gratitude ! Fiddlesticks ! Say rather, Purchase-money.

*"offer, in order to MARK HIS GRATITUDE FOR MY HAVING TREAT-*

*"I feel that I did nothing more than was demanded by positive justice. The Resident had given*

The Resident, though, denied this.

*"ED HIM AS A GENTLEMAN; though me a hint that the present Nawab, aware of his father's intention, had mentioned his purpose of carrying*

*"it into effect. I thanked the Nawab cordially for this proof of his attachment to our Government; I said that it was impossible for the Company to accept the sum as a gift, but I professed that I should entertain a very high sense of obligation in receiving it as a subscription to the six per cent. loan now opened by the Council. On that footing the matter was agreed. Nothing could be more opportune, for this command of ready cash emancipated the Government from many urgent financial difficulties. I said to the Nawab that*

So they all work for their respective Administrations. So the E. I. Co. never felt any obligation.

*"his own consciousness of the way in which I must regard so essential a service, rendered to my administration, ought to make him speak to*

*"me with perfect confidence. I assured him that I considered it no less my official duty than it was my personal inclination to make his authority efficient, and his private position satisfactory. I thence treated that he would explain to me without disguise his wishes. Notwithstanding this encouragement he*

The not unaccountable reserve, as the event proved.

*"appeared unaccountably reserved. He said there were facts about which he was solicitous, and that*

*"he had put them down upon paper, but he had not brought the paper with him. This singular reserve made me begin to doubt if he had really desired the conference. I therefore asked him if he had authorized Mr. Clarke to request this interview for him, and to make it a condition that Major Baillie should not be present. He answered in the affirmative to both points. I then begged that he would take all*

“the advantage he could wish of the opportunity, and  
“I repeated my assurance that he might rely on my  
“solicitude to gratify him. He said again and again  
“that he had deemed it better to commit his wishes to  
“writing, that he would send the paper on the morrow,  
“that he had the firmest reliance on my kindness, and  
“that he referred me for any explanations to Mehdy  
“Ali Khan. After much time thus vainly spent we  
“went to dinner. At length he departed, expressing  
“his impatience to see me at Lucknow, and taking his  
“leave till that meeting should happen.

“October 30th— . . . . . After prayers, Captain  
“Gilbert,\* Barrack-Master of Cawnpore, desired to see  
“me. He had been with us at Dilkosha the day be-  
“fore; and I had heard the Nawab Vizeer ask him to  
“breakfast at the palace this morning. Captain Gilbert  
“imagined this to be a compliment on account of his  
“having had much acquaintance with his Excellency  
“before his accession, and after we had returned from  
“the park, he asked if I had any objection to his taking  
“one of my aides-de-camp (Captain M‘Ra) with  
“him. This I mention to show how little he could  
“suspect any political purpose had prompted the Na-  
“wab’s invitation. It suddenly struck me to say to  
“him, ‘As you are intimate with the Nawab, I wish  
“‘you would try to find out, without giving him ground  
“‘to suspect the inquiry to come from me, whom it is  
“‘he wishes for his physician.’ I did not explain my  
“motive to Captain Gilbert. It was this: Mr. Clarke,  
“among the Nawab’s grievances, had stated Major  
“*Baillie’s attempt to force upon his Excellency Major*  
“*Baillie’s own physician (Mr. Wilson), instead of Mr.*  
“*Law, who had been physician to his Excellency’s father.*  
“Major Baillie had, at Moosa Baugh, told me it was  
“the Nawab’s wish to have Mr. Wilson nominated his  
“physician, and solicited that I would give my sanc-  
“tion. Doubtful of its being his Excellency’s own desire,  
“I answered that I would consider of it. And I thence

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\* Afterwards Sir W. R. Gilbert, Bart.

“sought the opportunity of ascertaining the point by  
 “means of Captain Gilbert. The latter now informed  
 “me that after their breakfast the Nawab had requested  
 “to speak to him in a private room. While his Ex-  
 “cellency was looking round that apartment, apparent-  
 “ly to see that all the doors were safe, and that no  
 “body could overhear, Captain Gilbert, as if it had  
 “been the thought of the moment, asked who was the  
 “person whom his Excellency wished to have for his  
 “physician. *The Nawab instantly said, ‘Dr. Law, to be  
 “sure!’* and he thence began to complain bitterly of the  
 “*Resident’s attempt to force his own protégé on his  
 “Excellency. He proceeded to ex-*

No end to the misbe-  
 haviour of the Resident!

“*patiate with great earnestness on the  
 “misbehaviour of Major Baillie to-  
 “wards him, recapitulating precisely the points which  
 “had been mentioned by Mr. Clarke. He said he was  
 “in despair at my having said that  
 “Major Baillie had my confidence,  
 “for that he could never be happy or*

The despair of the  
 Nawab.

“*respectable in the eyes of his subjects while that gentle-  
 “man should be at Lucknow. He terminated the con-  
 “versation by saying that he had been most anxious  
 “to unbosom himself on these particulars to Captain  
 “Gilbert. The latter asked why his Excellency did  
 “not speak to me frankly on the subject. His answer*

“*was, THAT HE WAS AFRAID. Cap-  
 “tain Gilbert has very justly thought  
 “it his duty to communicate to me this singular con-  
 “versation.*

The dread!

“October 31st.—This morning I set out to review  
 “the two battalions of the Company’s infantry at the  
 “cantonment about two miles beyond the bridge over the  
 “Goomty. The Nawab’s Vizeer was to accompany me.  
 “When I arrived at the door of the palace, which was  
 “in my route, I found his Excellency preparing to get  
 “into his carriage. As I was alone in a phaeton, my  
 “horses having been sent forward to the field, I pro-  
 “posed to the Nawab to accompany me in that carriage,  
 “which he accepted. On the way I said to him that

“ Captain Gilbert had repeated to me what his Excellency had said of his wish to have Mr. Law as his physician, adding that it should be so arranged. He clasped my hand eagerly, and said that he had no comfort but in my kindness. The review went off very well. His Excellency and I returned in the same howdah to the Residency, where we breakfasted.

“ In consequence of what Captain Gilbert had told me, I had sent Mr. Ricketts to the Nawab this morning to entreat that his Excellency would impart his wishes to me frankly, as our Government could have no object more at heart than to make him comfortable. I desired his Excellency to understand that secret and indirect representations did not suit the station of either of us ; and I desired Mr. Ricketts to inform him I would give his Excellency the opportunity this evening of unbosoming himself before the three secretaries, but without the presence of Major Baillie. *The Nawab eagerly recapitulated to Mr. Ricketts all that he had said to Captain Gilbert ;*

The secret of the heart  
at length let out.

“ *and when Mr. Ricketts was retiring, stopped him to whisper, ‘ Cannot you get Major Baillie removed from ‘ Lucknow ?’* Before dinner I requested Major Baillie to stay with Lady Loudoun, while I took the Nawab and the three secretaries into another room. As soon as the door was shut the Nawab pulled out a paper and delivered it to Mr. Ricketts, saying that it was the second paper which he had promised, but which he had delayed sending. He said it contained a statement of all his wishes, except upon one point which yet interested him. *Then he complained with great apparent sensibility of Major Baillie’s preventing him from having the nobut (large drum) beat at sunrise, because the noise of it would disturb the Resident. He added that the beating the nobut was an article of dignity ; and represented that he was lowered by not being allowed to do it.* I said the point of the nobut should be settled directly according to his wishes,

“and that his paper should be considered without delay.  
“We then repaired to dinner.”

There ends the first Act. The next may be a surprise to the uninitiated spectator, but it is characteristic of Native Courts—not from the fault of the Natives. The British Minister who did not scruple to sin against etiquette and every decency, in the presence of the Governor-General, was not, of course, idle, after he saw the papers presented by the Nawab to Lord Hastings. He could well guess the contents of the documents. He knew what he had a right to expect, if the Nawab told a tittle of the truth. He had need to try his utmost arts to maintain his office, the Nawab having so heavily bribed the Government. So here we are!

“November 1st.— . . . . . After their departure, Mr. Adam came to me, and communicated  
“a most extraordinary message which he had just received. Aga Meer, a favourite servant of his Excellency’s, came from the Nawab to say that his Excellency had passed a sleepless night from reflection on  
“what had passed the evening before, and that his  
“Excellency had in consequence sent him (Aga Meer)  
“to set the matter to rights. *Agha Meer proceeded to*

The Recantation !

“*say that the Nawab Vizeer dis-*  
“*avowed every article in the paper*  
“*delivered by him last night, and desired it to be under-*  
“*stood that he had been over-persuaded by Mr. Clarke,*  
“*who had written the paper, to submit it as his own*  
“*sentiment. The paper was a long enumeration of*  
“*grievances suffered from Major Baillie, Mr. Adam*  
“asked Agha Meer how it was possible for Mr. Clarke  
“to have prevailed on the Nawab to take such a step  
“in contradiction to his Excellency’s own disposition.  
“Agha Meer answered that the Nawab accounted  
“for it by Mr. Clarke’s having asserted to him that  
“the Governor-General had a dislike to Major Baillie,  
“and would be gratified by his Excellency’s furnish-  
“ing a pretext for that gentleman’s removal. The  
“Nawab, according to Agha Meer, added that Mr.  
“Clarke, Captain Macleod, and Dr. Law had pressed

“ this opinion upon him before my arrival at Cawnpore.

Just so !

“ *This cannot be true. Had the Nawab been influenced to take this step against his own inclination, with the notion of doing what would have been pleasing to me, he would have made the charge roundly before the secretaries, so as to have afforded me ground at Cawnpore to have dismissed Major Baillie from his situation. After my warning him that indirect communications could not be attended to by me, he would never have sought a conference with Captain Gilbert as a mode of effecting my purpose. It is evident that the Nawab addressed himself to Captain Gilbert because the latter had married a cousin of Lady Loudoun's, who had come out with her; his Excellency probably thinking that if he could gain upon Captain Gilbert's feelings the representation would be made to me in a manner more likely to be effectual than through any formal channel. Besides, he would have left the statements made by him to Mr. Ricketts to be worked upon by my judgment; and would not have closed his discourse by endeavouring to prevail on that gentleman personally to co-operate towards Major Baillie's removal. I am glad that I have minuted these particulars, as they exhibit strikingly the little managements of an Asiatic Court.*

“ November 2nd.—I sent for Mr. Clarke and Captain Macleod I told them that I judged it necessary to apprise them of what had been advanced by the Nawab Vizeer. They persisted with the strongest asseverations in maintaining that the complaints against Major Baillie had originated with the Nawab himself; that he had repeatedly pressed the subject upon them; that his reiterated reference to them had led them to take part so far as to advise him to state his grievances to me personally; but that they had in no degree instigated the indisposition of the Nawab towards Major Baillie. They both earnestly petitioned me to sit formally in the character of Governor-General in Council and receive their depositions

“on oath in the presence of the Nawab as to the falsity  
 “of his assertions. Mr. Clarke desired to swear that  
 “the paper in question was not of his writing, composition, or counselling. Both urged for permission to  
 “swear to the falsity of the assertion that either of  
 “them had ever told the Nawab Vizeer I was indisposed towards the Resident, a fact which they had  
 “never imagined.’ Though I felt it would be just to  
 “let them record this expurgatory affidavit, it was a  
 “proceeding incompatible with the delicacy to be observed with regard to a sovereign. Therefore I told  
 “them that I believed their declaration as firmly as  
 “I could do were it confirmed by oath; explaining to  
 “them the impossibility of my admitting any public  
 “proceeding which could so distinctly arraign the  
 “Nawab Vizeer of a wilful falsehood. I desired them  
 “to put upon paper a statement of what had occurred  
 “to them severally with his Excellency on this subject,  
 “and requested Mr. Ricketts to do the same.

“November 3rd.—I directed Mr. Ricketts, Mr. Adam,  
 “and Mr. Swinton to go from me to the Nawab Vizeer,  
 “with a solicitation that he will confidentially explain  
 “to them his real wishes, as I am so perplexed amid  
 “the strange circumstances which have occurred, that  
 “it is impossible for me to feel secure in my judgment  
 “of them. When they sent to request an audience,  
 “the Nawab, on pretence of indisposition, begged it  
 “might be put off till the morrow. The object of this  
 “delay is probably *to consult on what steps he should*  
 “*take if they pressed him to an honest disclosure of his*  
 “*sentiments.* Dr. Law came to me to profess, offering  
 “to verify it on oath, that there was not a word of  
 “truth in the Nawab’s charge, that he (Dr. Law) had  
 “systematically endeavoured to inflame his Excellency  
 “against Major Baillie, and had insinuated that it  
 “would be pleasing to me to have accusations advanced  
 “against the Resident.

“He told me that the Nawab had sent to *reclaim*  
 “*not only an elephant, furnished to Dr. Law, as physi-*  
 “*cian, but a one-horse chaise which*  
 “*the late Nawab had given to Mr.*

The degradation !

“*Law, and a portrait of himself, given by Saadut Ali to the doctor.*

“November 4th.—Mr. Ricketts, Mr. Adam, and Mr. Swinton, waited on the Nawab Vizeer. He insisted that *all his complaints had been made because*

“*Mr. Clarke, Captain Macleod, and*  
An agent not free.

“*Dr. Law had induced him to believe it would be a procedure by which he would recommend himself to my favour. He declared that so far from any estrangement with regard to Major Baillie, he felt warmly grateful for that gentleman's friendship, and desired nothing so much as his continuance at Lucknow.*

“The conference lasted nearly three hours, during which time the Nawab persevered in maintaining stoutly that Mr. Clarke, Captain Macleod, and Dr. Law, to whom his Excellency now added Monsieur De l'Etaing, had been long engaged in a conspiracy to ruin Major Baillie in his esteem; and though they had not effected their purpose, they had misled him (the Nawab) to criminate the Resident. His Excellency said that *Dr. Law had never been his physician, even during the lifetime of Saadut Ali; he said that to satisfy his father he used to consult Dr. Law when he was ill, but that he never followed Dr. Law's prescriptions, and always obtained medicines privately from Mr. Wilson. This tallies so ill with what passed*

Exactly! “*in the phaeton that IT CANNOT BE*

“TRUE. For sometime past the Nawab had been urged to appoint a minister for public affairs, and another for finance; much inconvenience having arisen from the want of these officers. The Nawab had answered, that as his brother Shums-oo-Dowlah had been minister in the father's time, he (the present Nawab) wished to appoint his son to the honorary station. He added that as his son was still a child, it would be necessary to have a deputy who would be the efficient minister; and he begged me to choose the person for that purpose. I answered that I was highly sensible of the confidence



“reposed in me by the request, but that I could not possibly interfere in an arrangement which was so much to influence his comfort and welfare, further than to say that it would be inconvenient were he to nominate a person whom the Resident represented as systematically adverse to the British Government, as was the case with Mehdy Ali Khan. Mr. Adam reviewed the subject this day, and the Nawab promised to settle the business. Before the gentleman broke up the conference they, according to my instructions, adjured the Nawab in the most impressive manner to say whether any one had used my name, so as to occasion his Excellency’s message by Agha Meer. He repeatedly declared that my name had not been so used. The question referred to a communication which Captain Macleod had made to me the day before yesterday. He said he had been secretly informed that *Agha Meer, the morning after the conference at the Residency, had gone to the Nawab Vizeer and told him, with great apparent anxiety, that his Excellency had ruined himself with me; that I was furious at his having complained against Major Baillie; and that I even talked of removing him from the Musnud. It was stated that the Nawab, in his* **TERROR**, *asked what he could do to remedy the mischief, and was told that the only way was to disavow his paper, and impule his conduct to the machinations and suggestions of Mr. Clarke, Captain Macleod, and Dr. Law. The known devotion of Agha Meer to Major Baillie gave the story some verisimilitude.*

That, of course, was the truth. Incredible as the whole may seem to most, it has all the internal marks of authenticity. The present writer can, besides, confirm the general features of the story, so far as he heard the intrigue related, a good many years since in Oudh, by old men who were in the Court in the first quarter of the century.

It has only to be borne in mind that Mehdy Ali was the best minister Oudh ever possessed. He was no more ill-disposed to the British Government, than the

Nawab wished to discard him, or to appoint the low intriguer Aga Meer.

And now the humiliation of the Ruler of Oudh remained to be completed. He must hug the bully to his bosom;—to please the tyrant, must overwhelm his tools honors and emoluments.

“November 6th.— . . . . The Resident  
“apprized me that the Nawab would the next morning  
“send to me the arrangement of the ministry which  
“was to be; his son as naib, or ostensible prime minister, Roy Dya Crishen, as peshear or deputy, to be the  
“real minister, and *Agha Meer as dewan or minister of finance. The claims of Agha Meer, who had never*  
“*in any discussions been adverted to as of a calibre for*  
“*such advancement, surprised me much. He is a low*  
“*man, who began as khidmutgar or footman to the*  
“*Nawab, and waited behind his son’s chair when the*  
“*latter dined with me at Cawnpore. I did not express*  
“*my wonder, only observing I could feel no right to*  
“*interfere, unless the person contemplated by the Nawab*  
“*were of known hostility to the British Government.”*

What though it was a footman that was raised to the Premiership. The labourer was worth his hire.

“November 8th.—This day, *to my great surprise,*  
“*Major Baillie informed me that the Nawab Vizeer*  
“*had determined to make Agha Meer peshear, and that*  
“*Roy Dya Crishen was to be dewan. Of course Agha*  
“*Meer is to be the effective minister for the guidance of*  
“*all affairs. I could only say that, on principles already*  
“*professed by me, I could have nothing to do with the*  
“*Nawab’s choice. It is impossible to see this arrange-*  
“*ment and not to discover that the ELEVATION OF*  
“*AGHA MEER IS THE REWARD OF THE INFLUENCE*  
“*EXERTED BY HIM OVER THE NAWAB VIZEER TO PRO-*  
“*DUCE THOSE RECONTATIONS which I have detailed.*  
“It is not my business to develope this intrigue; if  
“the power which Major Baillie possesses over the  
“Vizeer’s mind, aided by the co-operation of Agha  
“Meer, be exerted beneficially for the furtherance  
“of public affairs, I can have no call to make ob-

“jections. The interest of the individuals who have  
 “been immediately sacrificed in this juggle can be  
 “attended to by me hereafter. I believe that **SOME**  
 “**SORT OF INTIMIDATION IS THE PRACTICE USED WITH**  
 “**THE VIZEER.** He does not seem deficient in intellect,  
 “but he appears weak in nerve.”

Not in the least! He thought he had good reason to fear the consequences of any exhibition of strength on his part in opposing the Resident. Him was left only weak submission to that obnoxious individual. It was all due to the Governor-General's—can we say, unaccountable or gratuitous?—warm expression of confidence in the Resident, at the first meeting. We are not sure that the expression was a mistake. The Governor-General went to Oudh to relieve the Nawab of his superfluous cash, sorely needed for the service of the Indian Government, and he required much the assistance of the Resident in bullying the Prince into disclosure of his hoards. Under the circumstances, his Lordship's appreciation of Colonel Baillie was natural, and necessary. The non-suppression was doubtless wrong. What is the good of a meeting between a Governor-General and Native Princes, if he is not to hear from them their grievances? Lord Hastings' remark was a distinct warning to the Nawab that no complaint would be listened to.

“November 10th.—We breakfasted at the palace.  
 “When we rose from table, we proceeded to the durbar  
 “chamber, and took our seats. Shums-oo-Dowlah was  
 “introduced to take his formal leave. The Nawab  
 “Vizeer, without rising put on his head a gaudy turban,  
 “after which the other parts of the khelaut, or dress  
 “of ceremony, were put upon him by the attendants.  
 “The Nawab's son was then introduced as naib. His  
 “Excellency insisted that he should receive from me  
 “the turban, and the other emblems of office. Among  
 “them I furnished him with a money-bag, an elephant  
 “iron, and a small pair of kettle-drums, which were  
 “to be suspended round his neck. They implied his  
 “title to use the nobut. *Agha Meer* and *Roy Dya*  
 “Crishen were then brought forward, and *at the Na-*

"*wab's entreaty I invested them also.* . . . . .  
"When we came to our farewell dinner at the palace,  
"the Vizeer thanked me in earnest tones for *this at-*  
"tention to the memory of his father, saying that my  
"kindness had soothed Saadut Ali's latter days. 'This  
"was a very curious expression; for my kindness to  
"Saadut Ali had been only my rejection of a *system*  
"of coercion towards him, publicly urged by Major  
"Baillie, and so far acted upon before my arrival in  
"India, that Mr. Clarke asserted the Nawab Vizeer to  
"have described it as having broken his father's heart. .  
" . . . . . "Captain Gilbert, who had  
"been one of the company at dinner, accompanied us  
"to Constantia, and recounted to me an extraordinary  
"phrase used by the Vizeer. The distribution of the  
"wreaths produced an irregularity which left his Ex-  
"cellency more unobserved than was usually the case.  
"He went up to Captain Gilbert, and taking the latter's  
"hand pressed it to his heart saying; '*Notwithstand-*  
"ing all you have seen happen, my friendship shall  
"never be divorced from you, as I hope I shall prove  
"to you in happier times.' 'The Captain represents  
"him as having said this with a look of peculiar dis-  
"tress. As to all public matters, he had been put into  
"a situation of comfort and dignity beyond his fondest  
"hopes; therefore an *expression which implied the pre-*  
"sent time to be not a happy one must have had allusion  
"to his sense of prostration before some secret and in-  
"explicable influence galling to his mind."

Secret and inexplicable yet? 'This, my good Lord, is trifling, unworthy of you. This is mere shirking your responsibility. The 'influence' was plain as plain could be, plain to you as to everybody else in Oudh, only you would not interfere; no, not by a word. Notwithstanding all your round professions of friendship to the Nawab, all your loud asseverations of sincerity in secret, you did famously little, next to nothing, for the man who released you from your troubles with the substantial payment of cash—which you could not otherwise, or elsewhere raise—who depended upon you, as you

knew, as he expressed himself, however you may evade your obligation by taking advantage of the tortuous ways imposed upon him by your ways and system. Indeed, you could not afford to be just, if you wished. You are all different parts of a great machine, which, in its operation, is necessarily often injurious to many. The tyrannical Resident and the unredressing Governor-General are creatures of the same circumstances. These bullying representatives of Government are so useful at the various Courts. For yourself, you were indebted to Colonel Baillie. He tempted you to Lucknow with the hoards of Sadat Ali left to his son. You certainly required, and he rendered, his assistance in fleecing the Nawab. The Nawab offered his crore of bribe to secure your help in freeing him from his tyrant. You gentlemen of the West, are commendably horrified at the low word which conveys the idea of a gratification to make matters smooth, whether passed between equals, or to superior from inferior. The Nawab, a polished Oriental, was rich in his vocabulary. He doubtless pressed the bags on you in the more harmless guise of 'present,' 'nuzzur,' and what not. Your virtue was as unconquered as ever. Did you leave the bags behind? Ah, no! You kept your virtue, and took the money. You took it as a loan to the Company. Of course you satisfied only yourself, the Resident, your masters, and, it may be, your countrymen. The giver would have preferred your taking it yourself, or for your Government—it mattered not whether as gift or loan—but only as the price for relief to his position.

You, of course, felt that you could not get the money without the little "managements"—the very things complained of—of the Resident, so you could not remove him—till the entire vaults were drained.

So the bribe went for nothing, the slavery was continued, and aggravated, with fresher humiliations, and only a grim farce of hospitalities and compliments was played out.

But European functionaries out here can descend to deeper depths. Listen to a story of meanness and

vindictiveness from Sir Charles Napier. It may throw some light on the fate of Mulhar Rao. It will explain the conduct of the jeweller in the late Trial. It should be remembered that Colonel Meade, in the previous Commission, posted notices in the dominions of the Gaekwar inviting complaints against him, and offering protection to complainants.

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IN THE DEEP, A LOWER DEEP.

“Ali Akbar was attached as moonshee, or native writer and interpreter to the political establishment of Scinde, when in 1842 it was made over to me by Lord Ellenborough; and he was strongly recommended by my predecessor in the political agency. At my side during all the subsequent war, his character developed itself very favorably. To a powerful frame and the staunchest courage, he joined a frank and loyal disposition; was patient in difficulties, physically and mentally very enduring, and zealous in the discharge of his duties. He won my regard in the field, and retained it in after years during the Civil administration of the country. The Supreme Government rewarded his services with the order of merit. This was his ruin. The Bombay Council marked him for a victim through whom to strike at me; there is no other way of accounting for the remarkable character of the proceeding instituted against him by Messieurs Willoughby and Reed of the Bombay Council. They hoped to find means of concocting evidence against *me* by persecuting *him*, and at all events pain me by his ruin. Thus they proceeded.

“Mr. Pringle my successor in the Government of Scinde was ordered to make an inquiry into the alleged fact, that Ali Akbar had in the years 1842-43 remitted large sums of money to his banker and agent at Bombay—Aga Mahomed Rahim. Extraordinary exertions were then made to obtain accusations; the country was scoured for evidence; and the Lieutenants of Police at the principal towns in Scinde were

“required to *post public notices inviting accusers to appear against the moonshee!* The result of all this was embodied in a report from Mr. Pringle, which, for the sake of brevity has been condensed as follows :

“ ‘Ali Akbar, accounting for his property, states that 35,170 rupees was derived from inheritance. 30,000 was the property of Mahomed Hoossein, with whom he had agreed in 1843 to proceed to Arabia. The remainder consisted of earnings in the Affghan campaign, and two-thirds of the profits of a joint trade carried on for five years and a half with one Hajce Allee, from funds derived from inheritance, 29,000 rupees : but Ali Akbar had no active part in the concern.

“ ‘*The evidence procurable is consistent with Ali Akbar’s statement.* The parties to some of the bills decline giving evidence indeed ; which may however be attributed to fear of a breach of mercantile confidence, though the conduct of the parties at Hyderabad in thus declining is unsatisfactory.’

“Here I must remark that nothing will induce a native merchant in Scinde to show his books. On two occasions Captain Rathborne, my Collector at Hyderabad, wanted to see the books of some merchants, but they positively refused. Bred up under the Ameer’s rule they are accustomed to think when Government becomes acquainted with their accounts spoliation must follow. When the Amcers got hold of a banker’s books the next day brought a demand of ‘*the loan of the balance credit!*’ Certainly they would not show their books. The mere fact of their doing so would have injured their credit all over Asia.

“ ‘Mr. Pringle is of opinion that Ali Akbar is entitled to credit in the absence of proof to the contrary, beyond the suspicion arising from the magnitude of the sum. The only accusers against Aly Akbar have been *common defamers*, who were never able to make their charges in a specific form.

“ ‘Mr. Pringle is of opinion that nothing should be  
“ ‘done to Ali Akbar derogatory to his respectability  
“ ‘or injurious to his fortune. His position in Scinde  
“ ‘has invested him with a certain influence, and he  
“ ‘recommends that his services be transferred, or that  
“ ‘he be pensioned.’

“ ‘What was the conduct of the Bombay Govern-  
“ ‘ment on receipt of this honest report? Was Ali  
“ ‘Akbar honorably restored, or was he pensioned?  
“ ‘Neither! Baffled by the scrupulous integrity of the  
“ ‘British inquiring officers, and enraged at the simple  
“ ‘candour with which Mr. Pringle expressed his opi-  
“ ‘nion, Mr. Willoughby cast the report aside, and  
“ ‘adopted a course best described in an extract from  
“ ‘Lord Falkland’s minute.

“ ‘For some time prior to the above (Mr. Pringle’s  
“ ‘report) reaching Government, several lawsuits against  
“ ‘Aga Mahomed (the man to whom Ali Akbar re-  
“ ‘mitted the money) had been pending in H. M.  
“ ‘Supreme Court, and amongst them one to which the  
“ ‘moonshee Ali Akbar was a party, as a claimant on  
“ ‘Aga Mahomed’s estate. It therefore occurred to  
“ ‘Government that in the course of the proceedings,  
“ ‘the moonshee must have been examined upon oath  
“ ‘with regard to his transactions with Aga Mahomed,  
“ ‘and also have put in an account current of those  
“ ‘transactions, and have proved in what mode his  
“ ‘remittances from Scinde had been effected.,

“ ‘I will presently show that it was not for any state-  
“ ‘ments of Ali Akbar on this trial that the Government  
“ ‘sought for copies of the proceedings, but for the  
“ ‘*perjured evidence of the bankrupt swindler on whose*  
“ ‘*estate Ali Akbar had a claim.*

“ ‘The papers alluded to were delivered up to the  
“ ‘Government by the Chief Justice, not however with-  
“ ‘out a remonstrance against so ‘*novel a course,*’ and  
“ ‘*the declaration that ‘it must be presumed the docu-*  
“ ‘*ments asked for would be used for only proper pur-*  
“ ‘*poses.*’ Of that the public shall now judge.



“The evidence of the documents thus obtained goes to prove that Aga Mahomed had been the moonshee’s guardian and trustee when a boy, and his banker in later years; but that he was become bankrupt; that in September 1845 Ali Akbar having heard damaging accounts of his banker’s circumstances wrote to demand his money of him, and Aga Mahomed unable to meet the call resorted to the usual Eastern practices of evasion and treachery, with a view to get rid of his principal creditor. While pretending to make over certain houses and lands in satisfaction of the debt, he secretly told the Government that Ali Akbar had remitted suspiciously large sums to him about the time that ‘*Scinde was plundered.*’ His object was to ruin the poor moonshee, and how he succeeded shall shortly be shown.

“Subsequently Aga Mahomed was declared a bankrupt, and his estates were sequestered by the Sheriff of Bombay, including the property that had been previously made over to Ali Akbar, in the manner before described; and it was for the recovery of this property from the Sheriff that Ali Akbar became involved in the law-suit.

“It would have been fruitless to have searched through such an inextricable mass of perjury as an Indian money law-suit presents, for any real solution of the question of Ali Akbar’s integrity in Scinde; and that was *not* Mr. Willoughby’s object. He only longed for Aga Mahomed’s evidence, no matter how palpable the perjury, for he knew it would be in opposition to Ali Akbar’s statement, and the ruin of the latter was accomplished upon the following ‘*grounds for suspicion*’ a term Lord Falkland used to justify the act. Aga Mahomed’s evidence ran thus:

“‘When Ali Akbar went to Scinde he *had no property of any amount. When he sent large sums down, then I suspected, and wrote that letter to the Government.*’ Now ‘*that letter*’ to Government was addressed to myself in October 1845, at the time the writer, Aga Mahomed, being in difficulties, wished

“to evade Ali Akbar’s call to pay up ; it was only at that convenient time for himself that he began to suspect Ali Akbar, though the remittances he mentioned were *made in 1842-43* !

“In *that letter* Aga Mahomed explained his position with respect to Ali Akbar. ‘I was his father’s agent, who was in the service of Government for upwards of thirty-three years ; he always deposited his savings with me, and he was a man of wealth. The moonshee ( Ali Akbar ) from *time to time drew from me almost all his money*, which was to the amount of nearly 35,589 rupees. I beg to enclose your Excellency the list and copies of vouchers from different persons in *whose favor he drew the cash.*’

“Aga Mahomed then added his account current with Ali Akbar, in which, among other items are the following :

“ ‘ Account rendered to his deceased father ...	...	...	35,589 rupees.
“ ‘ Cash received after his death	1,151	”	
“ ‘ Furniture sold by auction	...	1,203	”
“ ‘ &c.	&c.	&c.	

“Can black and white differ more than this man’s two statements made within eighteen months ? The Moonshee went to Scinde without property, yet he drew large sums from funds left in the hands of this very fellow ! *When* the moonshee drew large sums he *suspected* and wrote *that letter* ; yet two or three years had elapsed between the drawing and *that letter* ! Even in this perjured evidence he was inconsistent before the Court, for on his examination he admitted that Ali Akbar ‘ *traded out* ! ’ With what ? He must have had the means—he could not trade without capital and profits, and Aga Mahomed was his banker. All this was nothing to a Government resolved upon the ruin of the unfortunate man. Mark the conclusion.

“ ‘ *We the Council have no positive proof of the fact being as Aga Mahomed states in the above evidence, he surmised it to be the case ; but, altogether, I consider that such strong corroborative grounds for sus-*

“ ‘*picion* exist against Ali Akbar that I cannot bring myself to believe in his innocence.’ And so he was ignominiously dismissed the service! This was not all: he had been for above a year previously suspended from his office, without pay or means of subsistence. Why! even condemned felons are fed! Now ruined by the law, cursed and insulted by an unjust Government, he goes forth a beggar!

“ Had this very cruel conduct been continued by the Bombay Government against a servant so distinguished, it would probably have added his death to the pecuniary ruin which it has inflicted upon him as the reward of signal service during a long course of years. This once athletic man’s health was broken down by the prosecution; and a letter received from Kurrachee in 1849 contained these words ‘*The news of your appointment has saved the moonshee’s life.*’ And it is a very strong indication of the nature of the proceedings of the Bombay Government, that the instant the news of my nomination as Commander-in-Chief reached Bombay, the moonshee was *in haste condemned on Lord Falkland’s ‘suspicious!’*

“ Thus because Willoughby and Reid raised his Lordship’s ‘*suspicious*’ an old and faithful servant of the public, distinguished for zeal and activity in peace and gallantry in the field, is to be ruined for ever—this makes the blood boil. Lord Falkland does not know the moonshee—I know him perfectly. He is an honest man, and the whole of this shameful business has been a dishonourable contrivance to which Lord Falkland has lent himself, in ignorance it is to be hoped.

“ The Bombay Government put forth public notices through the Police at the three principal towns in Scinde, *viz.* : Kurrachee, Hyderabad, and Shikarpore to encourage natives to accuse the moonshee! Every-body at all acquainted with India must be aware of the turpitude of this act. It was to invite false-swearing, and every sort of foulness; a more grossly flagitious act never was committed by a British Go-

“vernment. Messrs. Reid and Willoughby expected to produce a host of accusers against the moonshee, and thus obtain colour for concocting some charge against me. And with this vile motive prosecuted these vile proceedings against him for a year and a half, and finished by depriving him of his appointments, because Lord Falkland ‘considers’ that he has ‘*grounds for suspicion!*’ A suspicion of what? Of having taken presents!!! It were better not to examine too minutely into such questions in Bombay, if *suspicion* is to be taken as proof. Suspicion! Why, WILLOUGHBY and REID are not only pointed at, but absolutely and distinctly declared by natives of Baroda to be the recipients of bribes from the GWICOWAR, and that declaration, with the sums specified, are to be found “in the Parliamentary Book on Baroda affairs!”

What do we hear? What! is it possible that there should be any suspicion against European functionaries so high as Members of the Government of Bombay? officers so able as Mr. Willoughby? Is it possible that any British officers should have gone so low as to accept a gratification from such an abject thing as a Gackwar? Anything like the same insinuation from the *Anrita Bazaar Patrika* or the *Indu Prokash*, would have been declared high treason in the writers (with the support, unfortunately, of too many of their own brethren), but it is a Napier that speaks, and he refers to a Blue Book.

This is a curious commentary on the indignation lavished on Mulhar Rao for being supposed to have allowed expenditure at Bombay and elsewhere to maintain his throne. It is some satisfaction, however, to know that we have at least one virtuous man in a corrupt age—in Mr. Souter who claims to have resisted the temptation of Rs. 3,00,000.

Natives, we all know, are wretches; and Native Princes and Ministers are monsters of corruption and intrigue. European statesmen and diplomats are of course the pink of honor, candour, and all the virtues. The only drawback to this satisfactory theory is, perhaps, that neither Machievelli nor Marlborough had the

ineffable disgrace of being born east of the Adriatic. Perhaps, too, the family likeness may be discerned in the lineaments of many since who have no other claims to relationship with the houses of these great Western founders.

Do we speak on insufficient or untrustworthy evidence? Here is a pretty picture, by a modern Old Master, of

HOW THEY CONDUCT THEMSELVES IN NATIVE TERRITORY.

*"Camp at Hurryhur, 18th June, 1800.*

"My dear Colonel,

"I have been more concerned than I can express at the receipt of your letter of the 15th. The misconduct of these gentlemen undoubtedly gives you, as well as me, a great deal of trouble; but I declare that it gives me more anxiety than anything in which I have any concern.

"If I had heard of the circumstance which you mentioned to me at Seringapatam previous to the appointment of the gentleman in question to his command, he certainly never should have been appointed; and he never should have gone to it, if, in the conversation which I had with him at Naganunglum, he had not expressed himself much like a gentleman, and stated a determination to adhere to what had been settled by ———. I acquainted him with every circumstance which you told me, and at the same time informed him of my determination to remove him from his command, if I should hear the smallest complaint of his dubash. He promised that he would not have one; and I acknowledge I little expected to hear that there were grounds of complaints still stronger than they would have been if the dubash had been at ———.

"Here is a gentleman, a man of the world, and one who appears to look to his character. I write to him by this post, and you may depend upon it that he

“ must either act as he ought, or he shall be removed from his command.

“ I acknowledge that, both as an officer and as a gentleman, I should be glad to see all those commands abolished ; nothing can be more prejudicial to discipline, and nothing more disgraceful to the character and feelings of a gentleman, than what goes on almost daily ; but, as long as they are even more than tolerated by Government, it is difficult for any man in a subordinate situation to draw a line, and these kind of unpleasant circumstances must certainly arise : but from what you say, I hope ere long to see some arrangement made which will really abolish the whole.

“ The disputes between the officers and the amildars are equally irksome, and, I believe, owe their origin to the same circumstance. There is not, at this moment, a post by which I do not receive letters of complaint from some man or other. To enter into a detailed enquiry upon the subject is impossible, and to decide without enquiry would be unjust, and one is, therefore, reduced to an impotent expostulation, to be upon good terms with the officers of the Rajah's Government. We have never been hitherto accustomed to a native Government, we cannot readily bear the disappointments and delays which are usual in all their transactions, prejudices are entertained against them, and all their actions are misconstrued, and we mistrust them. I see instances of this daily in the best of our officers, and I cannot but acknowledge that, from the delays of the natives, they have sometimes reason to complain ; but they have none to ill-use any man.”\*

Are we in our malice alluding to exceptional instances—making the most of black sheep ? For the credit of human nature and the good of our country, we wish the instances were exceptional—we wish only black sheep were concerned.

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\* *Wellington Despatches.*

Hear by far the wisest and best of Anglo-Indians :—

“ In minor points, who does not recollect the member of our Civil Service, who, after having been dismissed for malpractices with a positive order against his future employment, was sent to Lucknow, with a recommendation from the Governor-General to the King, which the latter considered in the light of a command, to give him an official post? Who does not remember the same influence exerted to procure employment, or, in plain English, a pension, for an English singer and his wife, from the unfortunate King of Lucknow? *I have myself seen the influence of the Resident at Lucknow exerted to induce the King to buy a French toy at a most exorbitant price. The Resident himself exhibited the toy, and recommended the purchase; and when we consider the complete thralldom in which the Government of Oude was then held by the Resident, if this be no direct influence, I know not what is. The same authority has been exerted to induce the King to entertain English coachmen, gardeners, musicians, and all sorts of people whom he had no wish to employ. It is probable that the convenience which has in this way resulted to men in authority—not even excluding the head of the Government—has been one cause that Oude has so long been suffered to remain an independent kingdom.*”\*

Wherever, under what name soever, authorized representatives of European Powers are located within—we might say quartered on—Oriental States, with their old ways, there must necessarily ensue all the evils of division of government—conflict of authority and multiplication of masters and task-masters for the unfortunate people. The practice of proffering presents to stimulate the sense of duty, or sober it down, or suppress it for an object, or simply quicken exertion or conciliate good will, is prevelant throughout the world, particularly in America, but most perhaps in the poor and underpaid East. The most correct and vivacious state-

\* The Honorable Fred. Shore.

ment of these facts that we have ever met with is in the following by a clever writer in *Once a Week*.\*

“The land of Egypt is ruled over by twenty Princes ; one of whom is the Viceroy, eighteen of the others are known as Consuls-General of European nations, but the twentieth is the most powerful of all, and his name is Baksheesh ( Gift, Present, Bribery ).

“Very little, indeed, can be done without the aid or countenance of Baksheesh : *he* is the ruling power. Not a single package of a traveller’s luggage not a bale of goods can enter or be shipped out of the country without his leave ; not a handful of cotton can leave it without paying him tribute.

“Do you want to set up a steam-engine, to build a house, hire a lighter to send goods off by train, to do something which you have no right to do, to get something which you have no right to get ? Why, then, invoke Baksheesh ; offer up a proper quantity of piastres on his shrine, and the thing is done. Imagine that you can get on without his aid, and you will soon find out your mistake. Put your faith in the most potent of his brother princes, and see how you will fare. Baksheesh will stop you in the corridor, as you approach the viceregal presence, and if he frown, small profit will spring from your interview. Dodge past him, get your order, your permit, your judgment, concession, or what not, and the day of submission is but postponed. You can call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come ? Can you put what you have gained into execution, without the aid of Baksheesh ? Not a bit of it. Let your own special “Prince” back up your petition, let the Viceroy grant it, let the Minister of State draw up the order, let the highest personage in the department be charged to carry it out on your behalf, and what have you got ? Nothing —absolutely nothing. Get a firman from H. M. the Sultan himself, and you are not any better off.

\* See also *Harem Life in Egypt*, in which it is quoted. Vol. I., p. 22.



"Baksheesh has creatures, nominally filling some fifth-rate government post, any of whom can put a spoke in your wheel. Baksheesh is the very essence of bribery and corruption, and without his aid nothing can be done. As the Nile water is to the land, so is bribery and corruption to the rulers and people of Egypt. Nothing is produced without it."

What European Consuls are in Turkey and Egypt, China and Japan, that British Residents and Agents to the Governor-General are in the Native States of India—an *imperium in imperio*; only, as accredited to far weaker, indeed contemptible Powers, they are much more insolent and utterly intolerable. For the rest, what is said of *Bakshish* in Egypt is, generally speaking, not inapplicable further East. Whether in his proper name or under his numerous *aliases*, *inam*, *dusturi*, *nazar*, and so forth, he rules the Catcheri and the Durbar, the court and the camp, the vessel and the mart.

That European statesmen are not quite innocent of the uses of espionage and bribery we need not tell those who are well read in European annals, particularly historical memoirs. "Secret service" and "secret service money" are well-understood terms, and things of course. The greatest English statesman of modern times unblushingly employed spies and tried to corrupt. Lord Chesterfield, a man of perfect honor as statesmen go, in a confidential communication, speaks of such things as matters of ordinary business:—

"A foreign minister, who is concerned in great affairs, must necessarily have spies in his pay; but he must not too easily credit their informations, which are never exactly true, often very false. His best spies will always be those whom he does not pay, but whom he has engaged in his service by his dexterity and address, and who think themselves nothing less than spies."\*

What is the Indian practice? The following are specimens of the low tittle tattle which English gentle-

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\* Chesterfield's Correspondence, edited by Lord Mahon.

men like Sleeman and Outram descended to collect for the worst purposes of their employers:—

“March 17.—This morning the King received the obeisance of his eunuchs and courtiers, and amused himself with some pigeons. . . .

“March 22.—Kulloo, the King’s head sweeper, and 200 of his followers embraced Islamism, with the consent of His Majesty, and visited the shrine of Abbas with great pomp. . . .

“March 30.—Last evening the King passed his time in witnessing the performance of dancing girls; and this morning received the obeisance of his courtiers as usual.

“May 11.—Last evening the King amused himself with letting off some fire-works. This morning he made a present of shawls, and kerchiefs to Masalide Alee, fiddler, and an African female.

“May 23.—Six persons have been employed to catch cats for the King; &c.” AND SO ON.\*

Against that fearful inquisition of the nineteenth century, with enlightened and accomplished tools, what possible protection is there for the weak, however well behaved? Bishop Heber proves beyond question the existence of this shameful institution.

“Every thing which occurs in the family of the King himself, the Resident, the chief officers of State, or any stranger of rank who many arrive, is carefully noted and sent round in writing. And I was told that the exact hour at which I rose, the sort of breakfast I ate, the visits I paid or received, and the manner in which I passed my morning, would all be retailed by the King’s Chobdars for the information of their master, *whose own most indifferent actions are, however, with equal fairness, written down for Mr. Ricketts’ inspection.*”†

The Iron Duke, Wellington the incorruptible, does not mince matters, but openly speaks of money:—

\* Blue-Book on the Annexation of Oudh.

† Heber’s Journal.

“But would it not be advisable to employ agents to observe the councils, and intentions of these chiefs and to spend money and exert ourselves for this purpose?”\*

Again—

“The Peshwah has no ministers. He is everything himself, and every thing is little. In my opinion, therefore, we ought to pay those who are supposed to be and are called his ministers, not to keep the machine of Government in motion, in consistence with the objects of the alliance, as we do at Hyderabad, but to have intelligence of what passes in the Peshwah’s secret councils, in order that we may check him in time when it may be necessary.”†

So it was not an exceptional British statesman of the first rank who believed, and acted upon his belief, that every man has his price.

Indeed, this modern *incinatus*, the *ne plus ultra* of European honesty, the revered of Whigs and Tories, is a very bit of a Machiavelli :—

“The children ought to remain in the mahal to be supported and educated at the expense of the Company, till fifteen years of age, at which period they ought to be removed from it, and their share of the father’s pension allotted to them, together with a sum of money to set them out.

“2. There ought to be no restriction whatever upon the Princes to *take as many women, either as wives or concubines*, as they may think proper. *They cannot employ their money in a more harmless way ;* and the consideration of the future expense of the support of a few more women, after their death, is trifling.

“*Let them marry whom they please. Their marriages with Mussulman families only create an additional number of dependents and poor connexions, and additional modes of spending their money.*

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\* Wellington Despatches.

† Wellington Despatches.

“ 3. It would be very proper to adopt this prosecution.

“ 4. THE PRINCESSES OUGHT NOT TO BE ALLOWED TO MARRY. A Mussulman would found a pretension, either to a large pension or even to the government of Mysore, upon his connexion with one of Tipoo’s daughters. It is as well to avoid this, and therefore these ladies must continue in their present state. They ought, however, to have any additional comfort or allowance which can make them happy, and reconcile them to their fate. I do not think the same objection will exist hereafter to allowing the Princes to marry their daughters to whomsoever they please.”\*

Is that a Hindu conspirator or Mussulman intriguer who speaks in the above passages? They are the deliberate counsels of England’s

. . . . . chief state-oracle,  
Whole in himself, a common good,  
. . . . . the man of amplest influence,  
But clearest of ambitious crime,

who has “worn his great name so pure of blame.”

After that, what a provokingly righteous British Cabinet that of Lord Northbrook, to put a weaker Sovereign Prince on trial for holding improper communications with the servants of the British embassy! Or shall we say, that they are amazingly ignorant of the notorious? Is it possible that they can be wilfully blind—for a purpose?

What do we hear, again? Nothing less than that there is actually a large annual expenditure of our righteous and exemplary Government under the mysterious head of Black Money. Lately the Accountant-General, with his low arithmetical instincts, not being able to make head or tail of it, called for an interpretation of the forbidding phrase and a detailed description

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\* Wellington Despatches.

of the thing, a list of the fortunate or unfortunate recipients of the infernal coin, and, if possible, a hint of the diabolical purpose of the payment, before he could feel himself justified in passing it and incorporating it in his sacred volumes. Vain man! to dare to dive into the mysteries of an enlightened and exemplary Government. He was snubbed for his impertinent curiosity and told to mind his own business. Whatever it is, that ominous Black Money is, no doubt, a political expenditure. It is probably, capital laid out on political speculation. It belongs, of course, to the arcana of politics *pure and simple*.

The prosecution failed to prove a real poisoning. It failed to suggest any adequate motive for the Gaekwar to poison the Resident at the particular time when they were in hot water with each other,--when the former had made a careful complaint against the latter and an earnest appeal for his removal, of which reasonable hopes of success might well be entertained. It failed to suggest a likely inducement for the servants of the Colonel, to be the instruments of a murder which could not fail to be thoroughly investigated, and, in all probability, detected, particularly if so many were concerned. It pretended that such a deed was done for hardly any consideration at all, on the, if anything, verbal offer of vague, undefined, ill-understood rewards, after the perfect success of the deed--the death and the non-detection of the crime--rewards which must have in safety been refused, and could not be claimed from a Prince--not specially distinguished from his ungrateful and promise-forgetting brethren of the East and the West--who could not be approached if he wanted to avoid anybody, specially any body belonging to the class of the wretches in question. It failed to throw any suspicion on any person whatever, unless it was Bhow Poonikar or some such intriguer, and that only as having got up a sham-poisoning. It certainly did not succeed in any way to connect, by trustworthy evidence, the Gaekwar with the attempt, supposing it was genuine.

After such a complete break-down, the Commissioners could reasonably come to one conclusion. To that conclusion came the Native Commissioners, the European Commissioners determined differently. Much has been attempted to be made of this difference by the friends of the prosecution. Comparisons have been instituted between the ability, knowledge and experience of the English Commissioners, and the worst worthlessness imputed to the Native. The very integrity of the Rajas has been impeached. So it comes to this, that the Native is to be used as a tool, not respected as an ally. If the Rajas were not good enough for the task, why were they sought for it? It was a painful and delicate work which they would certainly have declined, but for pleasing the Government of India. Indeed, in order to conciliate that Government, they accepted a humiliation. That, in spite of such a desire, and against their own individual interests, they decided against a prosecution in which the reputation of the Viceroy was at stake, is the most conclusive proof of their good faith, and cannot fail to be some consolation to the Gaekwar, who must feel that the good sense and justice of the country has acquitted him. We have no ignorant reverence for the extraordinary wisdom of British officers or professional judges—least of all for the verdict of such a judge as Sir Richard Couch. We think most men must feel that, the evidence being such as it was, the Native Commissioners showed a more delicate sense of responsibility in their verdict than the Europeans in theirs. They must be admitted, on all hands, to have given very substantial reasons for the faith in them—reasons which most people, like ourselves, think, on the whole, imperative for a finding of “not proven.” As for ability, except the power to deliver a long written opinion in English, their Judgments are far more creditable to them than the comparatively poor performance of their European colleagues. The Report of Maharaja Scindhia and that of Raja Dinkar Rao are, we must say, very meagre, and unworthy of them and the occasion. What is worse, and almost indecent, is that the form and language in both were supplied by the same

hand, and a very incompetent hand it was. Any body above the veriest *kerani* or native clerk could at least have disguised the identity of worker on both documents. At this day, when so much is being done for English instruction on all sides, when the ability to write decent English is far from an extraordinary accomplishment among natives, when all the Native territories are in direct or easy communication with the three Presidency towns, the meanest Principality has no excuse for sending in such a state paper. It is a disgrace to the State of Gwalior that its Chief has no respectable English Secretary. It is a proof of the rudeness of the Durbar that the Maharaja does not appreciate the value, or recognize the decency of a well-expressed, copiously-reasoned communication on such a matter to the Government of India. All the native Judgments however,—even the two smaller ones through their crabbed expression,—disclose perfect mastery of the case, and as perfect capacity to test evidence and judge its credibility as the better class of British Judges possess, and a far more intimate appreciation of the different kinds of testimony in this country, and knowledge of the ways and intrigues of Native Courts and British Residencies than the European Commissioners. And the Maharaja of Jeypore just saved the credit of the Native members by a Report which, both in matter and form, is a very superior document, and challenges no unfavorable comparison with the British deliverance.

The difference among the Commissioners—the difference not between a majority and a minority, but half and half—ought to have ended the matter, and the Government ought to have proceeded, with as much grace as it could command, to send back the Gaekwar to his throne, with all possible apologies. But such courage to accept a moral defeat is rare among the powerful, and magnanimity is not in the ascendant in the ruling councils. For the good name of England, and the progress of our nation, which depends on Order in India, we wish there were at least somewhat more of honor than seems to be. The act of justice was delayed—and the pledge,

at last not fulfilled. With a pettiness unworthy of Christian rulers, the Prince, who had given himself up to the honor of the Great Power, was detained, and his temporary dethronement pending trial was perpetuated. With a singular want of statesmanship, in the Proclamation announcing this long-cherished resolve, the very name of the sovereign, which ought, under any circumstances, to be religiously kept sacred from the pollution of the unworthiness of her employés, was, of set purpose, prostituted to seal this GREAT PERFIDY.

We should like to know the man who can resist the conclusion that the doom of Mulhar Rao had been long previously settled, that possibly the evidence against him gained what shape and consistence it did, from the prejudice against him in high quarters, that the Trial was at best a solemn and contemptible farce—the *finesse* of a village attorney in state affairs.

The whole business seems to show that Lord Northbrook,—clever, energetic and assiduous administrator as he is,—able even though he might prove in a clear crisis, the conditions of which he understood,—was not the statesman to deal with a pure Asiatic complication like the late Baroda affair. Whatever the gain to him from his connection with Lord Halifax at the India Office, he lacked experience in, and had evidently not studied, the foreign politics of India. It was not, of course, to be expected that a Governor-General selected from English statesmen, should be possessed of Indian experience. Nor do we desire to see the Highest Office filled with successful Indian administrators. It is more often necessary than otherwise, to secure a strong, impartial, broad, and liberal English element, to counteract the necessary preponderance in Council of the usual Old Indian fogginess. But India is a difficult subject,—a varied and most knotty problem. By far a mystery to its own people, it is a perplexing puzzle to foreigners—a formidable speciality to all! Those who would govern without previous personal acquaintance, must, surely,



make a night and morning study of it. A Governor-General might be new to the country,—the country should not be altogether a new sound to him. At any rate he must make up for past ignorance as quickly as possible, while attending to his ordinary duties with the assistance of Council and Secretaries. After all, the knowledge that he might, by any application, acquire, would hardly give him mastery over the great Indian problem without the gift of special insight. The Baroda proceedings have shown want of both the necessary knowledge and the desirable insight. Nor were the Viceroy's Councillors apparently able to supply his deficiency. The present Administration has certainly contrived to do a deed without a parallel since the trial of Deotarus\* in Ancient Rome—introduced a practice without a precedent in British Indian history.

Let us look up the only instances, few and far between, at all in point. The King of Delhi was, perhaps, the only truly princely Indian prisoner brought to trial, but that was at a period of political passion, under peculiar circumstances of political necessity; and, after all, the Last of the Moguls was a mere pensioner with a sovereign title. The only case before the Mutinies, that of Nawab Shamsuddin Khan, is not a case in point, as that of a petty chieftain, rather than a sovereign. That case, such as it was, was a warning against the meddlesomeness of British politicals. At any rate, both were trials for consummated murder—culpable homicide of the aggravating kind. Here, at a period of tranquillity, was a prosecution of a Sovereign Prince, in his own dominions, for an unperpetrated murder. The Jeypore State Trials of 1835, possessed some more important features of similarity to the case in question. They were trials of the nobles and subjects of a Native State, held in that state, for the murder and attempt at murder of British representatives. Still those cases involved not the absurdity of a sovereign arraigned by strangers and tried by strangers, in the midst of his own subjects, or

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\* The Anglo-Indian Press being at this moment not very strong in either general information or Indian speciality, it is due to the *Indian Statesman* to say, that the public are indebted to the scholarship and memory of a writer in that new paper for exhuming this antique precedent.

the outrage of dethronement of a sovereign, to speak nothing of punishment before trial. The attack on the Agent to the Governor-General and suite in open day in the open square of the city on a Durbar occasion in sight of the palace, might have been easily ascribed to the instigation of the inmates within, particularly as no one raised a hand in the assistance of the attacked, yet none such were questioned. The time, being the minority of the then Raja, was peculiarly favorable to British encroachment. The gross provocation given to the British Power, outraging its honor, lowering its prestige and defying its strength, might have palliated almost any retaliation. Yet the Trials were quite constitutional, and in accordance with the law of nations. The statesmen who then ruled India were neither blinded by panic, nor rendered vindictive by passion. Till they became demoralized by their Afghan mania, they understood the folly as well as the pettiness of the abuse of irresistible might. They would not violate the sovereignty of Jeypore, or the sanctity of its territorial independence. Accordingly, the prisoners were tried by a Jeypore Commission—a Court of Notables of the State, appointed conjointly by the Governments of India and Jeypore. There was a British prosecutor of course, and a British Political Agent to watch the proceedings, and perhaps to assist the Commissioners if necessary. This officer has been called by some, their President, but erroneously, for the warrant of appointment of the Commission does not mention him at all. The British representatives were there for all that, and probably the prime movers and soul of the Court, though, as befitted the soul and respected the body, working so to speak, for anything that appears on the record, in secret. A delicate way of getting over a difficulty—a clever eluding of the mistake and outrage committed in the Baroda trial in appointing, in a Native State, sequestered for the purpose, a temporary British High Court of Native Sovereigns and British officials, under the presidency of a British official! The whole business was done in accordance with the law and usage of Jeypore, and by its own Government,

with the sanction of our own. In according his sanction, too, to the final result arrived at by the Native Court, the then Governor-General showed a moderation which some one would have done well to point out to the present Viceroy. He commuted the sentence of death on the Ex-Minister Jotha Ram and his brother, Dewan Hookoom Chand, passed by the Jeypore Commission. Indeed, Lord Auckland showed a rare impartiality in acquitting the prisoners of complicity in the murder of Mr. Assistant-Resident Blake, and the attempt on the life of the Resident Colonel Alves. How different the conduct of the Government of India in 1875 ! The evidence against His Highness Mulhar Rao was much weaker than that against the Jeypore statesmen in opposition ; Mulhar Rao had much less to do with the alleged poisoning of Colonel Phayre than Jotha Ram and Hookoom Chand are shown to have with the real attack on the Resident and the actual murder of the Assistant-Resident—that is, he had nothing at all to do with a sham poisoning. Yet the Viceroy, so far from allowing the prisoner the benefit of the acquittal of one half the court, was not ashamed to make the most of a conflicting finding, and to forge weapons of sophistry against the poor Gaekwar.

The true analogy of this case is to be found in that of Pertaub Sewan, the deposed Raja of Sattara. The charge against that Maharatta Prince was, indeed, far graver—that of intriguing for the subversion of the British Power. The charge was absurd, as the project attributed to the Raja would have been insane in even a much less intelligent man than the able Pertaub Sewan. Through the mass of rubbish of Parliamentary Papers, we discern the fact that the Raja, a high-spirited Prince,—thoroughly put out of temper by the interferences of the Residents and the impudent airs of his feudatories supported by those Residents, wearied of the perpetual distress of a dishonorable sovereignty controlled in the veriest trifles by foreign officials without a stake in the country,—had become careless of conciliating the good will of the Government they represented, and had allowed himself to flirt with petty states like Kolhapore and

Goa, and that the British, with a strange ignorance of proportion and a lamentable want of dignity, fretted at the appearances of a courtship, on the face of it non-political. These might have been overlooked, as threatening no danger to the Great Power, but not the impertinence of the Raja in allying himself with able natives and independent Europeans for the agitation of his claims and grievances. There were ambitious members of his House—the Bhow Poonikars of the drama—ready to lend themselves to the destruction of the Chief. There were men enough, besides, to understand, and act according to the signs of the times. Some of them visited the Dewan, and even the Raja, on purpose to talk him into dissatisfaction with the British Authorities of the day, those they might report him for disaffection towards the British Power. The game succeeded. The Resident sent up the story, skilfully dressed, to Head Quarters. But those were not the days of the electric telegraph. Men were wont to deliberate. The fate of kingdoms used not to be decided in the *veni vidi vici* style of Cæsar or the “Dear Forde,—Fight the French” style of Clive at the gaming table. Neither the then Authorities of Bombay nor those of Calcutta were in any hurry to make up their minds to make things pleasant for the Resident. The accusation officially preferred by him against the Raja was, however, of too serious a character to be passed over. After several months of deliberation, a secret Commission consisting of Colonel Lodwick, the Resident, Mr. Willoughby, Political Secretary at Bombay, and Colonel Ovans, Quarter-master General of the Army, was deputed to Sattara on the enquiry. The Commissioners found the Raja guilty, and everybody at the Council-Boards at Bombay and Calcutta acquiesced in the verdict, save Mr. Shakespere, who pronounced the evidence insufficient. Everything, as at Baroda, was construed into sign of the Raja’s guilt—even the indifference to impending danger of predestinarians,—even the well-bred imperturbability under an accusation, of Orientals! It was complained that the Raja manifested no concern at such a serious charge against him, as it has lately been complained

that Mulhar Rao showed no anxiety when he heard of the attempt against the life of Colonel Phayre. We may be sure that, if they had happened to exhibit any anxiety or nervousness on the respective occasions, it would not have escaped imputation of guilt. Then, as now, much was made of the accused Prince's not making a circumstantial defence or calling witnesses to rebut the evidence for the prosecution ; that is, a folly seems to be demanded of princes on trial, which would be reprehended in ordinary prisoners. But there is no hope for subordinate Princes fallen under the evil eye of their powerful neighbour. The Raja of Sattara, who would have nothing to do with the enquiry, though he had no scruple to attend the sittings, for once yielded to repeated requests to suggest a single question to be put to one witness, namely, *Who first commenced this conspiracy—the Brahman or the Maharaj?* It has a rather queer look in the official English, but the import of the interrogatory is plain—that it was the Brahman conspirator—doubly a traitor—who tried to lead the Raja astray. It was of course used against the Raja. The Government of Bombay proposed to deal leniently with him, retaining him on the throne, but only on one or two minor points punishing him. The Government of India thought the game of conciliating the Maharattas, —under which Mr. Elphinstone revived the Sattara Raj,—no longer required, and, in the old idea that the existence of the Native States was a source of weakness to British India, resolved to annex Sattara. But the resolution was long in carrying out. The Governor-General seems to have shrunk from carrying out his policy. Qualms of conscience regarding the inadequacy of the evidence collected by the Commissioners, probably disturbed him. Steps seem to have been taken to dispel the great Ruler's doubts. At the opportune moment, a petition came from the mother of the imprisoned Dewan (who had been convicted with his Master,) imputing other treacheries to the Raja, and naming other accomplices. Colonel Ovans was again sent to enquire into the truth of these fresh charges, and as Colonel Lodwick had brought himself, and been brought down, to a far worse position at Sattara than

Colonel Phayre found himself in at Baroda, the new Commissioner was appointed to take his place as Resident. Again the Raja was pronounced guilty, but again the sentence was deferred. This extreme hesitation, we believe, was ultimately the ruin of the Raja. It led him to cherish delusive hopes—to lean on doubtful supports. But it is worthy of remark, as contrasting with the haste of the present Administration, that for over three years, during which a strong sympathy became manifest towards him in England, the Raja, though repeatedly and by every authority condemned, was allowed to reign, just as if nothing had occurred. Lord Northbrook deposed and imprisoned Mulhar Rao, a greater sovereign, before appointing a Commission of Enquiry.

Taking the official view of the guilt of the Raja of Sattara, it must be confessed that, considering the serious, indeed extreme character of his crimes, and their number, he was treated with remarkable leniency. A subordinate Prince convicted of plotting against the protecting State for a long series of years, of violating his engagements with it, of sending out secret missions to other Powers, of allowing within his kingdom practices like *Suttee* interdicted by the Superior Government, of defying his Protector, of arrogating independence, of resenting the advice of the Minister of the Superior Power at his Court, should, in honor and policy, be as speedily set aside in favor of another, as practicable. Pertaub Sewan was, however, permitted on the throne, in spite of such conviction, and as if encouraged to carry on his intrigues against British India with impunity. He was a Prince of both spirit and ability, and he had made his grievances heard, and secured a strong interest. The day of Parliamentary despair for Indian wrongs had not yet arrived, and the agitation in England led the India House to hesitate. Suddenly, as from a signal, both Bombay and Calcutta became strangely indifferent to Sattara: But though they seemed by their pause for years, to have come to know their error, or at least to have forgiven, they were simply biding their time. They at length procured the consent of the Home Government to the offer of an amnesty to the Raja, subject to his acceptance of a new

Treaty, reciting his offence, and engaging, on his part, to dismiss the Dewan, to protect the witnesses against him, and to allow a pension to his brother. The preamble, doubtless, would have been an acknowledgment of his guilt, and the others derogatory to his sovereignty, and, though much persuasion was employed and pressure put on him, the Raja rejected the proffered treaty. He lost his kingdom in the end, but he lost it like a small king. Yet the terms were singularly moderate, and bore the traces of the agitation at Home. The Raja was most unfortunate, for all his success, so far. He knew not where to submit. The very friends who, by their skill and perseverance, had postponed his doom so long, proved in the end his evil genius. Their influence prevailed in dissuading him from accepting conditions which, though prefaced by an admission of his guilt, were as honorable as the weak has a right to expect from the strong. But the Raja's latter folly did not in the least compromise the credit of the Government of India. It rather threw the entire responsibility of the ultimate sentence on him.

The moderation of the British Government in the Jeypore and Sattara cases, its deliberation, its anxious desire to do justice or at least avoid inexpediency, are in marked contrast to the wrongheadedness, precipitation, injustice and severity of the present Administration in the Baroda proceedings. It is much to be regretted that there was no Anglo-Indian sexagenarian to point out the hereinbefore-quoted precedents to the Viceroy. They might have saved a miserable disappointment, a grave scandal, and a great wrong. The weary ways, the insufferable suspense of proceedings long drawn out, in the Sattara case, were not thoroughly creditable to Government; they no doubt betokened weakness. But the Government was, though slow, at least sure. Its main action was just. It at least deliberately avoided the mistake of a public trial. The Jeypore case, both in what was done and what was left undone, is pregnant with lessons still more to the point. The scene, the time, and all the circumstances of the murder and the murderous

attack, clearly pointed at the inmates of the Palace and members of the Durbar as the perpetrators, but, after due enquiry, it was the former ministers and their adherents who were put on trial and found guilty. So, it was a conspiracy of ambitious politician to regain office by implicating their rivals, or by at least throwing on them a plausible odium. It is a similar conspiracy of which Mulhar Rao is the victim. After all, the then members of our Government came to doubt whether the Jeypore Outrage was the work of the conspiracy, which the Durbar did its best to represent it to be. The Government of India suggested the trial of the accused, probably in the hope of some evidence turning up to trace the true culprits—presumably the Queen Mother Regent and her minister for the time being. Nothing came out, and though the Government of India exculpated the principal prisoners, no attempt was made, in the absence of sufficient proof, to put the ruling authorities of Jeypore on their trial. British prestige was satisfied. So it might be in Baroda, in some such moderate and reasonable way. It is not in every crime that the criminals are found out. But the Governor-General, because he prematurely concluded there had been an audacious crime, was, as it were, obstinately determined to make an example of somebody. And who so handy a victim as one of the trustful allies who, in reliance on British faith, have surrendered their power of resistance? who so worthy a sacrifice to avenge a wrong on a British Resident as the Prince-Chief of the Court to which he was accredited?

In the desperate effort to cover a colossal blunder, the defenders of the Government of India frown upon all criticism; and ask the critics in triumph, whether they might have suggested a better policy. The *Pall Mall Gazette* declines, on the part of the press, to take up the duties of the Government without pay, and without the information available to statesmen. We have sufficiently indicated what the Government might have avoided, and we are free to give the Members of Council a hint as to what they might have done. The deputation of a well-chosen officer, somewhat of a lawyer, would not have



committed them to the folly of this prosecution. A little worldly experience might have told them that, if a British political conceived his life to be in danger at the Court at which he resided as British Minister, it was not impossible that he was the victim of monomania,—or, if he actually suspected the Court of foul intentions, that he was only letting off his spleen and exhibiting his incapacity,—or, if he charged somebody with an attempt, that he had gone on the wrong scent. A little acquaintance with their own archives—a reference to old clerks or other old fogeys—might have informed them, that such complaints were not an unusual way with unpopular Residents of revenging on their Courts, and conciliating the good will of their own Government as very active representatives of the British authority.

Thus, whatever the lies circulated against Mulhar Rao, whatever the character imputed to other Native Chiefs, there never were Princes—according to General Low,\* who had for years resided at the Court of Lucknow, according to Lord Dalhousie\* himself, who deposed the last ruler of the House—there never were Princes so thoroughly gentleman-like, so utterly devoid of personal cruelty, so loyal in all duty to the British Power, as the Sovereigns of Oudh. And yet the most respectable, the most benevolent and kind hearted of them all, Wajid Ali Shah, was troubled by a most frivolous charge against a royal favorite, Wasí Ali, whom the Resident was determined to persecute,—by no less a man than Colonel Sleeman. As the shifting *personnel* of the Government of India leaves it but a short memory, and as the Indian press of the day is not sufficiently instructed, it may not be amiss to give the circumstances. The case has the merit of being a typical one.

The Residency servants one night were attracted by the sound of a fire-arm. It was found that a sentry on duty had fired his gun, who said that some armed men had come and enquired for the Colonel, and that he had in consequence fired at them, and that they had fled. The Resident on the following day sent word to the King.

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\* See the Blue-Book on the Annexation of Oudh.

who returned his condolence, strengthened the Residency guards, and ordered enquiries likely to lead to the discovery of the unwelcome visitors at night. In a few days, however, another firing of a sentry's gun was heard at night, who, on being asked, gave a similar story of an armed man. The matter now looked serious, the closest enquiry was called for. On examination, however, of the person of the sepoy, the palm of his hand was found wounded by a bullet, and in the morning the bullet was found to have passed through his sleeve and lodged itself in the ceiling above him, the bullet and powder being found to correspond to those on his person. The whole proved that he had been sleeping negligently with his palm on the muzzle of his loaded gun which, somehow by the accidental contact of his foot or leg on the trigger, was let off, and that he had simply invented the story of the burglar or assassin to cover his own carelessness. The previous firing may not unreasonably be ascribed to a like source. The big British personage was not, however, so easily satisfied. He harped on murder, and roundly accused the poor favorite whom he had got turned out of the king's service and favor, and, indeed, out of Lucknow. The King requested him to make the investigation himself, but this he would not, finding it more convenient to conceive a grudge against the Court for not taking serious notice of his suspicions. At length, the King appointed a special Commission of all his great Civil and Military officers, headed by the Lord Chief Justice of the Realm, to make the investigation and try the accused. The Resident did not attend, though asked to prosecute, or at least to watch the proceedings. He left the entire responsibility on the Oudh Government, with the apparent object of reserving to himself full liberty of action. A long and exhaustive enquiry was concluded by an unanimous verdict of acquittal, and a declaration of the entire innocence of, not only the special butt of Residential rage, but of all the prisoners.

A tolerable understanding of international politics might have warned the Viceroy and Council of the danger (which did not overtake them) of arresting a Prince with a terri-

tory. A little insight into human affairs might have taught moderation—told them there was no object in pushing matters to extremes. A graver sense of responsibility must have led them to content themselves with demanding the dismissal of the Gaekwar's courtiers and secret advisers, as sufficient satisfaction for a doubtful attempt on the Resident. It was contemptible puerility to try to see if the attempt could possibly have been genuine, and (after they foolishly jumped to the conclusion that it was real,) it was the most inexcusable levity to try openly to connect with it the Gaekwar. A little experience (to any purpose) in human affairs, might have warned them of the certain uncertainties of a public trial, unless there were irrefragible evidence to command a conviction—evidence gathered by Police officers more competent than Mr. Souter, and more reliable than his myrmidons, and declared to be good by better lawyers and worse courtiers than those who seem to have advised Government—unless there were indeed not only irrefragible evidence but also in abundance, so that sufficient might remain after abatement and attenuation under cross-examination.

A superficial familiarity with former precedents in their own Foreign Office, might have prevented the Viceroy and his advisers from inviting failure and disgrace by the public trial of a Prince. They no doubt essayed a grand game of a spectacle of open justice, to cover an unscrupulous act of power. But they did not know that the game had suggested itself to his abler predecessors, and had, by the latter, been wisely left unattempted. And here, as on other points, we may as well quote chapter and verse. In the case of Pertaub Sewan of Sattara, the Government of Bombay recommended the suspension of the Maharaja pending enquiry. The expediency of such an extreme but tentative measure, as well as the practicability of bringing the guilt of the Prince home to him, and to the satisfaction of the world, before an open tribunal like the late Baroda Commission, were thoroughly discussed by the Government of India. The Governor-General of the day, Lord Auckland, separated from his Council, exactly after the manner of the minor statesmanship that England sends out to

rule an empire in the East, decided, as Lord Northbrook, years since, in similar circumstances, did. But Lord Auckland was saved *by* his Council from the ignominy which has overtaken Lord Northbrook *and* his Council. The able minute of Mr. Wilberforce Bird and the masterly minute of Mr. Edmonstone disposed of the wild suggestion—wild under the then circumstances, wild even under the circumstances of the Baroda case—for all time. It would have been well if some one had referred the Viceroy to the sources of the wisdom of our ancestors. The following words of Mr. Bird read like a prophecy—the prophecy of true statesmanship—though, happily for us, the worst anticipations of danger from such a course as Lord Northbrook's have not been realized :—

“I am quite sure that the constitution of such a court would be attended with insuperable difficulties and perplexities, and it cannot, I think, admit of a doubt, that in the present state of India, the discussion, the intrigues, and the excitement, to which such a procedure must unavoidably give rise, might be followed by the most disastrous consequences.” \*

After that, of course, Lord Auckland had the good sense to drop the idea of an open Commission. He left to a distant successor to succumb, if he must, to the temptation of a triumph of Political Justice.

The whole Baroda Business was a Blunder from beginning to end. There never was such a case of political break-down as Lord Northbrook's in the matter of the Baroda Trial—such a puerile reckoning without the host—such a lamentable miscalculation. It was a suicide of a policy. A child's random hit, it does not deserve the name of a policy. It cannot claim the partial merit of a motive. Purity of motives is the most elementary recommendation of a public act. A good intention cannot justify a perpetrated iniquity. The darkest place, they say, is paved with good intentions. Yet intention counts for something, and we believed the Government meant well, and clung to the belief against all probabilities—all

revelations. But now, after the inglorious *finale*, with its appearances of a foregone determination, we must forego the fond illusion.

The Home Government must share the reproach of an avowal of unworthy sentiments, and the sin of condonement of a breach of honor and international good faith. The Ministry are guilty of complicity in an act which cannot fail to weaken the moral securities of the empire. In this, of course, they have weakly succumbed to the petulant *Zid* of the foiled autocrat of the East. Would that they possessed a keener sense of their obligations to God and man—or even of their duty to England! We fear they have succumbed to the influence of plutocracy and the Court. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—a very Prince in his magnificence and goodness, princely even in his indiscretions,—shaken by a deadly disease from which Providence delivered him to the prayers of a world-wide Empire, dunned by unconscionable harpies into whose hands he had played and expended himself, not unnaturally dreamed a dream of the sunny South and the gorgeous East—of spicy Araby the blest and sparkling Ormus and Ind—of India longing under British auspices to be free and essaying to “wear her jewelled turban with a smile”—of the famed Vale of Cashmere, with the rose-fringed lakes, and the lovelier roses of flesh and blood laving their persons in the crystal springs—of the sculptured rock-cut palaces of worship of a forgotten creed and the charming monument of affection of Mogul taste—of, last, though not least, the royal tiger of Bengal and the imperial elephant of Hindustan. It was an opportune Dream of Dark Women and Jewelled Donkeys,—for those who were blundering in the Government of India. Only a millionaire could afford to receive the Heir Apparent to the British Throne, and Lord Northbrook is more than a millionaire. He is a Baring—that is, a member of the Aristocratic Plutocracy. The Prince wished to visit India, and Lord Northbrook wanted him by all means. No man can coolly accept political demise, and the Baroda bungler had incurred the penalty. He needed all the influence of his wealth,

and the good offices of his friends, to save him. Perhaps the influence of the Court, still almighty to save individuals, if not always to dictate the national policy, could alone do the needful for him. In not resigning his post after the Baroda break-down, in clinging to it after the rebuke administered to him by the Home Government, and the condemnation on him universally pronounced, Lord Northbrook has, we fear, violated the well-understood etiquette of public life. Having acted in a matter of the utmost importance—a question of imperial policy—on his own responsibility, and failed—miserably failed—he ought in common decency to have retired from the stage, leaving the final disposal of the suspended Gaekwar to his successor. That, at the least, was Mulhar Rao's undoubted due. We want to know the civilized statesman who will gainsay the point—the man of honor who does not instinctively feel its justice. Lord Northbrook chose to remain. Yet not to keep his word. The only way he could with any decency stay, was by making a courageous admission of mistake—even though he still believed the Gaekwar guilty—and magnanimous restitution of Mulhar Rao to his sequestered powers and dignities. His Lordship willed otherwise. By hook or by crook he got the Home Government to allow him to perpetuate his suspension of Mulhar Rao, whom he was virtually pledged to restore if not proved guilty, whom by every feeling of delicacy he ought to have abstained from injuring, after the failure of his own prosecution, before judges of his own selection. By every proper precedent of constitutional or despotico-constitutional Government, he forfeited his post on that failure. He retains it, we believe, by something of British indifference and something of backstairs interest. That he has succeeded proves the necessity of something like Parliamentary institutions for India. A vote of censure of the representatives and Chiefs of the country, subject to ratification by the Imperial Legislature of the Mother Country, would meet a case of the kind. Whatever his self-love, or blindness, Lord Northbrook could hardly have failed to perceive that that vote in point of fact, though not in the particular form, has long since passed.



# MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

January, 1875.

## TRAVANCORE.

MIGHT vs. RIGHT, OR THE CRIMINAL JURISDICTION OF THE  
TRAVANCORE STATE OVER EUROPEAN BRITISH SUBJECTS.

THE Phoenix has risen from its ashes. The new Reign of Peace is assuming all the terrors of the old *Régimé* of War and Annexation. The most honorable government in the world—as governments go—seems prepared to risk its character to a blind greed for prestige and power. The Paramount Power in India cannot rest content with the brilliant plumes already in its diadem, but must needs kick up a dust to fleece of his dearest clothing a poor lamb of an old and faithful Ally, already half shorn. A wise and sober Empire is growing capricious and light in its dealings with its weaker neighbours, simply because they have nothing but its sense of justice for the protection of their just rights. The Government of India has stooped to rake up a question which, having been twice distinctly raised, had been twice definitely settled.

The little Principality of Travancore lying in the South-eastern corner of India, is perhaps too well known to call for any particular description. She has been ruled by a line of princes, ancient enough to claim descent from some Kshatria family of the Solar race. She has had the unique fortune of absolute freedom from those successive waves of invasion which deluged the rest of India. No broken monuments or pillaged temples here



attest the ravages of the conqueror. Secure under the cover of strong natural barriers, and possessing the advantages of physical features that might well baffle any but the most skilful, nay perfect strategy, she had enjoyed an amount of independence almost unparalleled in the annals of Hindu States. But personal courage and superior *physique* were never reckoned among the characteristics of the Travancorean. During, therefore, the troublous times when—the shreds of the Mogul Empire having been seized by so many adventurous spirits,—they were carrying on a keen contest for supremacy in Southern India, the weakness of Travancore led her to seek shelter, from the prevailing storm, under the ægis of the then rising British Power. Subsequent events, which it is unnecessary to detail here, led to the formation of two treaties of alliance between the two Powers. The circumstances, however, which thus brought them together were essentially different from those which gave rise to the British relations with the other Princes of India. Certainly these latter were, at the time their treaties were concluded, either the acknowledged vassals of the Mogul into whose shoes the East India Company stepped, or stood to them as conquered to the conqueror. But Travancore was never conquered—never acknowledged any sovereign, but her own—when she entered into an alliance with her more powerful sister. These treaties created certain duties and obligations on both sides, the tendency of which was to bring Travancore more under the influence of British advice and guidance than formerly; but they left the absolute sovereignty of her Princes entirely untouched. If the weaker party pays a subsidy to the stronger, it is but as the price of the military protection which the latter is bound to afford to the former and no more. But the Maharaja retains all the essential attributes of sovereign power. He makes his own laws, issues his own coin, has his own courts of justice and machinery of internal administration, criminal, civil, and revenue. Thus has Travancore remained, all along, politically as well as physically, independent and exclusive.

But it must not be supposed that this physical and political seclusion of Travancore rendered her impervious to foreign influences. While European civilization had to be forced upon the other Native States at the point of the bayonet, and has still to contend with many an insurmountable difficulty, she courted its blessings of her own good choice. She had nursed foreign religionists in her bosom long before their very name would have been tolerated in similar states. Freedom of conscience was a thing well known here when the horrors of the Inquisition and the stake were still disgracing most parts of civilized Europe. Though orthodoxy was here thriving in all its native luxuriance, unimpeded by invading fanaticism, yet a base bigotry never made Brahminism the exclusive object of the Maharaja's bounty. The church, (with its various divisions,) the mosque and the synagogue, shared alike with the pagoda, the liberality of an orthodox idolator prince. The service of the state has long been thrown open to all, whether natives or foreigners. If Europeans have now and then been in the service of other native States, also, it was only their skill in the art of destruction that was prized. They would have found it entirely impossible to find employment on any other terms. But here European intelligence and European industry were long since engaged for the promotion of the blessings of peace. Europeans now fill up almost all the influential places in every department of the State. To quote the Statesman now at the helm of the administration :—

There are European British subjects very largely employed in almost all the important Departments of State, Public Works, Medical, Educational, Forest, Commercial, and Military, and they reside in all parts of the country and come in contact with almost every section of His Highness' subjects. There are, again, the large and fast increasing body of Europeans engaged in coffee enterprise throughout the ranges of our hills whose relations with the people are multiplying in various ways. Again, there are missionaries located in every direction within the State.

Thus are Europeans an influential, though numerically not an important, element in the Travancore State. Their situation creates certain rights on their behalf, and conse-

quently corresponding obligations ; the immediate result of which is that they make themselves liable to the laws of the country—the domicile which they have adopted—and to the jurisdiction of its own courts. Under the circumstances above described, one would think that there could be no doubt upon the matter. It, therefore, excites one's wonder to see the Travancore authorities taking the precaution of requiring every foreigner entering the dominions of the Maharaja to enter into a special compact of submission to the laws of the country and to the jurisdiction of its courts. The event, however, fully justifies this extreme caution, though ineffectual it has proved.

It was in 1837 that the question was first mooted, whether the Europeans residing in Travancore were subject to the civil and criminal jurisdiction of its courts. The matter was submitted by General Fraser, the then British Resident at the court of the Maharaja, to the Madras Government, which referred it to the Government of India. Hear the decision which was then pronounced.

To R. CLARK, Esq.,

*Secretary to Government of Fort St. George.*

SIR,

I am desired by the Right Honorable the Governor-General of India in Council to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated the 25th ultimo, transmitting copies of two letters from the Resident in Travancore and Cochin relative to the jurisdiction to which Europeans in Travancore \* \* \* are to be considered subject in criminal and civil cases, and requesting to be informed of the practice which exists in Bengal in respect to the jurisdiction to which Europeans, not in the service of Government, residing in the dominions of Native Princes are amenable \* \* \*

In reply I am desired to acquaint you that Europeans residing in the territories of Native States, not being servants of the British Government, must be held to be in all respects and in all cases, civil and criminal, subject to the law of the country in which they reside.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have, &c..

(Sd.) W. H. MACNAGHTEN,  
*Secy. to Govt. of India.*

## MEMORANDUM.

The Acting Dewan of Travancore is requested to cause it to be communicated to all Europeans who may be residing at Alwaye in the Travancore Territory, and also to Mr. Vernede at Paliport, that it has been established as a Rule by the British Government that Europeans residing in the Territory of Travancore or other Native States, not being servants of the British Government must be held to be in all respects and in all cases, civil and criminal, subject to the laws of the country in which they reside.

(*Sd.*) J. S. FRASER,

*Resident.*

Again :—

With reference to my two letters to your address \* \* \*—I have the honor to acquaint you that it is intended by the Government of Fort St. George that the Rules therein referred to shall be applicable to European travellers and visitors equally with the residents in the territory of Travancore.

(*Sd.*) J. S. FRASER,

*Resident.*

Here it is worthy of remark that the persons who raised the question had for a long time tacitly acknowledged the jurisdiction. And if there was any time when European British subjects might reasonably hesitate before subjecting themselves to the courts of the country, it was just when they had been tacitly consenting. But, at the time the question was raised, the only reason for such a step had vanished. For, it was then just two years since the courts of law had been re-organized on the model of the neighbouring British Indian courts, and the procedure was, as nearly as possible, assimilated to what was then prevailing in those courts. They were further well aware that they received from the State the utmost consideration which the insolence of race might expect. Practically they received little or no check, whatever the nature of their doings. But the aristocracy of creed and color scorned the very idea of any yoke unless it were one of their own imposing. The Supreme throne of British India, however, was too high to be approached, and too pure to be polluted, by the pride of nationality : and the Supreme decree therefore set the seal over the question.

Was it never to be broken? The Travancore Government thought—never. It thought, and justly too, that

the rights of the kingdom had been recognized and respected where they ought, and that there was nothing more to fear about in the matter. Here was a declaration from the representative of the Paramount Power as solemn as a treaty deliberately entered into and duly ratified, and the lapse of thirty years had further imparted to it the additional force of prescription. What, then, must have been the astonishment of His Highness' Government when it was announced at such distance of time that the solemn pledge upon which he had built his fancied security was revoked by a stroke of the pen—that the rights of the weak were by sufferance of the strong !

In 1868, John Leddel, an European British subject and in the employ of the Travancore State, holding such an important office as that of Commercial Agent with a salary of 1,000 Rupees, was charged with the embezzlement of a large amount of public money placed under his control. When he was put upon his trial he demurred to the jurisdiction. He was overruled in conformity with precedent ; but he was allowed a fair trial and every opportunity of vindicating his own innocence. Instead of sending him to the ordinary courts which would have dealt with him as any other felon, a special Commission was appointed to try him, with an European Judge as one of the members. The Commissioners unanimously found him guilty of the offence and sentenced him to two years' imprisonment. His treatment in jail was such as he could never expect even in his British soil. The culprit could not complain of illegal procedure or severity of punishment, but like all guilty souls sought shelter in an idle quibble. Lo ! The State had no jurisdiction ! Up goes a petition to the Resident ; and he hands it over to the Governor in Council of Madras. He refers to his Law Officer ; and that oracle pronounces the conviction bad, and demands the instant release of the plunderer of a public treasury, who had been condemned in due form by his own race and color. Off flashes through the wire the command of the Madras Government to release Leddel. No explanation is called for from the Maharaja's Cabinet. The Durbar is not heard in the matter at all.

The Madras Government stirs itself up to unusual activity on the *ex parte* representations of a jail bird.

Sir T. Madava Row who was then prime minister was equal to the occasion. He fully calculated the intense heat of the Madras Government, and would not, therefore, complicate matters by at once refusing to comply with the imperious demands which a consciousness of superior strength and resources could alone justify. He, therefore, proceeded prudently. In his reply to the Resident, he said :—

Subject to your answer to the Telegram which I have just sent you, copy of which is herein enclosed, the Sirkar will, of course, in deference to the Madras Government, act in the case of Mr. Leddel in accordance with their views as expressed in your letter under acknowledgment. Before, however, accepting this view as the final decision of the Madras Government on the important question of jurisdiction over European British subjects residing in Travancore, the Sirkar would respectfully beg to be permitted to lay before the Government through your medium, certain counter considerations and arguments on the general question at issue, and which may possibly lead to a modification of their views on the subject.

"In fulfilment of that promise, he submitted his arguments in a series of very able letters for the consideration of the Government of Madras. That Government's view of the question is contained in the opinion of the Advocate General (Mr. Norton) which, for the better comprehension of the position of the Sirkar, we give *in extenso*.

I am of opinion that the trial of Mr. Leddel by the Travancore Court is illegal. It took place subsequently to the Proclamation of the Governor General \* \* \* conferring on the High Court of Madras Original Criminal Jurisdiction over European British subjects of Her Majesty, being Christians. The Proclamation was made under and in conformity with 28 Vic. Cap. 15. The effect of the Statute and Proclamation is to put an end to the jurisdiction of the Travancore Courts over such British subjects, and to confer it on the High Court. The criminal jurisdiction over European British subjects, hitherto exercised by the Travancore Courts, does not appear to rest upon any treaty, but to have been ceded by courtesy and comity. Mr. Leddel on obtaining permission to reside in Travancore consented, it is true, to be bound by the laws of Travancore and to submit to the jurisdiction of its courts, but that undertaking must be read by the circumstances of the time at which it was given. He could not forestall or exclude the operation of subsequent legislation which has now intervened to alter his status.

We would fain give here the whole of Sir Madava Row's letters which contain a complete refutation of the Advocate General's arguments, but we are afraid that it may swell this paper to an enormous length. We would, therefore, content ourselves with giving the drift of his contention. He took his stand mainly upon the following grounds :—

I.—The jurisdiction in question is an inherent right of sovereignty.

II.—The Travancore State being one ruled by its own Ruler possesses that inherent right.

III.—It has not been shown on behalf of the British Government that the Travancore State ever ceded this right, because it was never ceded.

IV.—The Governor General's Notification did not deprive Travancore of this right, but only distributed what right the British had already possessed.

Upon the first of these points he fortifies himself by such standard authorities as Vattel's Law of Nations, Wheaton's International Law and Story's Conflict of Laws.

With regard to the second, he remarks :—

I presume that the former part of the proposition will at once be admitted, and there is no necessity for proving that Travancore is ruled by its own Ruler. Even Sundoor (pertaining to the Madras District of Bellary) has been declared by the learned judges of the Madras High Court, so recently as in last year, to be the State of a Native Ruler, and, as such, the subject of international law. *A fortiori* is Travancore such a State. And being such it follows, of course, that it possesses the right of sovereignty under discussion and which belongs to all such States.

On the third point, he observes :—

I need hardly dwell at any considerable length on this head. If a right is one inherent in a State and the State has possessed and exercised it, it is evident that another State cannot obtain it without a cession by treaty. But there was no such cession ever made by Travancore. I observe from the High Court case (above cited) that the British Government had to enter into a *special compact* with the chief of Sundoor to obtain from him the right of exclusive jurisdiction to try certain European subjects and their followers for offences committed in certain parts of the Sundoor Territory. This shows that the British Government itself thought it necessary, in view to obtain exclusive jurisdiction, to enter into a special compact with the Sundoor Chief. How then it may be asked, could the British Government obtain a similar, but still more extensive jurisdiction in the case of Travancore *without the consent of Travancore?*

As to the fourth point, he contends that the Notification in question did not extend the jurisdiction of the British Government, and circumscribe that of the Native States, but simply distributed what the Governor-General already possessed at the time of the Notification, among the several British Courts. "This distribution," says he, "doubtless altered the jurisdiction of the *British Courts among themselves*, i. e., it probably extended the jurisdiction of some British Courts in the proportion it reduced that of others ; but I beg to repeat that this did not affect *the aggregate jurisdiction of the British Government in relation to that of each Native State.*" After explaining and illustrating more fully the same position, and showing, further, that the jurisdiction referred to in the Notification meant simply the authority of the British Government over European British subjects, to punish them for offences against their own municipal laws, wherever they may be committed, he proceeds:—

If such be not the construction of this Notification, we must suppose that, at one stroke, the Governor-General has deemed it proper to deprive all Native States in British India including Nepaul and Bhootan, of an important right inherent to each State ruled by its own ruler ; that the Governor-General has done this contrary to the principles of International law which governs the relations between States without respect to their territorial extent, power or wealth ; that he has taken a step so vitally affecting the power of each State to protect its own subjects against the offences of aliens, without any consultation with, or even notice to, the Native States, and that all the Native States have thus been suddenly divested of a right, a small fraction of which it was not thought proper by the British Government to take from the chief of Sundoor without his consent.

He closes his first letter with an allusion to the former decision of the Government of India which has already been noticed. In those which follow further arguments are adduced. He notices the case of the Jummoo State, with reference to which his own views had been adopted by the British Government. With regard to the Statute quoted by the Advocate-General, he observes :—

In the first place there is nothing here that goes to put an end to the jurisdiction of the Travancore courts over British subjects, though jurisdiction is conferred on British Courts ; in other words, while British Courts are enpowered to



exercise jurisdiction over certain British subjects residing in Native States, such jurisdiction is not stated to be *exclusive of that of the Travancore Courts* \* \* \* In the next place, the Statute does not *authorize* the Governor-General to put an end to the jurisdiction of the courts of Native Princes. In the third place, the Statute being obviously a *municipal* law cannot affect the inherent right of Foreign States, subject as they are to *International law*. In the fourth place, \* \* \* where the Statute refers to Native States it speaks of jurisdiction in respect to *persons only*; while in all other parts it has special and express reference to jurisdiction in respect to *territorial limits*.

Again :—

If it were right and just for the British Government to extinguish the local jurisdiction of Travancore over offences committed therein by *their* subjects, would it not be equally right and just for other Powers, such as France or America, to adopt a similar course in respect of *their* subjects in Travancore? And is a Frenchman or American who plunders the Travancore treasury itself to be allowed to plead exemption from the Travancore courts, and claim to be tried by *French* or *American* courts, remote and inaccessible as they are?

These able and powerful arguments—this array of artillery is closed, with a heavy cannonade in the shape of a legal Opinion by that accomplished lawyer, Mr. J. D. Mayne—an authority not less eminent than Mr. Norton. We make no apology for giving here Mr. Mayne's words, as they gave an important turn to the question :—

I have carefully perused the papers submitted to me, and am of opinion that the Travancore courts have jurisdiction over Mr. Leddel in respect of the offence charged against him. As my opinion is opposed to that of the Advocate General of Madras, I shall state the grounds for it in detail. I assume that Travancore is an independent Sovereign State. Orme, (cited 2 Mill's India, 194), speaks of the King of Travancore as an Hindu Prince, whose dominions had never been subject to foreign dominions. Travancore has never been conquered by the East India Company and has never surrendered its sovereignty to the Company or the Queen. The Treaty of 2nd May, 1805, no doubt, provides that in a certain event the East India Company might assume the internal administration of the country; but that event has never occurred. It has also been ruled by the High Court of Madras upon precisely similar provisions in the Mysore Treaties, that the assumption of administration by the East India Company would not deprive the Rajah of his capacity as a Sovereign Prince. If, then, Travancore is an independent Sovereign State, its jurisdiction over Mr. Leddel is undoubted. (Here Chancellor Kent and Sir R. Phillimore are added to the other authorities noticed before.)

There are no doubt cases where the right of jurisdiction over foreigners has been expressly abandoned, and new consular jurisdiction erected to be exercised by the countryman of such foreigners. \* \* \* But this is a matter of express treaty

and can arise in no other manner. None of the treaties with the Rajah of Travancore contemplate any abandonment of his territorial jurisdiction. On the contrary, Art. 9 of the Treaty of 1795 is in these terms :—‘The Company engage not to impede in anywise the course of the rule or administration of the Rajah of Travancore’s Government, nor at all to possess themselves or enter upon any part of what regards the management of the present Rajah’s or his successors’ country.’ The Treaty of 1805 did not supersede, but merely supplemented this Treaty. As observed before it provided that in an event, which has never occurred, the British Government might assume the administration of Travancore. Till that event occurs the Rajah’s rights of internal Government remain unimpaired. Art. 9 of the Treaty of 1805 binds the Rajah to pay at all times the utmost attention to such advice as the English Government shall occasionally judge it necessary to offer to him with a view to *inter alia* the administration of justice. But this clearly does not entitle the English Government to supersede the Rajah’s Courts, or deprive them of any part of the jurisdiction which by the law of nations they possess.

As to the effect of the Proclamation and Statute above alluded to, he observes :—

The Proclamation cannot, of course, go beyond the powers given by the Statute ; and the Statute, though binding on all British subjects, has of course no force against the Sovereign of Travancore or its servants who are not subject to the authority of the British Parliament. Even if the Statute purported in express terms to take away a jurisdiction previously exercised by the courts of Travancore, it would be simply inoperative against them. Parliament is as incapable of taking away the powers of a Court in Travancore as it is of dealing with the Courts of France.\* But I agree with Sir Madava Row that neither the Statute nor the Proclamation contemplates any interference of the sort.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have not been influenced in this Opinion by the statement that Mr. Leddel, on entering the State of Travancore, consented to be bound by its laws, or that he expressly submitted to the jurisdiction of the Court which tried him.

This fire was too terrible to bear. Now comes the most amusing part of the whole thing. The Advocate-General retreats from the ground which he, but lately, so confidently occupied. He now concurs with his brother Mayne. The Government follows in the wake of its legal adviser. And on the 9th December, 1868, the Resident writes to the Dewan, as follows :—

In accordance with this Opinion, His Excellency the Governor in Council sees no reason to question the legality of sentence passed upon Mr. Leddel by the Travancore Courts, and resolves to cancel the former order on the subject.

After all this at least, we may conclude that we have seen the last of this business. Here was a decision, come to after full hearing and great deliberation, which retracted a judgment of mere heat and bias, and did full justice to the claims of Travancore. It proceeded from no less an authority than the accredited agent of the Paramount Power acting with full powers on the spot—the Madras Government. We consider it as a solemn and irrevocable pledge upon which it was no fault of the Travancore State to have pinned its faith so long. Conceive then the intense surprise and deep concern with which His Highness' Government was startled from its repose by the sound of the never-dying subject. It is really painful to tread through the shifts and sophistry by means of which the most upright and moderate Government in the world tries to exhume a question which had been twice consigned to the grave. On the 10th February, 1874, the Resident announced to the Travancore Government the views of the Government of India in the following terms :—

In consequence of communications from His Excellency the Governor-General of India in Council, I am directed by the Madras Government to explain to His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore, with every compliment, that His Excellency the Governor-General in Council, having regard both to the position of Her Majesty as Paramount Power in India and to the Treaty Engagements entered into with Travancore, does not recognize the position assumed by the late Dewan, Sir Madava Row, in the discussion that took place in Leddel's case, (*viz.* that the exercise of jurisdiction over European British subjects is an inherent right possessed by the Government of Travancore,) and that the altered condition of the law respecting the trial of European British subjects for offences committed in Native States, requires some alteration in the practice which has hitherto prevailed.

It is observed that when the jurisdiction of Travancore, in 1837, was recognized, there were difficulties in the way of trying, in British Courts, European British subjects, for offences committed in Native States. These difficulties have been removed by different acts of the Imperial and Indian Legislatures, and the question is thereby placed on a different footing to that on which it formerly rested \* \* \* .

The letter concludes with the intimation that the Governor-General has by Notification made the Resident

and the Madras High Court, the tribunals to whom European British criminals in Travancore are to be answerable, and with a polite request that the Sirkar would make the necessary arrangements for carrying out His Excellency's wishes.

What the immediate cause of this sudden outburst was, we have no materials to enable us to say. We have been not a little amazed at the evasive vagueness and tortuosity which characterize the above letter. "His Excellency does not recognise the position *assumed* by the late Dewan, Sir Madava Row, in the *discussion* that took place in Leddel's case." The Government of India would have us suppose that there was a *discussion* only between the Madras Government and Travancore without any *decision* being arrived at; that the position of the Travancore Government was an *assumption* on its part which had never received any authoritative recognition; and that the whole of the question, which was all this while merely in deliberation, has but now come on for decision, which, accordingly, it (the India Government) has pronounced. What has become of the Madras Government in the bargain? What about its verdict in 1868, which was pronounced after so much argument on both sides? We are not prepared to say that the Supreme Government has not the right to review the decisions of its subordinate Government and to annul or modify them just as it may think proper. But we must demur to its taking a fresh starting point, ignoring the previous decision pronounced by a competent authority, and confirmed by the lapse of so many years. Are we to understand, then, that the policy of the India Government is to keep open the decisions of their subordinate Governments for any length of time, to be broken just as it suits the convenience or fancy of the moment? What, for instance, would be its virtuous British indignation if the tables were turned, and Travancore were, on a similar question, to set at naught the previous understanding between herself and her more powerful neighbour?

Now to descend to the grounds of this extraordinary decision.

*First.*—The British Government is Paramount Power, and, therefore, cannot bear the indignity of seeing people of its own race and color, however vile, held responsible for their acts, however atrocious, to any other Power. If the Supreme Government could feel sure of being able to maintain its contention purely on the basis of Rights, it would have taken care not to go the length of proclaiming that it is a *mighty power* to which the weaker party must yield, whether it will or not. It is evidently conscious that it cannot well support its claim in reason, and, therefore, says that every other Power that is too weak to support its rights by force must surrender them, when the Paramount Power bids it. If this is the meaning, (and it is doubtless what the words import,) it is really marvellous in these days of international arbitrations! We cannot refrain from giving here the forcible and just observations of Mr. Shashia Sastry, the present Dewan of Travancore.

The State itself may not be very extensive, nor its population and wealth very great, in comparison with other countries; but this clearly does not affect His Highness' status as a Sovereign Ruler, nor his claim to be subject to no other than the law of nations in the matter of jurisdiction over foreigners. \* \* \* In fact, the point is so far conceded in respect of Travancore, that no question is raised as to the power of His Highness' Courts over Europeans other than British subjects—over Americans, or the subjects of Indian or other Asiatic sovereigns. Now, then, is His Highness' jurisdiction over British subjects affected? It cannot be that the vast extent to which Her Majesty's Indian Empire has, by God's blessing, been able to attain, and the great influence which she exercises for good in the councils of smaller States, can, of themselves and without a cession on the part of Travancore, operate to curtail any of the attributes of the Ruler of that State. The two may be vastly different in proportions by the side of each other, yet it will not be contended that the smaller loses any of its attributes, because its neighbour is great and powerful and is bound by certain treaties to protect it against any aggressor on payment of a subsidy representing the cost of a certain military force. If the principle were at all allowed, then should England, Germany and Russia claim to try their several subjects committing offences in small States like Denmark, Greece, Portugal and Switzerland.

*Secondly.*—There are Treaty Engagements to support the claim put forward by the India Government. This is a question of fact, of which the Treaties themselves are the best evidence. Now, what do they say? Does

the Government of India dare to show chapter and verse? It is curious how the Supreme Government evades the question. It cannot pretend to be entirely ignorant of the arguments of the Travancore Government on the subject in 1868. There, the whole of the treaty provisions had been laid bare with the Opinion of such an eminent lawyer as Mr. Mayne to the effect that they were against the "position assumed" by the Madras Government. That Government and its own Advocate-General had both endorsed that Opinion. And there are the Treaties themselves whose clear language does not require very much learning to elucidate its import. It was, therefore, imperative on the Supreme Government to have clearly pointed out the text upon which it relies. A mysterious reference to "Treaty Engagements" is all that we have got, especially when the Treaties themselves have been ransacked and shown to contain no such authority as is sought to give a color of right to a mere demand of Force.

*Thirdly.*—The change in British Laws since the decision of 1837 on the matter. In other words, the change in British laws *per se* necessitates a change in the status of Foreign States with reference to British subjects, to which those laws do not admittedly apply. It is very instructive to find a great and wise Government descending to such miserable shifts when it is swayed by mere greed of political power. Its very vision grows dim and hazy. Says the Resident, in reporting the views of the Viceroy, that "when the jurisdiction of Travancore, in 1837, was recognized, there were difficulties in the way of trying, in British Courts, European British subjects, for offences committed in Native States. These difficulties have been removed \* \* \* and the question thereby placed on a different footing to that on which it formerly rested." So, the decision of 1837 was one founded on expediency, on a consideration of then existing difficulties, but was intended to be set aside whenever those difficulties should be removed. It was nowise a declaration and recognition of pre-existing rights. It was a mere arrangement for the time being, made at the will and

pleasure of the then Government. - But hear again the words deliberately and solemnly uttered by the Supreme Government in 1837 :—

Europeans residing in the Territory of Native States, not being servants of the British Government, must be held to be, *in all respects and in all cases*, civil and criminal, subject to the law of the country in which they reside.

Judge for yourself, dear reader, whether the above language imports a mere conditional and temporary arrangement, consequent upon certain other than irremovable difficulties, which having been now removed, such arrangement is liable to be set aside. For our part, we would gladly, with Macaulay, condemn every school-boy who should thus paraphrase the above passage, to a severe whipping. Even a pettyfogging vakeel in a court of justice would hardly venture to so construe a document for fear of the serious displeasure of the bench. But a great and enlightened Government stoops to dally with words which are no less than the solemn pledge of a Power upon whose honor the whole world would stake its wealth. What were the difficulties? Were they then so insurmountable as to induce the British Power to part with a portion of its dearest political freedom? Did the Government of India then grudge expense, or what? Have not Consular Courts been established far away from the mother country and its colonies? What difficulty could there have been to constitute such a court in Travancore whose very bosom is not more distant from adjacent British dominions than one part of a British District from another? There could have been no more difficulty in sending a European criminal from Alwaye or Nagercoil than from British Cochin and Tinnevely to the Madras High Court. If the difficulty was not one of practice but of principle, then how could the difficulty have been since removed? British legislation could, as Mr. Mayne observed, as well affect the status of the Travancore State as that of France. What, then, was the difficulty, and, how it could since have been removed, if it were one of principle, without the consent of Travancore, are things incomprehensible to our poor understanding! Mr.

Shashia Sastry's observations on the question are very pertinent :—

Having thus shown that the right to try European British subjects for offences committed in his country is one, which, from the fact of his being a Sovereign Ruler, rests in His Highness the Maharaja, and that this right had never been ceded, it follows that any alteration of British laws on the subject cannot affect the question. Indeed this is apparent from the preamble of the new Act itself—'Whereas by *Treaty, Capitulation, Agreement, Grant, Usage, Sufferance or other lawful means*, the Governor-General of India in Council has power and jurisdiction over divers places, beyond the limits of British India' This recitation is, I should think, of itself an admission of the right inherent in the rulers of the 'divers places beyond the limits of British India,' to try all offenders against their laws; for, if not, why should there be a treaty, capitulation, agreement, &c., to transfer the right to His Excellency the Governor-General? And, as in respect of Travancore, the transfer has not transpired by any of the means recited in the Act, it is plain that, so far as His Highness' territories are concerned, the Act in itself vests no authority in His Excellency, even if, for argument's sake, we allow that Travancore is bound by a Municipal Legislative Enactment.

If there were difficulties at all in 1837, they were rather in the way of a *local* trial. The Courts in Travancore were not then presided over by judges acquainted with English laws. Now, there is not a court but it contains a Christian judge, "a circumstance which has no parallel in any native State, or indeed in any other country." Many of the Magistrates are Europeans and there is an European Barrister Judge on the bench of the highest Court in the country. Nor is this all. European British prisoners are always allowed a special commission, which no native of whatsoever rank can, under ordinary circumstances, expect. So that, there is now no difficulty in an European British subject being fairly tried in Travancore. And there was *never* any practical difficulty in the way of the British Government trying its own subjects committing offences in Travancore, if it had but the *right* to do so. One would think that the Briton was the last of all men to forego his political freedom for any consideration in the world. We may take it for granted that the British Indian Government, powerful as it became in the Indian Continent on the decline of the Marhatta Empire over half a century ago, if it had not yet assumed its present pretensions, would not have been slow to assert for British men within the native States, any privilege it could with any show of reason.



The subject has again come on before the Viceroy for his favourable reconsideration. Thus poor Travancore is again distracted by terrors and anxieties for the safety of her limbs. Yes, the prerogative in question is one of her most necessary, if not strongest, limbs, without which she must be utterly impotent as against a class now growing more and more in importance within her domains, — a class which has never been remarkable for its good behaviour or good intentions towards the natives even in British India. A planter may blow out the brains of fifty of his coolies; a Commercial Agent or Engineer may rob the Sirkar of lacs of its money; a vagrant may break into a respectable Malayalee house, and commit great atrocities; the Maharaja himself may be waylaid in his Sawary and insulted by a loafer having no other recommendation than that he was born in the Highlands of Scotland or the fastnesses of Wales. The injured in every one of these cases, from the cooly to the Maharaja, can have no remedy in their own country, but must make up each his mind to undertake a trip to Madras and stand his chance of justice with a hybrid jury, not always noted for its excellent judgment or even-mindedness. While the scum of European Society can haul up the Dewan himself before a petty police officer for any real or fancied injury, however slight. A very nice state of affairs, indeed!

That equality of laws under which every class and creed finds itself arraigned at the same bar of justice and judged by the same laws, though an universal prescription in English theory, is, in English practice, a luxury reserved for the "aristocracy of skin" alone. The age of Menu was barbarous enough for making one law for the Brahmin and another for the Sudra. But has the enlightened nineteenth century been able to resist the influence of Brahminism? The Brahmin of Menu's Institutes has given place to the Brahmin of the British Indian Criminal Procedure Code. History has not as yet shown us a state, however democratic, which has not had its Brahmins, however circumscribed their sphere. Menu could at least plead in extenuation that his acts corresponded with his professions—that his practice coincided

with his theory. Can John Bull, even at this day, dare to say as much for himself? Are his theory and practice one and the same?

But such inconsistencies do not affect his interests, however it may his character. He may build one tribunal for the White, and another for the Black. He may lay additional burdens upon the latter to meet the expenses of the former, in a business which the polite phraseology of the law has termed a criminal trial in the High Court, but which, to an unsophisticated layman, is little better than facilitating the escape of the White from the clutches of justice. But such invidious, not to say unjust, distinctions, however calculated to fan discontent, and destroy confidence in the minds of the people who are thus disparaged, do not affect the prestige of Sovereign Power in British India. For, besides the security afforded by its immense physical forces, the same power holds the scales of justice in both cases, however various the agencies by which such justice is administered. Here, in Travancore, the case is essentially different. The whiteman who injures the black is not tried in the country where the injury was committed. The unhappy Black is denied the simple right to seek redress for his wrongs in the courts of his own Sovereign from whom he naturally expects protection—in the land in which he sees his own similar acts judged every day. The moral effect of such a state of things upon the people need hardly be stated.

A criminal offence, unlike a civil injury, goes beyond the individual upon whom it is committed—it is an offence against the society as well. While, therefore, the individual is indemnified by damages for the wrongs which he personally receives, the punishment of the criminal is intended as a reparation to the society whose rights collectively (whereof that of the injured is a unit) the culprit has violated. Hence crimes are considered as public injuries for which the public *shall* have a remedy, whether the individual sufferer may or may not want one; while in civil cases, the individual is left to pursue his own remedy. It is, therefore, most essential for a State to have the power of redressing the injuries done to it collectively,

in other words to have punitive powers over those who violate its laws. The civil jurisdiction is of secondary importance. Our lives and limbs are dearer to us than our property. If a State be shorn of its criminal jurisdiction, it can no longer have any power for good or evil. It must lose its prestige of sovereignty. Besides the actual importance of the jurisdiction as against a certain class of people, as in the present instance, there is the overwhelming moral effect which would be produced upon the rest of the subjects by the powerlessness of their Government to protect them from others, who, to all intents and purposes, are similarly situated as themselves. It must eventually become too weak to command the respect and fear of its subjects who could not but despise its powers, insufficient, or ineffectually exercised, to protect them. It is no answer to all this to say that the European British offender is made answerable to justice somewhere. If the municipal laws of a State cannot reach their own violators on its own soil, it can no longer exist as a State. If punishment be regarded in the light of an example, its object is entirely defeated in this instance. The people of the country who see the offence alone committed and do not see the punishment follow, but who rather see the offender virtually beyond the reach of the only law that they know of, (that is their own,) can hardly take a lesson from the punishment of the offender somewhere else. The story of such a trial and punishment they would be apt to regard more as a pious fiction to cover the impotence of their sovereign. We need not, however, go so far. Practically, we think, no conviction can follow in more than three-fourths of the cases going from Travancore to the Madras High Court. The very great distance ; the incalculable inconveniences and hardships of a journey to Madras on such an errand as a criminal prosecution ; the dread of a foreign Court, whose laws, procedure, and language are entirely different ; and above all the great apathy of the people who are, in this respect, not much better than their brethern in British India ;—these are enough to keep back important evidence in a great many cases. It is doubtful whether

a prosecution will be attempted at all. We have heard several people in British India tell us, that, if their things should be robbed, they had better hold their tongues than wag them to the Police. For, in the latter case, beyond being jostled to and fro by these gentry for days and days, and incurring a great amount of expense, inconvenience and anxiety, they never see their lost things back. Indeed, the step brings no good either to themselves or the public. This may or may not be a just complaint. But it sufficiently indicates the sentiments of the people on the subject. What wonder, then, that the same feelings work still more strongly in the people of Travancore !

But can Travancore withdraw her protection from a class of people over whom she has no power for good or for evil ? Suppose Muscular Christianity should be stroked by the beard by a sturdy Travancorean, can Travancore then say :—" Well, when you injure our subjects you would be tried by your own color and creed, and in your own native element. Be it so. We will act upon your own principle—that inasmuch as you don't confide in our justice when you are the offender, we tell you that it won't do for you when you are the injured either. You had better resort to British justice in the one case as well as in the other." Suppose that Smith, the planter, is well drubbed in the Ashambo Hills, (we put in but a contingency, and a very unlikely one it is,) and is driven to seek British justice at the camp of the Resident at the northeastern extremity of the Cochin State ? Is it not but logical and just that the justice which is too low for the proud Briton, all flushed with the omnipotence of powder and steel, when he is the assailant, must be equally so when he is the assailed ? Does not the prosecutor oftentimes submit his conduct to the judgment of the Court, equally with that of the prisoner ? On many an occasion the acquittal of a prisoner is followed by no pleasant consequences to the prosecutor. Many a criminal prosecution is virtually only a sharp contest as to who should go to the jail—the prisoner or the prosecutor himself. It is, therefore, unreasonable that the European British subject, who imperiously demands that he should

be judged by his own Courts when he is the prisoner, should, in that *quasi* trial which he undergoes in the often dangerous character of prosecutor, submit to the judgment of the Court which he despises. These are not hypothetical cases. Instances of this sort happened not long ago. A major in Her Majesty's army, commanding His Highness' Nair Brigade, charged his black butler, before the Sub-Magistrate, of having made away with some empty bottles. The Major walked to the Sub-Magistrate's Court every day during the enquiry, and, we suppose, took his oath also before the Magistrate. The charge was dismissed as unbelievable, and otherwise unsustainable in law on the grounds on which he put it. We may easily conceive the effect of such a verdict upon the character of the prosecutor. Here, he submitted to the judgment of a petty Sub-Magistrate, which carried with it that silent condemnation which has as much moral force as a sentence of guilty. -He appealed to the higher tribunals and went as far up as the Sudder Court ; but the verdict of the Sub-Magistrate was confirmed throughout. We are informed that, officially he was acting as Resident, when he appeared in the character of an appellant, striving to make out that his story of the empty bottles was a true one. Here was an European British subject, of all but the highest rank in the country, tamely submitting to the jurisdiction of a Sub-Magistrate in the no pleasant capacity of prosecutor when he would spurn the idea of the very refuse of his race being judged by a Special Commission presided over by the Chief Justice of Travancore ! What strange anomaly ! What amazing admixture of vanity and imperspicacity ! Or, take this other instance. Another Briton of no inferior water, a follower of Esculapius in the capacity of Residency Surgeon, was seen many a day taking his drive with his lady to the Town Police Court of Trevandrum. Their complaint was that their Ayah had robbed them of a piece of chintz. A lady and a gentleman in the bargain were too much for the poor Sub-Magistrate who accordingly committed the Ayah to take her trial in the Criminal Court. That tribunal put the case down at its true worth and ordered the release

of the Ayah. This was done by an East Indian Judge. Spectacles of this sort are not unfrequent. We have often wondered how such glaring anomalies could be overlooked by a body of wise and sober legislators in their criminal legislation for the British Indian population. We are still more astonished at the folly of national pride which would force such strange contradictions upon a State that can but ill-afford to bear them.

What has the Supreme Government to say to all this ? Are we, then, to understand that the Governor-General was blind to these views of the question—that he has by “one stroke of power,” demolished a fabric which International Laws and Treaty Engagements have kept sacred, and whose sanctity has been twice acknowledged by the former vice-gerents of British Power—yea, of British honor and justice ? Are we, then, to believe that a Government of Justice is henceforward to make high-handedness the rule of its conduct ? What will, then, become of its solemn pledges ? its declared policy towards Native States which has secured at once their highest esteem and their strong attachment for the Paramount Power ? Are they, then, to be ever trembling for their safety ? We are, however, no pessimists. We rejoice in the hope that British justice and integrity will triumph at last—in the hope that the Government of India will not be tenacious of its hastily formed and erroneous opinion, but will, like the Madras Government, have the candour and liberality of mind to acknowledge its error and concede their just rights to Princes who trust to British sense of justice alone for their protection. We sincerely trust that in the reconsideration which Lord Northbrook is called upon to bestow upon a question of such great moment to the dearest interests of a quiet and faithful Sovereign Ally, he will look to, for the guiding star of his decision, those memorable words of Her Gracious Majesty, the Empress of India, in her Great Charter to the Princes and Chiefs of India :—“We shall respect the rights, dignity and honor of Native Princes as our own.”



# THE NANA, A MILITARY DRAMA.

BY

MOODELLIAR NATH ULLASWAMY

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COL TOBY .. *Commanding*  
CAPT SYLLIE .. *2nd in Command*  
CAPT THOMAS RO  
BINSON  
SUB LIEUT SIMMONS  
SUB LIEUT TIMMONS  
RESSALDAR MAJOR BEIRAM KHAN  
RESSALDAR HERRA SING  
RESSALDAR PLUCKY SING.

RESSALDAR BLOODIE PERSAD.  
RESSALDAR MAHOMED BUKSH.  
BRAHMIN (*The Nana.*)  
LITTLE BOY .. *Son to Robinson.*  
NUBBIE BUX.. .. *Kidmutgar.*

### LADIES

MRS TOBY  
MRS MARY ROBINSON.  
PERBUTTEE .. *A beautiful Cashmeree.*

*Colonels, Doctor, European Soldiers, Bunneahs, Farries, Natives.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Native Officers sitting assembled in plain clothes in a Native Officer's house at end of Horse Lines—Placed before them Sacred Books—the Koran—the Grunth—and Gunga-water. Moolahs, Grunthees and Brahmin near Bloodie Persad.*

*Beiram Khan, Ressaldar Major.* If it was the native Raj (*Brahmin laughs*) there would be no difficulty in the present case. Oh! my brothers, we would simply bribe the headman, and all would be well, but this can't be now, under the present Raj (*Brahmin smiles.*) One of my near relatives has been accused (falsely of course) of appropriating Rs. 1,000 not his own. The money could be easily paid, or any times the amount. Col. Toby sahib is willing. Syllie sahib, we don't care about, but Robinson sahib (*Lahoul e Vella*



*Kuath Allah*—save us from him!) won't let the Col. sahib drop the question. He says, that if my beloved relative (whom he calls a thief) stops in the Regiment, the Regiment will not be worth stopping in; and Toby sahib is frightened that through the influence of Robinson sahib, the Sirkar will ask questions, and the whole thing will come out. We are all here, my brothers, save Plucky Sing (whom we can easily combine against to ruin) to discuss this question. We have sworn on our sacred books (*all here salaam to their respective emblems, and Bloodie Persad and Brahmin mutter over the Gunga-water*) not to betray each other. Dear brothers, I want your advice.

*Mahomed Buksh.* What sort of a person is Robinson sahib's cook? (*Murmurs of applause and laughing, especially from Brahmin.*)

*Beiram Khan.* Oh, Holy Prophet! Take care, we don't live under the Native Raj now. (*Brahmin smiles.*) Those Feringhee doctors (may they be cursed!) don't leave even the dead alone, when they die a little suddenly, and a poor man could be hung by their evidence. (*All look frightened—Bloodie Persad and Brahmin get up and look down the street.*)

*Heera Sing.* No cooks for Robinson sahib! He is a brave man; he saved my life once, and he is kind to my little son.

*Beiram Khan.* I wish he would be kind to my beloved relative. (*All laugh.*) Perhaps Heera Sing sahib, he would pay your debts?

*Bunneah, Native shop-keeper.* Yes, 5,000 rupees. When will he pay me my 5,000 rupees?

*Bloodie Persad.* Yes, Heera Sing sahib, you are very fond of the sahiblog, they have treated your relatives so kindly! Why, Robinson sahib's father cut down your father at Chillianwallah—killed your brother, and nearly slew you? You'll have to pay something extra to get married with that ugly cut across your cheek; you must be humble and cringing to stand up for the sahiblog!

*Heera Sing.* Ours is not a cringing race like yours, oily denizen of the vile Poorub (Bengal.) Robinson sahib slew my relatives in fair fight, but he spared the women and children, and that is more than your cringing, crying, blood-thirsty brethren did. I know you well, Bloodie Persad sahib, you're thinking now of foreclosing the mortgage on my ancestral property, now in my family's possession for 400 years; but, *khubardar* (take care!) the English have not yet ceased looking for the Nana of Cawnpore, and his woman-and-child-killing friends.

*Beiram Khan.* Enough of this foolish talk! Pray, think about my beloved relative.

*Enter ROBINSON, suddenly appearing from the side of the house, with his gun in his hand, and his dog following him.—All spring up in haste and confusion and salaam.*

*Bloodie Persad.* What wonderful people the English sahiblog are! Out in the hottest part of the day, shooting and killing birds, while they fly like the wind! Verily the sahibs are a wonderful people!

*Robinson.* I wish Persad sahib, you'd take to sport instead of politics. What are you all up to? Borrowing money for a nautch, I suppose? Bunneah, shew those books. (*Bunneah hands one, with profound salaams, and smiles.*)

*Robinson.* No, not that one, the other. (*Bunneah and native officers shake with fright.*)

*Bunneah. (Aside.)* What shall I do! The debts of all the native officers are in this book, and the sahib reads like a *Sheitan* (devil.)

*Robinson.* Here give me the book, I did'nt come here to spy on you all. (*Snatches the book, throws it in the air, takes right and left shots at it, blows it in pieces.*)

*Robinson.* Here, pick up the pieces, carry them to the Ganges, dear Ganges, or Gungajee, as you call it. (*Puts two caps on his gun.*) Ressaldar Major, have this man

turned out of the Lines at once, (*points at Bunneah*) and if I ever catch you here again, Sir, I'll (*fires a cap,—Bunneah rolls about in fright,—fires another cap, Bunneah flies.*)

*Robinson.* (*Aside.*) It's lucky it's so hot; and I'm in temporary command. Old Toby and Syllie seem always to bolt when it's hot; (*aloud*) where's Plucky Sing? He is the only native officer not here?

*Beiram Khan.* He is asleep, sahib. What a wonderful guess you made, sahib! We were, as you said, sahib, settling about a nautch.

*Robinson.* Yes! of course. What a wonderful shot it was of mine, and how happy you all looked, when the book was blown to pieces!—Why can't you, fellows, tell me when you want money, and get it without exorbitant interest. Heera Sing, I expected better of you. After the last 1,000 Rs. I lent you I thought you were clear?

*Heera Sing.* By the soul of my father! I thought so too; but who ever gets clear of a Bunneah? Govind protect me! (*To Robinson aside and significantly*) Sahib, remember I'm your slave!

*Robinson.* Don't pay him, I'll see about it. (*Walks away whistling; takes out his handkerchief, a key drops on the road; Brahmin picks it up stealthily.*)

*Heera Sing.* There's a sahib, indeed, for you. He fears neither sun nor sword, neither poison (*looks at Mahomed Buksh*) nor pestilence. Wait till he gets the command.

*Mahomed Buksh.* Verily, he is a *jin*, or a devil; He'll catch us all some day, I fear. I'll never be promoted, so long as he is in the Regiment.

(*Native officers rise to go, Brahmin sings.*)

"Holy flowing Gungajee,  
Men and Gods, they live by thee,  
By Brahmin's prayers refreshéd be,  
Holy flowing Gungajee!"

*(Hindoo Native Officers join in chorus.)*

*Chorus.*—By Brahmin's prayers, &c.

"Pray to holy Gungajee,  
Pile up, pile up fee on fee,  
Brahmin's prayers, your thanks shall be,  
Holy, holy, Gungajee."

*(Hindoo Native Officers join in chorus.)*

*Chorus.*—Brahmin's prayers, &c.

*(Native officers throw him coins; he raises his hands in the attitude of blessing.)*

"Beiram Khan, Nawab shall be,  
Maharaj Heera Sing, you 'll see,  
Mahomed Buksh finds treasure's key,  
Holy, holy, Gungajee."

*(All laugh and look at Mahomed Buksh.)*

*Chorus.*—Mahomed Buksh, find treasure's key, Holy, holy, Gungajee.

*[Exit all save Mahomed Buksh, Brahmin,  
and Bloodie Persad.]*

*Mahomed Buksh. (Aside.)* That Brahmin's a prophet! *(Aloud.)* When I've robbed the treasure, what vile infidel shall I accuse?

*Brahmin.* Throw most of the money into Robinson sahib's house, and I will give you this priceless emerald *(shews him a beautiful emerald ring.)*

*Mahomed Buksh.* So I will; the vile infidel!—

*[Exit.]*

*Bloodie Persad.* Oh! holy brother, think you the sahibs will ever believe Robinson sahib took the money?

*Brahmin.* Beloved Bloodie Persad sahib, Robinson sahib is poor, that's one thing; the sahibs dearly love direct evidence, and now they'll get it, *(chuckles)* that's another. I know these sahibs well; if he thinks even, the other sahibs suspect him, he may go mad; at all events, we'll kill him, and they'll all say, he has done it himself. Hark you, his bearer is my sworn disciple, on Gunga's holy-water. Now, do you understand?

*Bloodie Persad.* (*Embracing him.*) Yes! Oh my Brahmin, (*salaams to him and kisses his feet*) truly descended from the gods, who but their descendant could be so clever, as you? I hate the sahiblog myself, and specially Robinson sahib, but what have they done to you, that you hate so much more?

*Brahmin.* (*Chuckling.*) What have they done to me? Nay, rather, what have I done to them? Hate proceeds from injuries done, as well as those received, and we have done a little to them, in our own way, hav'nt we, Persad sahib? (*Makes signs of cutting his throat—beating small children, and kicking objects on the floor.*)

*Bloodie Persad.* Hush! Brahmin, (*looks frightened*) I shall never get promotion, whilst he is alive.

*Brahmin.* And I shall never get—married.

*Bloodie Persad.* Why, Brahmin, you have only just married six wives!

*Brahmin.* Oh! *that* was on account of my high caste; I may have 600 of that sort, for all I know, but I want to marry for my own sake, this time. Have you ever heard of Perbuttee the Cashmeerie? I am to be married to her, and—she has lots of money.

*Bloodie Persad.* I hear in even Cashmere itself none are to be compared to her.

*Brahmin.* They dare not say so, but, I believe, she loves this accursed Robinson sahib.

*Bloodie Persad.* Oh! we'll kill him. Let us go now, and see Col. Toby sahib; he may have come back. I wish all the sahibs were like him and Syllie sahib. We would be happy then!

*Brahmin.* Look! there goes the accursed one!—he and his dog, in this broiling sun!—Gallop, gallop, gallop,—walk, walk, walk, and shoot all day! Why, it would kill us. He gallops and goes about at night too;—some devil possesses him. Where can he be going now?

*Bloodie Persad.* Don't you see the Quarter-Guard?—Look! he is fitting another lock and key on the treasure chet. Poor Mahomed Buksh!

*Brahmin.* Would that my sacred curses could reach him!—I should play upon a drum, made up of his vile skin, and Perbuttee, my wife, dancing to it.

*Bloodie Persad.* Never mind now; let's to Col. Toby sahib, we'll take the key with us, and if he is in a bad humour with Robinson sahib, we'll shew him the key.

[*Exit both.*]

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SCENE II.—*Col. Toby in his Office.*

*Enter CAPTAIN SYLLIE (sycophant and stammerer.)*

*Col. Toby.* How do you do, Syllie? See this button?  
(*Shews him a button.*)

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, Col.

*Col. Toby.* Waterproof.

*Capt. Syllie.* Hooray! Col., Hooray! Just exactly what the regiment wanted,—good idea. Is it sword-proof?

*Col. Toby.* A good idea; indeed, I may say a brilliant one, Syllie. 'Col. Toby's water-and-swordproof button.' I shall be decorated yet for it.

*Capt. Syllie.* Carries a waterproof and swordproof cap—exactly fits regulation barrel.

*Col. Toby.* (*Astonished and solemnly*) Syllie, you are a genius—I shall report favorably—I may say most favorably—upon you, in the very next return.

*Capt. Syllie.* Thank you, Col.

*Col. Toby.* But stop, one question—Fits regulation barrel. Is your button conical?

*Capt. Syllie.* (*Aside.*) It was'nt, but it shall be, a very good idea of yours, Col. (*Aloud.*) Of course it is, of course it is.

*Col. Toby.* Then, Syllie—Capt. Syllie, I should say—far be it from me to report favorably on you. Fancy a regiment of British soldiers, with conical buttons car-

rying a waterproof cap—must report unfavorably—should lose my command if I didn't—serve me right too.—Why, sir, 'round as a button' is a world-wide phrase.

*Capt. Syllie.* Please don't, Col. I assure you my original button was round.

*Col. Toby.* Capt. Syllie, the subject has become a painful one, Sir, let us turn it. I see you have just come from the Lines.

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, Col.

*Col. Toby.* Did you see my important, I should say, my most important memo. carried out?

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, Col., a really good and ingenious idea of yours. "All rearing horses—forelegs firmly picketed down, hind ones free. Kicking horses—hind legs firmly picketed down, forelegs free."

*Col. Toby.* My exact wording, Syllie, you are improving as an officer. I shall have to report favourably upon you.

*Capt. Syllie.* (*Bowing.*) I remarked, Sir, in Capt. Robinson's troop——

*Col. Toby.* The deuce! Eh! what? some hitch there I bet.

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes sir, a very great hitch indeed, sir,—both fore and hind legs of some of his horses hitched so firmly—they tumbled on their sides trying to reach their grass.

*Col. Toby.* What excuse can he have for this disgraceful conduct?

*Capt. Syllie.* He said, sir, he didn't know what to do; some of his horses, both reared and kicked so, and he had no time to come to you—He was going to light a fire, under the obstinate brutes who were down, and he was busy himself propping up the others. He said he could get no help—half his troop were under arrest for laughing at him.

*Col. Toby.* Good gracious! Syllie, I mean Capt. Syllie, this ought to have been reported by you before. Run and tell him to release both horses and men at

once. Tell the Adjutant to at once cancel my important, I should say my most important, memo. What pig-headed brutes horses are!

[*Capt. Syllie begins to walk away.*]

*Col. Toby.* Never mind going, Syllie, I'll send an orderly. (*Writes.*) Here, orderly, take this note to Capt. Robinson.

*Col. Toby (Walks to window and looks out.)* Oh! here comes Ressaldar Bloodie Persad, and that Brahmin. Look! Syllie, there's a picture of a high caste Native officer for you. How exquisitely clean his dress! how perfectly respectful his manner! what influence he has in the Regiment! You never get men like that now-a-days, Syllie?

*Capt. Syllie.* No, Col., never.

*Col. Toby.* And that Brahmin with him, what an intellectual and solemn face! I do really like high caste men—born soldiers.

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, born soldiers—really high caste men.

*Col. Toby.* Syllie, you are improving. I shall report favorably, I may say most favorably, of you, in the very next return. But never let me hear you allude to your conical button again.

*Capt. Syllie.* No, Col., never!

*Col. Toby.* Why, man, it is a disfiguration of terms; round and button are almost anonymous.

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, Col., perfectly anonymous.

*Col. Toby (Looking out of window.)* There goes Mrs. Toby, in her pony phaeton! Look! Syllie, doesn't she look well? Ain't she nice?

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, ain't she nice?

*Col. Toby.* I don't wonder, I love her.

*Capt. Syllie.* No wonder, I don't love her.

*Col. Toby.* Syllie! Capt. Syllie! Syllie!

*Capt. Syllie.* No, really, Col., I didn't mean to report unfavorably on Mrs. Toby; she is old enough to be my mother. (*Aside*) Oh! my—



*Col. Toby.* Syllie, Capt. Syllie, you shall appear unfavorably, in the same category as Capt. Robinson, in the very next return. "Conical buttons"—"report unfavorably on Mrs. Toby!"—What next? Perhaps, you would like to report upon me, Sir? Let us turn the subject. (*Walks away.*)

*Capt. Syllie.* Oh! Col., any category but Robinson's.

*Enter BLOODIE PERSAD and BRAHMIN.*

*Col. Toby.* Salaam, Ressaldar, salaam Brahmin! Sit down. (*Brahmin whispers to Bloodie Persad who laughs.*)

*Col. Toby.* What's he saying, Ressaldar sahib?

*Bloodie Persad.* He says, sahib, he has seen a great many gentlemen, but none to compare to you in elegance of form, beauty of feature, or breadth of mind.

*Col. Toby (Laughing.)* Where does he come from?

*Bloodie Persad.* From the holy city of Benares, on the Gunga, where he is considered the cleverest, and most saintly man of his time, sahib.

*Brahmin.* Oh! sahib, wherever I go, I am overcome with the greatness and order of the British Sirkar. No wonder with such officers as yourself, and this sahib (*points to Syllie*), and such régiments as yours, and high caste native officers like my host (*points at Bloodie Persad*), the British Government fight and thrive.

*Bloodie Persad.* He saved a great many lives in the Mutiny without a reward, sahib, but being a saint, he cares not for money.

*Col. Toby.* How disgraceful of the British Government not to reward him! Just like them! Look at myself?

*Brahmin.* Your Exalted Excellency, my caste of holy Brahmins care not for the rewards of this life; we neither eat flesh, nor drink wine, but in holy contemplation we spend our days and nights, hoping that through fasting and good deeds, we may be united to the God-head whence sprung the sacred race of Brahmins. (*Whispers to Bloodie Persad, who smiles.*)

*Col. Toby.* What is he saying, Ressaldar sahib?

*Bloodie Persad.* He wishes, honored sahib, you would allow him to give you his blessing.

*Col. Toby (Laughing.)* Now Syllie, I'll bet any money, we will win prizes in the lotteries. He shall bless us, and we shall win; it's seldom a man of his very high caste blesses any body.

*Capt. Syllie.* A good idea!—he shall bless us, and we shall win.

*Col. Toby.* Yes, Persad sahib, the good man may bless us.

*Brahmin (mutter's curse.)* पतरे घोरे नरके तूर्णम्।

*Pata rè ghòrè Narakè tûrnam.*

(Requests *Col. Toby* and *Capt. Syllie*, by signs, to sit on the floor, and take off their boots.)

*Col. Toby.* Syllie, this is overawing and mysterious—there's a sort of creeping, creeping over me!

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, creeping, creeping over me.

*Brahmin (makes signs to be silent, sways them gently knocking their heads, and saying)*

मातर्जाङ्गवि शैलराजतनये यद्यस्म्यहं ब्राह्मणः

पावित्र्यं यदि ते पुराणकथितमद्याप्यहो वर्तते ।

वज्राघात-विदारितः स हि पतत्वाकम्पयन् मेदिनीम्

भस्मीभूत-समस्तगृध्रवसतिलङ्घ्रीयदृष्टद्रुमः ॥

*Col. Toby.* Amen.

*Capt. Syllie.* Amen.

(As they rise, *Robinson* is heard coming in, the *Col.* and *Syllie* make a rush for their boots.)

*Enter ROBINSON.*

*Robinson.* Haloo! what a fearful amount of cursing?  
(*Aside*) What does that oily, odious brute of a Brahmin do here!

*Col. Toby.* Cursing indeed! *Capt. Robinson*, how do you know it wasn't a blessing?

*Robinson.* Because I happen to know a little Sanscrit, Col. This delightful gentleman (*points to Brahmin*) has been repeating one of the heaviest curses in that very expressive language. Here is a pretty correct translation :—

“Curséd be his curséd tree,  
Rot root and branch, by Gungajee !  
A Holy Brahmin curses thee,  
Then curs’d, and damn’d and rotted be !”

This delightful poem appeals to the vanity of the goddess of the sacred stream (the Ganges)—conjures her by the genuine Brahminhood of the invoker—to send the thunderbolt of destruction on the entire English people—the great Anglo-Saxon tree. Would you have the original ? This is exactly what that man (*points to Brahmin*) was saying :—(*Repeats Sanscrit curse.*)

*Matar Jahnavi Saila, ajatanaye yadyasmyah Brahmanah  
Pantiyam yadi te Puranakathitam adyapyah varttate  
Vajraghata-vdantah sa hi patatwakampayan medinim  
Bhasmbhuta-samastograhra-vasatir Landiya-dushta-drumah.*

*Brahmin.* I was alluding to the Sahib’s enemies.

*Col. Toby.* Of course he was.

*Capt. Syllie.* Of course he was.

*Robinson.* Of course he was.

[*Brahmin and Bloodie Persad exit slyly.*]

*Robinson.* Good bye, Col. I have released the horses and men ; some of the horses, I am afraid, will have to be shot on account of broken limbs ; some of the men are very ill,—the doctor says *dying*.

*Col. Toby.* Well, Capt. Robinson, I can understand about the pig-headed brutes of horses, and am extremely sorry ; in fact I have cancelled my important, I should say my most important, memo., but I can’t help the men.

*Robinson.* The doctor says too, Sir, he can’t help them. Hysterical convulsions from laughing—it’s a most awful sight, Sir, to see them dying and laughing, Good bye, Col. [Exit.]

*Col. Toby.* I shall lose my command if these men die, and who *then* is to report favourably on you, Syllie?

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, who's to report unfavourably on me?

*Col. Toby.* It's quite close, let us go over, Syllie. (*Yells are heard.*) Hear that yell? Truly awful! isn't it?

*Capt. Syllie (Frightened.)* Yes, truly awful!

[*Exit both.*]

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SCENE III.—*Hospital of the Regiment.*

*Doctor—Native Doctors—10 Native Troopers—one being chloroformed—others roaring, screaming, and kicking like horses—one man tumbles on his side, pretending to be tied, and screaming like a horse—while others point at him and laugh.*

*Enter COL. TOBY and CAPT. SYLLIE.*

*Doctor.* I can't make the men out, Col., they must have got hold of some laughing gas.

*Col. Toby.* No! they have seen some pig-headed brutes of horses in the Lines.

*Doctor.* Oh! I see we must chloroform them all at once. Here, Col., take this cap, fit it on a man's nose. Here, Capt. Syllie, (*gives him a cap.*)

(*Native doctors, orderlies, all stand ready in line with chloroform caps.*)

*Col. Toby.* Which is the senior patient? As Commandant I am entitled to cap him.

*Doctor.* That's him, Col.—the biggest screamer of the whole.

*Capt. Syllie.* Which is the next senior?

*Doctor (pointing at a big man.)* That chap, but you can't tackle him, Syllie; go down to the bottom (*puts him at end of line.*)

*Doctor.* Are you ready? then charge. (*They fit the caps and the men fall senseless.*) We must have them in separate rooms. I have only one here.

*Col. Toby.* I have five.

*Capt. Syllie.* I have four.

*Doctor.* All right. I'll have them carried to your house, Sir, and Capt. Syllie's; and mind, Col., no horses to be allowed within screaming distance—and, Col., will you excuse me telling you something?

*Col. Toby.* Certainly not, Sir, if it is in the interests of my men.

*Doctor.* You must'nt blow y'r nose too loud—it has a horsey sound.

[*Col. Toby and Capt. Syllie begin to walk away.*]

*Col. Toby.* I feel as if I had regained my command, Syllie, Capt. Syllie I should say. Mind, you don't blow your nose either, or by Jove, I'll try you by Court Martial, Sir, and—report unfavourably of you, Sir.

*Capt. Syllie.* Thank you, Col.

[*Exit both.*]

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SCENE IV.—*Bloodie Persad's House.*

*Large Pictures of dancing Girls and hideous Hindoo Gods,—BRAHMIN and BLOODIE PERSAD talking.*

*Bloodie Persad.* Brahmin, they say you knew the Nana?—Is it true that Robinson Sahib's wife and child were killed before his eyes by the Nana, but that she first fired a pistol at him, and wounded him?

*Brahmin.* It may be in some such way, Persad Sahib, that the Nana has deserved the accursed Sahib's everlasting gratitude.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* Is'nt it pleasant, Persad Sahib, to think we have kicked them (*pretends to kick*) and killed them once? We must be brave!

*Bloodie Persad.* But they were so little!

*Brahmin.* But they were so white!

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* No! it was very brave; we must be brave, or how could we and our fathers look on at Suttee?

*Bloodie Persad.* Truly yes!

*Brahmin.* Look at me, my two little sisters were burnt in Suttee, yet did I not shed a single tear. (*Laughs and puts out his tongue.*)

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Bloodie Persad.* But Suttee is not allowed?

*Brahmin.* Oh! we lived in the Independent States.

*Bloodie Persad.* Did'nt you pity your sisters, Brahmin? What did you say?

*Brahmin.* I said, there goes two shares of the family property.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Bloodie Persad.* And those accursed sahibs call us cruel.

*Brahmin.* Cruel! Why, it might be cruel to tease the sacred cow of Somnath, and it would be most cruel and blasphemous to kill a sainted Brahmin (*both shudder*)—but not to kill nasty, beef-eating Feringhee children and their mammas, Persad sahib.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* What a fuss they make about their women! Why, my young mother was burnt with my old father, though, like a coward, she wanted me to save her.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Bloodie Persad.* But surely, Brahmin, thy mother—thou saidst a word of comfort to her?

*Brahmin.* I said, there goes the remaining share of the family property!

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* Oh! those were the days for fun, Persad Sahib. It was'nt the burning only that was exciting; it was getting round the women; how they sometimes did plead for their miserable lives; but we Brahmins are too brave and stern to listen, and what good are widows and women—when they get a little old?

*Bloodie Persad.* Yes, they ought to die of their own accord, then.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Bloodie Persad.* Look at my mother, Brahmin, so old and feeble, her trembling fingers scatter the food—the food I have to provide, Brahmin—ere it reaches her toothless gums. I wish she lived in an “Independent State.”

*Brahmin.* Bloodie Persad Sahib, you are a poet and a wit, but Persad Sahib, my two little sisters were no fun—married in their cradles, wee, wee things—to old, old men—that’s the way, Persad Sahib, to keep property in the family. (*Laughs.*) When they were respectively 8 and 9 years old, their dear, good, old, obliging husbands were kind enough to die on the same day.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* How proud the little things were when we told them, their old husbands would instantly spring to life, when embraced by them on the funeral pyre! How bravely they walked to their death, hand-in-hand and smiling, while all around congratulated me on having such brave little Brahminee sisters! I was young then, Persad Sahib, but shall I ever forget how proud and brave I felt, how eagerly the little things stooped to embrace the gaunt, still, and staring old husbands,—like this, you know—(*mimics death.*)

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* Then was *my* turn. As nearest male relative, I lit the well-and-self-laid funeral pyre. A bright flash—and then, how astonished looked the two shares of the family property!

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* And that was the only fun, Persad Sahib, in the whole thing.

*Bloodie Persad.* Poor little things!

*Brahmin.* What! you really a Brahmin? How dare you! I’ll denounce you to the British.

*Bloodie Persad* (*Aside.*) I wonder, does he suspect my caste? (*Aloud.*) I meant—infernal little things, Brahmin.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* Phoo! sisters!—what are sisters? And such small ones! You ought to have seen my mother die, Persad Sahib. *She* knew my old father would never come back to life. She thought, although she was a widow, she was too young and too beautiful to die, Persad Sahib.

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* At the last moment, she almost brought disgrace on our noble name. “Son!” she said, (*mimics her*) her lovely young arms thus raised aloft, Persad Sahib, woman-like pleading, “Son!” she said, “The mother that bore thee, nourished thee and cherished thee, cries aloud to thee for help!”—(*mimics her.*)

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* “Thy father was old, and I am young. Why should I die?—and *such* a death! The very young to be mated with the old and feeble, it is but a living death, but such have I survived—”

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* “My beloved children, thy little sisters, torn from my reluctant, pleading, bleeding arms, to be tortured to death!—that too have I seen, and lived. Son, let me live; a word from thee to the raging priest-ridden crowd without.....”

*Both.* “Priest-ridden,” ha! ha! ha!

*Brahmin.* “And I am free to serve and slave for thee, as heretofore. Oh! my son, mine only son!” (*Now in his natural voice.*) Oh! Persad Sahib, the spirit of our Gods must have possessed me to save, from disgrace and contempt, our sacred race and creed. I sprang at her, boy as I was, and with this sacred Brahmin’s cord (*shows how*) so strangled her, that half insensible she walked, and was dragged to the funeral pyre, when the crowd saw how young and beautiful, how devoted she was, Persad Sahib.



*Both.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Brahmin.* How they cheered, how the drums beat, how they congratulated me, and kissed and pressed my sacred feet, how proud I was, how brave I felt ! Ah ! we must be brave to look calmly on at all these things.

*Both.* Yes, we and our fathers are a brave and stern people.

*Brahmin.* The cheers aroused her ; she cursed me, Persad Sahib. A feeble woman curses a sainted Brahmin !

*Both.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Brahmin.* The crowd thought she was giving me her last blessing !

*Both.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Brahmin.* The poor, feeble woman said,—*I should die a thousand deaths, writhing as the scotched snake, my fangs undrawn, in abject fear, venomous but helpless—I, of the sacred seed of Brahma !*

*Both.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Brahmin.* These, our sacred rights, the British have stopped,—with what results they have lately found out. Our pent up passions, bursting, over-whelmed their women and their little ones, and well-nigh their cursed selves.

*Both.* Wellnigh their cursed selves, ha ! ha ! ha !

*Brahmin.* Better luck, next time, Persad Sahib ! If you fools of Pandies had obeyed your Brahmin Pundits, and only waited till we gained over the Deccan (Southern) army, where would the English be now ? I say—fighting their way up, gradually, and very slowly, from Cape Comorin to Peshawar, while we could be burning the old women and hugging the young ones, Persad Sahib, too frightened of Suttee to poison us.

*Both.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Bloodie Persad.* But what about Robinson Sahib ?

*Brahmin.* His bearer put a cobra I gave him, in his bed, the other night ; now, it follows him about and hisses at every native it sees, and the bearer can't get into his room at night to kill him.

*Bloodie Persad.* Oh! he is a devil! but we mus'nt talk so long, Brahmin! Bless me, my sacred friend, and let us part.

*Brahmin* (blesses him in Sanscrit.)

शरीरं धनं सन्ततिर्लोक-रक्षा ।  
गिरीश प्रसादादभीष्टं भवन्तु ॥

*Sarīram dhanam santatirloka-rakshā  
Gīrīsa-prasādād abhīṣṭam bhavantu.*

(*As they separate, slow and solemn music approaching.*)

*Brahmin.* Hush, Persad sahib, hush! My little sisters and young mother always appear with this sound, and we shall have all the fun of Sutte without the fear of the paternal British Government. (*Looks frightened.*)

*Bloodie Persad.* Brahmin, dost thou fear aught?

*Brahmin.* Fear! Who can harm or doom the holy Brahmin? Doom! Not the Gods themselves. He is as one of them, descended from them, but, Persad sahib, at times the thunder appalls me, but it ne'er rolleth aloud with this vision; mayhap the mighty Brahmin Sutte drums appalleth even it. (*Laughs and puts out his tongue.*)

*Both.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Bloodie Persad.* Men we hate, women we despise; let them come.

*Both.* Ha ha ha!

*Brahmin.* But, Persad sahib, my mother looks so fierce, and my sisters never smile! Methought, once they could do naught but smile. Let them come, we'll laugh.

(*Music louder and vision appears:—viz. two funeral pyres on one of which are the two little sisters and their dead husbands, on the other the Brahmin's mother and her dead husband.*)

*Bloodie Persad.* I feel glad though, I didn't kill my mother.

*Old mother of BLOODIE PERSAD appears.*

*Brahmin.* You wished to, and the Padre sahibs say, that is just as bad; your mother is dead, or she wouldn't be here.

(*It thunders. Both look frightened. Old mother lifts her trembling hand to her mouth, scattering rice, and with the other arm significantly points at her son. Thunder louder. Two hideous Goddesses of Destruction appear behind the women on the pyres. Both Brahmin and Bloodie Persad trembling.*)

*Brahmin.* Some awful doom awaits us. We'll ask the women to forgive us. (*Both kneel trembling.*)

*Women in vision.* Never! grasping and cruel cowards! God defends the weak and helpless.

*Goddesses of Destruction.* We're sent to avenge the weak and helpless; your doom is fixed; depart!

[*Brahmin and Bloodie Persad separate trembling.*

[*Curtain Falls.*

## ACT. II.

SCENE I.—*Capt. Robinson seen in his own quarters.*

*Robinson.* Those shivers again! (*Shivers.*) Oh! how horrible! Methought till late, to be miserable was to be somewhat pensive and sad. Oh vain delusion! My fierce and brooding thoughts breed within me a burning, hellishly hating, palsy, which I feel can never be quenched, or yet allayed, till just revenge or long-wished-for death be my deliverer. Death! When shall I die? At times the dread thought overwhelms me, that, mayhap, death itself shall hardly release me from this one dread, intangible, unrendable, unslayable, spectre form—so deeply, so enduringly scorched into

my shuddering brain. (*Shudders.*) What happy visions at times are mine! Behold the fair, loving, and joyful young wife! The light summer breezes fondly stir the flashing golden hair, while sunny smiles o'erspread the dimpling cheeks of laughing, merry babe and mother. I rejoice me greatly, as man was made to rejoice, but ever and anon, there creeps athwart their hallowed faces, a vile, snaky, sinewy, clawlike hand, o'ershadowing the dear forms, and baffling my impotent rage. I could tear the unheeding air, yea, even mine own flesh; but blessed be my all-saving God! in whom is my trust. (*Cows reverently*) A whisper of peace for a moment rejoices my troubled soul, till quivering frame and stern resolve regain the mastery. In heaven above shall not the Almighty glance wither that accursed arm? Yea, verily such is my certain hope. But strife and struggle must ere be soothed by peaceful rest and balmy sleep. Sleep! by that name shall I call the momentary ever-awakening dulness that briefly yet fitfully seizes my burning aching eyes and weary limbs? Oh! day of death, sweet day of rest! painfully and oft have I sought thee! In the re-echoing whirl of the fiercest battle—in the dread den of the man-slaying tiger and whelpless bear—in the fierce noon-tide heats and blazing brightness of the Indian sun—oft have I eagerly inhaled the pestilential breath of my dear and dying comrades, if peradventure, with them too I might be played to the happy, happy, grave. Death have I sought in all and every thing, save self-destruction so hateful to God and my beloved. Shall I herd me with the wine-bibber and the fool, the dram-taker and the sot, to find a brief forgetfulness, in jeer and leer, and drunken lethargy? God forbid! Shall I find oblivion, in the would-be wooing but perjured smiles of painted, would-be fair, but yet polluted women, whose harlot eyes and ceaseless smirk, (more terrible far than the grin of death) now in vain allure me to their ever accursed sides? Good God forbid! Manly and gentle, pure and happy voices, ringing

with the once familiar happiness of my own and my beloved's whisper unto me,—‘Mate again’—‘Marry again!’ The thought, it shuddereth me. (*Shudders.*) Shall even the one only, blessed, and ever sustaining hope left me—that our souls are one as were our bodies,—be denied unto me? Could I see the fair, loving and ever-trusting face of my loved one, clouded with pain and sorrow, caused by me! But, look you! the vile and snaky arm o’erclouds the fair vision. ‘Fiend, touch her not! Devil spare him, spare him! I tell you, he is my son, my only little son. Orderlies! Britishers! Where are you? Brown, my good lad; Duncan McDuff, mon; Blake yer sowl you—Phoo!’ (*Recovers himself and splashes water over his face.*) I dream too much (*trembling.*) Hero! Hero, old dog! (*A big dog rushes in, he pats it, his trembling ceases, and he gives a sigh of relief.*) Thero now, I am all right. You’re only a dog, but how much to me! but die—and a worse than death befalls me. How oft hath fairer hands than mine patted thee, old dog! Come along, it’s hot, but we’ll wander and shoot, and try to forget. (*Sighs.*)

[*Exit.*]

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SCENE II.—*The Valley of Cashmere.*

*Snowy mountains—Palaces, and gardens of Chenar, and European fruit trees in blossom (with mangoes, plantain, and pomegranate as well) on the banks of the Jhelum—Boats on the river, and Mrs. Mary Robinson, and child (boy of four or five years) and khitmatgar Nubbee Bux, playing apart.*

*Mrs. Robinson.* Oh! lovely vale of Cashmere! Oft have thy praises been sounded in my willing ears by companions and friends, who have seen thee, and by poets that have dreamed of thee. Now, I know, my companions were museless, and the poets but dreamed. Behold! the reality now beams upon me. Ah! would that I had a poet’s tongue to sing thy yet unsung

praises. Many a sweet little valley have I seen in mine own beloved land nestling among the sullen and cold snow-clad mountains. But hath ere so large, so bright, so rare a gem been set amid such towering hills, whose glittering tops are e'er bathed in the tempered warmth of an ever shining sun? Behold! how harmless beasts and beautiful singing birds delight to congregate in thy celestial grass-grown glades, while the big, bright, and glittering fish haunt thy broad and gently-murmuring, perennial and pelucid streams, o'er-grown by the beautiful-spreading and lofty Chenar tree, and the choicest fruit trees of Europe and Asia—the peach, and the pomegranate, the apricot and the plum, vying in beauty of fruit and blossom, with the mangoe and the plantain tree. Behold! the bright Jhelum. See how broad yet silently it rolls its cool, snowy waters past the ancient palaces, pleasure-gardens, and rest-houses of the great kings and queens of the East. Behold! the stately pile raised by Jehangeer (the world-grasper,) as a loving gift to Noor Mehal (the bright illuminer of Palaces,) whose unwearying, womanly love, mindful both of soul and body, rears in return the priceless pearl mosque set among the hanging gardens and snowy hills of Shalimar! Ah sweet land! in what measured cadence but illimitable harmony rise and fall the singing, sighing psalm-like winds among the Chenars—first a soft quiver, of the bright, broad, beautiful leaves, so gently sighing—now louder, and now louder swells the harmony, as it were the hush'd roar of the ocean, intermingled with the soaring and descending song of the lark! Oh, sweet, Oh, sweetest vale of the wide world! How beautiful, yet how burdensome is thy beauty to me! Wearily I gaze at thy all-surrounding snow and sun-topped mountains—sadly falls and swells the harmony of thy sighing, singing leaves. Oh! Jhelum, bright Jhelum, would that I could be borne on thy bright and sparkling waters, amid thy verdure-clad banks, past the terrac'd fountain gardens, and lofty palaces of byegone but deathless Emperors and their Queens, till thy cool,

silent, and glittering waters, traversing this sweet vale with gradual but sure, and relentless descent, gathering daily foul streams of mud, pours into the ousy, slimy, loathsome mud, and spreading sands of low-lying, hateful (*shudders*) Hindoostan. Alas! that I should be constrained and forced to roam up and down this glory of the whole earth, while he,—soul of my soul, to whom these surrounding beauties are as nought, far away, (alas! how far) in that low and loathsome land,—raises high his avenging arm, in the whirl of battle, or alas! it may be, bows his glorious head in death (*sobbing*.)

*Enter one of the Rajah's servants.*

*Mrs. Robinson.* Nubbee Bux?

*Nubbee Bux.* Yes, mem sahib.

*Mrs. Robinson.* Ask him, if he cannot now even let us go back to India? (*Nubbee Bux speaks to servant.*)

*Nubbee Bux.* He says, mem sahib, not yet, the British are too excited, they would kill them all, although they have been so kind to you; but keep quiet, mem sahib, I have arranged a plan of escape.

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE III.—*Col. Toby in his Office.*

*Enter MRS. TOBY.*

*Mrs. Toby.* Well, Col. Toby, perhaps you will say, you did not know we were going on leave this year? Perhaps you will say, "I didn't tell you?" Then I say, Col. Toby, you are a liar.

*Col. Toby.* Hush, dear, hush; the men will hear you.

*Mrs. Toby.* Bosh, dear, Bosh! I don't care if they do. I want to know what men of the Regt. have you told off for me? I am not going to pay for coolies and carriage, when I can get Government servants and horses for nothing; or what's the use of being a Colonel's wife, I

should like to know? Well, how many troopers and palanquin bearers and camel troopers have you told off?

*Col. Toby.* You'll be the ruin of me and yourself. As it is, the number of Government servants we have with us on leave is talked about. That infernal young Smith asked me last time, if the whole of my Regiment came to the Hills every year?

*Mrs. Toby.* Impudent, young jackanapes, as if he won't do the same when he is a Colonel?

*Col. Toby (aside.)* I must overawe her. Women are always taken with grand names. (*Aloud.*) Hum, hum, perhaps madam you would like Rcssaldar Beiram Khan Bahadur, (Sirdar Bahadur,) Rcssaldar Major of the Regiment, told off for your special benefit? (*Aside.*) That's a stumper.

*Mrs. Toby.* Nasty, fat, lazy brute, let the Government keep him, let us have Bloodie Persad?

*Col. Toby.* But his furlough is due?

*Mrs. Toby.* Never mind, I'll promise him the next promotion and he will come fast enough.

*Col. Toby.* Perhaps, madam, you'd like a European officer also told off? (*Aside.*) Got her there.

*Mrs. Toby.* I've got you, and you are always in the way. Well, I can't wait, mind all the troopers that come, all their horses must carry a lady. As I and my friends will ride occasionally, and as the shoes are always falling off, you had better take a farrier, if not two; as there will be a good many men, take a couple of non-commissioned officers, and mind and take the Quarter Master's cat for the palanquin bearers—the lazy brutes. Of course, you'll walk all the marches, and you can touch them up occasionally. (*Telegram arrives.*)

*Col. Toby.* Oh! here is news indeed!

*Mrs. Toby.* What is it?

*Col. Toby.* It's official, and I am sorry to say, it's also confidential, madam.

*Mrs. Toby.* Bosh, what's the use of being a Col.'s wife? (*Snatches it and reads.*) "The Hullabullooos have descended into the plains. Attack at once."



*Col. Toby (absently.)* Let us see now, the first thing is the corn supply for the horses. A seer is 2 lbs.—112 lbs.—one quarter, fore quarter, one what you may call it——

*Mrs. Toby.* Col. Toby, I am here.

*Col. Toby.* Fore-quarter one, one what—— must get Jones to do it; he is a fool, but like all these fools he's good at figures. Let us see, fore quarter?

*Mrs. Toby.* How dare you look at me, Sir, so, and say fore quarter. I'll take your sword down, and I'll kill you *(goes for sword.)*

*Col. Toby (absently.)* Two hind quarters,—one fore quarter—maxims of war—the effect of moral force is to what you may call it as 1000 to 1—Napoleon Bonaparte.

*Mrs. Toby.* Col. Toby, you see I am not a woman to be trifled with, I am going to kill you.

*Col. Toby.* Bosh, fire away woman. *(Absently.)* Let us see, two hind quarters—one fore quarter—maxims of war,—when the action is front——

*Mrs. Toby (aside.)* Who would have thought he was so brave? I begin to respect him. *(Aloud.)* Col. Toby, I love you. *(Aside.)* What's his Christian name? His initials are J. T. John of course. *(Aloud.)* John—I mean Jack, Jacky dear, I love you. *(Falls upon his neck.)*

*Col. Toby.* Mrs. Toby, my dear. *(Aside.)* What's her Christian name? Surely I could'nt have called her Mrs. Toby when I proposed for her? *(Aloud.)* Darling Mrs. Toby, what's your Christian name?

*Mrs. Toby.* Jane, darling, Jacky dear.

*Col. Toby.* Well then Jane, Jinny dear, I love you, but we must prepare for action. Napoleon says moral force is to what you may call it as 1000 to 1. Mrs. Toby, I must insist upon your leaving the room at once.

*Mrs. Toby.* One kiss more, darling. *(Weeping)* Just as I begin to love you, you're going to fight, perhaps to die for your country. Good bye, darling.

*[Exit, leaving the door open.]*

*Col. Toby.* Mrs. Toby; God forgive me, and I going into action. Jinny, my dear Jinny.

*Mrs. Toby.* Yes, sweet Pet?

*Col. Toby (aside.)* Now for moral force. (*Aloud.*) Always shut the door after you, madam, I mean Jinny, or I'll confine you to your room.

*Mrs. Toby.* The brave darling, I feel as if I could let him kill me. Bless him! (*Shuts the door.*)

*Col. Toby.* Now for the enemy. Orderly, call Capt. Syllie. Napoleon is right about moral force. Look, how it turned, I may say completely over-turned, Mrs. Toby's previous habits! How shall I try it on the enemy? Ichabod—no it isn't Ichabod—I mean Eureka, I have it! No, that won't do. Let us see, it must be moral, and it must be effective. Ichabod, Ichabod, I have it! (*Loudly*) Eyes centre, draw swords. Whisht! (*pretends to draw sword.*) Here he is. Now, I'll try it on Syllie, as he comes in; I'll let him turn the handle. Now for it—Eyes centre, draw swords. (*Loudly and drawing sword as before.*)

*SYLLIE entering looks astonished.*

*Col. Toby.* I have news for you, Syllie. We are going into action.

*Capt. Syllie (in agony.)* I declare it gives me quite a turn.

*Col. Toby.* So it did Mrs. Toby, but in a very different way. I believe women are pluckier than men in their own way. Look here, Syllie, the effect of moral force is to what you may call it as 1000 to 1. I have pitched upon a plan as lucky as it is ingenious, the morality of which is indisputable, and the effect of which will be indubitable. Let the men only centre their swords, and draw their eyes, as we shall presently teach 'em, and the day will be ours as usual.

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, as usual, the day will be ours.

*Col. Toby.* I have sent for the men and the smartest native officers in the Regiment. Oh! here they are. Fall in. The first thing is to make the men thoroughly-

understand the why and the wherefore. Translate to them, Capt. Syllie, the great Napoleon's great maxim,—the winner of all his battles—'moral effect is to what you may call it as 1000 to 1.'

*Capt. Syllie.* (*Translates*) \* \* \*

*Col. Toby.* Syllie, Capt. Syllie!

*Capt. Syllie.* No, Colonel, I did'nt mean that.

*Col. Toby.* I don't know what you meant; do you know what you said, Sir?

*Capt. Syllie.* No, Colonel.

*Col. Toby.* You said, Sir, 1000 evil morals corrupt one good communication. Let me translate it for you, Sir, and the men too. Non-commissioned officers and Soors, *jiad* (as) *ek hussár* (1000) *hai* (is to) *ek* (one) *visá* (so) *hai* (is)—hum, ha \* \* \* \* (*he stammers*) \* \* \* moral force—*ko to* \* \* \* hum, hum, \* \* what you may call it \* \* hum \* \* what you may call it. There, Capt. Syllie, that's how when we were young men and interpreters, we interpreted, but now the service is going to the dogs.

*Col. Toby.* Now, all together. Eyes centre, draw swords. (*Bloodie Persad longer than the others in drawing.*)

*Col. Toby (angrily.)* Bloodie Persad! Return swords. Once again, eyes centre, draw swords. Good. Again. Haloo! What's that? (*Goes towards trooper.*) Surely that can't be my water-and-sword-proof button, for which I expect to be decorated? This is all right—'Victoria Regina.' But, this one (*looks at another button*) the deuce! 'Nicol and Co's.'

*Capt. Syllie.* The deuce! old Nick and Co's.

*Col. Toby.* There you go, Syllie, turning every thing topsy turvy. Now, there's Mrs. Toby, I said 'no wonder I love her,' you said, 'no wonder I dont love her.' I say, 'Nicol and Co's.,' you immediately say 'old Nick and Co's'—always topsy turvy. No wonder I find the greatest difficulty in reporting upon you. Now soors, (*to his men*) eyes centre, draw swords. Good. Now, Syllie, march, then off and teach the whole

Regiment as this squadron has been taught, and as the French so beautifully express it, *our fate is accomplished*. Good-bye. I have to prepare for action, and take leave of Mrs. Toby *alias* my darling Jinny.

[*Exit all.*

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SCENE IV.—*Capt. Robinson walking in a grove near the Lines—Perbuttee, a beautiful Cashmeerie, appears before him.*

*Perbuttee.* Sahib, thou savedst me once, have pity upon me now.

*Robinson.* This is the woman whose face I have not seen, though I scared that horrible Brahmin away from her. The uglier she is, of course the closer she is veiled, as usual.

*Perbuttee (unveiling.)* Unveiled I stand before thee. Unasked I kneel at thy feet—I, the pride of Cashmere. Sahib, speak to me.

*Robinson (aside.)* What a lovely face! (*Aloud.*) What can I do for you?

*Perbuttee.* Sahib, they say that thou art poor, and I am rich. They say, a great grief consumes thee, (would that I could console thee!) that day and night a lonely wanderer, thou hauntest the fever-stricken swamps of the tiger and buffalo, that neither the noon-tide heat nor the deadly fog of the chilly night appalls thee, nor din of battle nor roar of savage beast thou fearest. Sahib, fearest thou not the Brahmin and his spells?

*Robinson.* Do I fear the venomous snake? Much less the greasy, butter-eating Brahmin?

*Perbuttee.* Sahib, then, indeed, thou art fearless. I have heard, Sahib, that thou art learned, knowest thou the beautiful Persian poet Jámi, and how sings the love-lorn Lynbika?

"Dire and deep is my distress,  
 I'll hie me to the wilderness,  
 Or, where-e'er sweet rest may be,  
 Alas ! no peace, no rest for me !  
 The desert dry is soaked with tears,  
 Oh, can it be the rains of years !  
 Alas ! alas ! it is but I  
 Whose falling tears the skies outvie !"

Such, Sahib, have I been from the day I first saw thy face. Thou art poor, and I am rich ; thou livest in a land whose rivers run mud, and whose wells are poison ; whose hot summer breezes are as the winds of hell, whose autumn blasts are heavily laden with the fever and the pestilence. Betake thee to mine own land, the sweet vale of Cashmere, my gold shall be less precious to me than the dust of thy dear feet ; my priceless jewels and gems shall reward one word from thy lips. Sahib, I am thy slave, let me be near thee.

*Robinson.* Woman, I grieve for thee ; thou lovest me, but as I love her, for whose dear sake nor death hath dread, nor life hath joy. . . . .

*Perbuttee.* Then, indeed, am I desolate and alone ! Sahib, unseen have I watched thee, and hungered and thirsted after thy presence. Would, that I might be beloved, even by thy beloved. Sahib, gaze into my eyes but once, and tell me thou hatest me not. (*Kneels looking up at him.*)

*Robinson (looking into her eyes.)* Woman, thou art most beautiful and good. Would that thou wert happy. (*Steps back slowly.*)

*Perbuttee (drawing a dagger.)* Let me gaze upon thee but once again ; or I'll stab thee to the heart.

*Robinson (again looking at her as before)* Woman, from my soul I grieve for thee, but I honor thee. (*Kisses her.*)

*Perbuttee (sobbing.)* Sahib, thou art good, as many of thy nation are ; I would do thee a kindness in return, but my wealth thou despiseth, and my beauty enthralls thee not. How shall I reward thee ? Since thine eyes have looked upon me, and thy presence

hath been so nigh unto me, nor fear of man nor spell of devil hath hold upon me. A dread secret awaits thee. Approach me but once again and listen. (*Whispers and Robinson extremely astonished and perplexed.*) Aye, true as my abounding love for thee and thine!

*Robinson.* Then woman, my love, the love of my nation shall be thine, from the Queen on her throne to the peasant at his plough. I'll see thee again. I must be quick. (*Prepares to go. Alarm sounds.*)

[*Perbuttee exit.*

Haloo, there goes the alarm! What's up? Old Toby riding another hobby. What a rum old card he is, I declare. I feel quite happy. And well I may haloo the alarm again. (*Sounding again.*) Which is it this time? Old Toby smiling and firmly seated on his hobby, or doing his best to get gracefully out of a hobble, cheered on by the mighty Syllie. I declare, I feel like a boy again, with a congenial task before him. (*Laughing and singing*) 'Oh, that will be joyful, joyful! joyful, joyful!' (*Old English hymn.*)

[*Exit.*

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SCENE V.—*A few hedges, trees and grass.*

*Trumpets, and alarms and voices, and confusion of fighting heard. Trumpet blows ('Wheel into Line.')*

*Squadron Officers.* Give the word of command. 'Left wheel into Line. Forward.'

*Col. Toby.* Halt, eyes centre, draw swords. Villainous, most villainous. (*Trumpet sounds.*) Gallop and charge.

(*Trappings; Noise of Battle, &c. &c.*)

*COL. TOBY AND CAPTAIN SYLLIE covered with mud, in breeches and boots, white clothing, make their appearance from behind a hedge.*

*Col. Toby.* My horse pitched me and bolted.

*Capt. Syllie.* Curious; mine first bolted and pitched me.

*Col. Toby.* No wonder Robinson and his squadron such drawswords—one after another, precious sight, more like an infantry *feu de joie*—neither effective, and hardly moral; indeed I may say, quite the contrary. (*Trumpets heard in the rear—looks out.*) I say Syllie, there's Robinson, Capt. Robinson, I mean. He's getting the men together. By Jove, he is on my charger!

*Capt. Syllie (aside.)* I am precious glad it ain't mine.

*Col. Toby.* And there's Heera Sing, on your's. (*Syllie grimaces.*) Now he is speaking to the men with his sword in the air. There goes the trumpet, they're off. (*Trumpets, shots, and shouts of 'Oh Govind! O Nanuck!'*) There goes Robinson, Capt. Robinson, I should say, with his Govinds, and his Nanucks. I say, Syllie, I hope they won't drive the Hullabulloos towards us. Maxim of war. Let us crouch. (*Crouches.*)

*Capt. Syllie.* Oh! let us crouch.

*Col. Toby.* I wonder, will there be any loot. These fellows are well off. We are sure to get Brevets for this—you shall be on the Prize Committee, Syllie, and remember, Syllie, you are a smart—a very smart officer, I can't help remarking it.

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, Colonel, I always wear kid gloves on parade.

*Col. Toby.* And Syllie, I should say Capt. Syllie, President of Prize Committee, I remark yours is the only gilt monogram in the Regiment except Mrs. Toby's.

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, Colonel, and aint my hair the best parted, and the shortest in the Regiment, except your own, Colonel?

*Col. Toby (feeling his bald head.)* True, Mr. President, and Syllie, your overalls.

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, Colonel, I cut them myself. I'll cut you a pair, Colonel.

*Col. Toby.* Thank you, Mr. President. Don't forget, Syllie, a Colonel's share of prize-money is always fths of the whole, or some decimal fraction, Syllie, of that

sort. Poor Robinson, I wish he had'nt stolen my horse, nothing can save him now.

*Capt. Syllie.* Poor Robinson, his prize shares will all be confiscated, but I have no doubt, Colonel, you will spend the money better than him.

*Col. Toby.* Syllie, you flatter me. I overheard Robinson saying you were a flatterer, and something else; fellows use such long names now-a-days, but it had something to do with the Commissariat.

*Capt. Syllie.* Called me something in the Commissariat? What could it be?

*Col. Toby.* Ichabod, I have it. No, I mean Eureka—he called you a fawner and sick—sick—yes sick elephant.

*Capt. Syllie (astonished.)* I'll sick-elephant him and his prize money.

*(Tramplings of horses heard, ROBINSON, HEERA SING, PLUCKY SING and Troopers appear, their white clothes with blood on them.)*

*Robinson.* Well, Colonel, I am glad to say we have gained what little victory there was to gain.

*Col. Toby.* Where's my horse, Capt. Robinson?

*Robinson.* Well, Colonel, I am sorry to say the plucky brute was shot under me, as also Capt. Syllie's under Heera Sing. Both did their duty well though first.  
*(Capt. Syllie grimaces.)*

*Col. Toby.* And what about Capt. Syllie and myself?

*Robinson.* Oh! You'll get compensation.

*Col. Toby.* Oh! I like that Government compensation,—your article, stringently reduced to a minimum, whilst its age is blown out to an absurd maximum by the senior vet of the station, and compensated accordingly. No, master Robinson, you and your squadron drew swords in a manner, I am glad to say, unprecedented in my regiment before, so much so, as to startle the two quietest chargers in the regiment, after which you seize them, and ride them to death. I am afraid,



Sir, Government will hardly take such a lenient view of your conduct, as I could wish; let me do my best.

*Robinson.* I am sorry, Colonel, you're displeased, it was done in the heat of action.

*Col. Toby.* No excuse for stealing, Sir. Fighting is one thing, Sir, stealing is another, Sir.

*Robinson.* The men have looted some splendid mares, which they swore they would shoot, if I didn't take them, Col.,—and you can have them, Sir.

*Col. Toby.* Ah! there is always some hope for a young man when he acknowledges his fault. You may consider yourself out of arrest, Sir, and send me over the mares, and make out a bill for compensation for our horses.

*Robinson.* Thank you, Sir; if you mention our little battle, kindly mention these two Sikh Sirdars.

[*Exit.*

*Capt. Syllie.* But Colonel, our horses are well insured; mention compensation, and our large policies will lapse.

*Col. Toby.* Eh! Syllie, what? Our large policies lapse? Then, perhaps, it's fortunate that the Government give us literally nothing, at all events nothing that would make the smallest policy lapse. You forget Syllie, I'm a Director, I like Robinson and his impudence. Two Sikh Sirdars indeed, the two worst centrers of eyes, and drawers of swords in the Regiment.

*Capt. Syllie.* Yes, the two worst draw-er-ers of eyes, and, centre-er-er-ers of swords in the Regiment.

*Col. Toby.* I can't wait, until that's over.

[*Exit.*

*Capt. Syllie.* The Colonel gone! How rude of him! I must be losing my influence. I have lost my horse already. Col. Toby is a fool, and as my brother is editor of the largest circulated paper in India, Government will soon know it. Fancy taking the slightest remuneration and letting his policy lapse. Wont he catch it from Mrs. Toby? Clever woman Mrs. Toby. Perhaps she'll bag

mine. She has already monogrammed my pukein—I mean purloined my monogram. What's to be done? I'll stick to Robinson, he is the rising man. Let's see what's his weakness. Midnight darkness and loneliness, how awful! I hate 'em both. I must set up a dark lantern, that's awful too. Bloody fights by day, and dark lanterns at night! Every thing's awful.

[*Exit shuddering.*

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SCENE VI.—*A Durbar.*

*Native officers, &c., in plain clothes with two young European officers seated—A glass of water on table.*

*Enter ROBINSON—all spring up.*

*Robinson.* Sirdars, you can sit down. (*All salaam and sit.*) I say, Simmons, I have got something most particular to-day. Don't let a soul move till the matter is shifted to the bottom.

*Simmons.* Yes, sir.

*Robinson.* Sirdars, I wish you to be particular in answering this question—Does any one know where Ressaldar Bloodie Persad's family live? (*All look astonished. Bloodie Persad whispers to Mahomed Buksh next to him.*)

*Mahd. Buksh.* I knew his father, Sahib, in my village. His name was Ram Dass. He died some time ago.

*Robinson.* Did you know Bloodie Persad as a boy?

*Mahd. Buksh.* No.

*Robinson.* Well, for the present, it does not matter, but, ha! ha! ha! who's that? (*Points at Brahmin, takes up Government description and reads.*) 'Third tooth wanting in lower jaw.' Farrier Sergeant, look at his mouth? Is it so?

*Farrier.* Yes, sahib.

*Robinson.* 'A mole near lob of right ear?'

*Farrier.* Yes, sahib.

*Robinson.* And last not least—(*Aside.*) Well done, my poor Mary! (*Aloud.*) ‘Mark of pistol bullet above right temple.’

*Farrier.* Yes, sahib.

*Robinson.* Then, ha! ha! ha! who’s that, I say? Who’s that? Ressaldar Heera Sing, come here. (*Heera Sing rises and comes. Whispers to him.*) Your ancestral property, you old fool! Government reward! Heera Sing, who’s that?

*Heera Sing.* That, sahib, is the Nana of Cawnpore.

(*Brahmin hastily scratches himself with a ring while Bloodie Persad swallows balls of opium. Brahmin falls back, stretches out an arm, and moves a leg.*)

*Robinson* (*absently.*) Look at the vile snaky arm! See he is kicking a baby! Fiend! spare him, my son, my little son. Orderlies, Britishers! Ah! thank God! Brown, my good lad, steady, thank you; let the little chap go, he is all right. Be canny, McDuff, mon; be canny, her hair is long and golden, but aye mon, how tangled! Now aizy, Blake, yer sowl you, be aizy wid you—don’t quite throttle him just yet. Yes, man, give her a kiss, she’s your country-woman. Thank you, my good lads, there—all right, she’s only fainted. And now my boys, all together, a long pull and a strong pull. Tear out his heart. Show—good. Oh! how good!—(*Drops back in a faint. An officer throws water on him. He recovers quickly.*) Aye, where am I? Sorry, gentleman, to have let private matters interfere with public business. I suppose that devil is dead. (*Points at Brahmin Nana.*) But the other man, it’s only opium, I saw it. Farrier Sergeant, fetch the stomach pump.

*Farrier.* Yes, sahib.

(*A Telegram is handed to Robinson.*)

*Robinson.* Haloo! the secret is out. Some Government clerk, I suppose, and here’s the result, just what I thought if it got blown. What on earth is to be done? Listen; (*Reads*) ‘News spread like wildfire that

the Nana is caught. Every British Regiment and Battery within forty miles, marching hard on your station. Officers with them to try and keep order. Men quiet, but very determined. You can draw for a lac. Government places implicit reliance upon your judgment.' I have it, and if it doesn't stop Tommy Atkins, I don't know as much about him, as I thought I did. How goes the pump? Yes, he is getting all right, we want him badly. I suppose, that other devil of devils is dead? Chuck him out, I pity the poor jackals who have to eat him even. Sirdars, you can go.

(*Durbar breaks up, and curtain falls.*)

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SCENE VII.—*A Dog-cart.*

*Bloodie Persad chained on it, hung round with boards upon which are written :—*

DON'T FIRE.

TO BE DISPOSED OF

PUBLICLY.

JACK KETCH, AUCTIONEER.

ROBINSON *is seen standing near the cart in plain clothes. A Trooper, (English Cavalry, Advanced Guard,) reads and moves on. Cavalry Band heard. Cavalry Regiment, with Colonel at their head, appears.*

*Trumpet sounds. 'Halt.'*

*Robinson. (Walks up and salutes.)* I am afraid, you'll have to move on, Colonel; the grass and gram for your Regiment are stored half a mile away. Are there any more mounted troops coming?

*Col.* By Jove, man, I never saw any thing like it, we could hardly out-march the infantry. An elephant Battery is coming up too, and I am afraid the men have been rather hard on the elephants. There's some horse artillery as well, and the Lord only knows how many infantry. Where are we all to get grub? It's

fortunate you have brought down that devil so far. Wherever he goes, the men go.

*Robinson.* I have had provisions collected for 10,000 men, for two days. (*Infantry band heard.*)

*Col.* There comes those infernal flat-foots, close at our heels, by Jove. I never saw them march like that before. I suppose we must move on, confound it! Trumpeter, 'walk, march.' (*This is sounded. Cavalry move on. Men shaking their fists at the dog-cart. Some dismounted European Cavalry troopers appear about. Elephant Battery comes up. Elephants bleeding behind.*)

*1st Trooper.* I say, Bill, look at them bludie helephants.

*Battery Artilleryman.* Bloody elephant? So would you be, if you had out-marched the 'orse artill'ry.

*1st Trooper.* You be blowed! What, you out-march 'orse artillery—you'll be out-marching light cavalry next!

*Garrison Battery Artilleryman.* Light cavalry and 'orse artillery be blowed! That ere chap is going to be rammed down one of our guns and that would be pretty nigh a stopper on yóur blessed mouths, and pop guns. 'Orse Artillery, indced, they tried to gallop past our broad helephants, they did, blow me if they did'nt. Helephants was broad, and road was narrer, they takes to the open country, and there they sticks, but they could'nt be done out of seeing this ere chap, (*points at dog-cart*) so they leaves their horses, and their pop guns to their hofficers, and then the hofficers thinks they must look after the men. In course, heducated ginnamon don't care for sight seeing. Therefore two blessed batteries of Her Ever Blessed Majesty Queen Victoria's Royal 'Orse Artillery, so 'elp me Bob, lies in the mud, with only two black men, and a very black boy to look after 'em, and I 'ope them blacks, will be promoted for it, and be made Sergeant-Majors, of 'orse artillery, for if there's anyth'ing, or one thing, I 'ates, and more than another I

abominates, it's a swaggering Sergeant-Major of 'orse artillery, so 'elp me Bob.

[ *Exit.* ]

( *Infantry band heard close. Advanced Guard appears.* )

*Small Soldier to Sergeant.* I've marched nigh on 40 mile. I am a young recruit, and aint got any more raw brandy or baccy. I have marched up to this ere chap (*shakes his fist at the dog-cart,*) so elp me, Bob! Sergeant, if he was a killing of my favorite sister 1 mile off, I could only just crawl there, and no more, but he's scotched there, thank God, and you have scotched him, Sir, and as you'r a civilian, Sir, let me, or as our officers say, allow me to shake hands with you. (*Goes towards Robinson. They shake hands.*)

*Robinson.* Proud to shake hands, my man, with any soldier that marches 40 miles, and hero's a sovereign for you, my man, (*tears coin off chain*) to drink my health.

*Small Soldier.* I am a ruined man. I knows you're an officer, you're so blo-polite. Beg pardon, sir, I have gone and shook hands with you—just like my luck—water—water. (*He falls down exhausted.*)

(*English, Scotch, and Irish egiments pass—Some of each nation are seen about.*)

*Englishman.* Now they are going to start the cart, my boys. Let us move off with a song. (*Points at small soldier.*)

TUNE.

SONG.

*John Brown and Chorus.*

Little Tommy Atkins lies a dying in the dust,  
His feet they are weary, his poor heart has bust.  
Rise Tommy Atkins, oh ! rise you must !  
Blow your bust heart ; see him swung first.

( *Little Soldier springs up.* )

Chorus.— { Glory, glory, Hallelujah,  
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah,  
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah,  
 W'll see him swung first."

## SCOTCHMAN'S SONG.

Oh ! ye chiel o' the deil, and I ken ye weel,  
 Aye ye had but twa lives, I'd prod ye wi' my steel,  
 Leave him, lads the noo, for the rope and the deil,  
 Aye mickle be his rope, my lads, and muckle be his squeal.  
 Chorus.—Glory, glory, Hallelujah, &c., &c.

(*Band strikes up tune of Kathleen Mavourneen.*)

## IRISHMAN'S SONG.

Kathleen Mavourneen, why art thou weeping?  
 Kathleen Mavourneen, the joy of my heart.  
 What though dead comrades, around us lie sleeping,  
 Vengeance approacheth, Oh ! joy of my heart.  
 Chorus.—Glory, glory, &c., &c.

SCENE VIII.—*A Cell in Jail.*

ROBINSON and BLOODIE PERSAD. *Shouts and yells and roaring of crowd are heard outside.*

*Bloodie Persad.* I suppose they think I am the Nana, and they are hanging me outside the jail, sahib ?

*Robinson.* Exactly, your life is only spared for a time, as you say you have important revelations to make. Out with them.

*Bloodie Persad.* Well, sahib, I suppose the first thing is to catch the Nana.

*Robinson.* I warn you, if you trifle with the Government, you will be hung at once. I saw that devil, the Nana, die with my own eyes.

*Bloodie Persad.* So you did, sahib, for a couple of hours, or so ; I often wished for the secret of that poison.

*Robinson.* I'll telegraph and see if it is true, if not, prepare for death at once.

[*Exit.*]

*Bloodie Persad.* How I could astonish this sahib, like I have many a man and woman, (*shudders.*) Now, isn't that strange? I thought as little once of snuffing out a woman, as putting out a light, but that vision was terrible! To think that *I* should fear women and children! And that clever Brahmin too, who I have never seen foiled in aught,—what a lot of women and children we've..... (*Robinson heard approaching.*) But here comes that accursed sahib, who has foiled even the Brahmin; but now we'll astonish him.

ROBINSON *enters abstractedly.*

*Robinson (aside.)* Too true. (*Aloud.*) I must catch him myself.

*Bloodie Persad* (*puts his leg on the table, leans back in his chair like a European.*) Gammon!

*Robinson.* Gammon?—you don't know English?

*Bloodie Persad* (*trolling out in good English accent.*)

Rolly Polly, gammon and Spinach  
I, Oh! says, Sir Anthony Rolly.

Do you call that English? Know English: I have done Paris, and it strikes me I've done the English, ha! ha! ha! English? Why, I was born and bred a cook-boy in a European Regiment. A kind English lady taught me to read and write English, once learnt "the world became mine oyster." Perhaps, that aint English?

*Robinson (astonished.)* Well, I never!.....

*Bloodie Persad.* I never indeed! Why should'n't I, black and all, have a share in sweet William Shakespeare? I loves 'im (*puts out his tongue.*) I learnt English. It became my mother tongue, ha! ha! ha! after which I became a trusted Brahmin, and therefore rich. A clever Brahmin may be likened to a good Bank. He drops down riches, ha! ha! ha! The number of little girls, with beautiful jewelled ornaments, that used to come playing about my legs, and that Brahmin's, would have tempted a saint. The girls were



little, and the wells were many and big, and I, a trusted Brahmin, became rich, and I went home, ha! ha! ha! In England, of course, I became a Rajah. How very Christianly kind dear friends were. I was "almost persuaded to become a Christian,"—aint that beautiful English? ha! ha! ha! If I go on, I shall split. Somehow I sunk to be a high caste Ressaldar in an Irregular Cavalry Regiment, and here I am now the only man in all India that can catch the NANA. Therefore, I know, my life is most precious to the paternal British Government.

*Robinson.* I'll catch him.

*Bloodie Persad.* You catch him? By the time you come up to him, he'll have passed a competitive examination. When you see him again—of course you won't know him—he will be a *chota* or small lord sahib. Again, when you see him, he will be a *burra* or big lord sahib, and your magnificent Regiment will have to turn out to him. Here he comes, "Attention—Deputy Inspector-General of Peru, Viceroy and Governor-General of Timbuctoo. 'Orse Guards, and Life Guards, Royal 'Orse Artillery." (*Coughs violently.*) It strikes me that's my corps, ha! ha! ha! Now, we'll commence again. "Royal 'Orse Guards and Life Guards, Royal 'Orse Artillery, British, Scotch and H Irish Infantry, carry swords, and present arms. Droop the colours—droop the colours, I say 'the flag that waved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze.'" Rum tum Rum tee diddle. (*Hums the tune of Rule Britannia.*) That's what'll come of your finding him.

*Robinson.* Well, I thought I did know something of niggers.....

*Bloodie Persad* (*smiling and bowing with his hands to his heart*) But not this cro nigger.

*Robinson.* Will you swear to find the Nana?

*Bloodie Persad.* Of course I will swear, bring the Bible, bring the Shastras, the Koran, the Grunth, or the Vedas even.

*Robinson* (*significantly.*) Of Gunga Water?

*Bloodie Persad* (*jumps up frightened, and trembling.*) No, no, no Gunga Water for me, I saw a forsworn man once. (*Trembling and pointing to a corner*) Methinks, I see him now. He foreswore himself, on Gunga's most holy water. He rotted so slowly, so vilely, so terribly from scalp to sole, and sole to scalp. He died; (*'faugh' shudders*) the carrion bird—the carcase-searching jackal, the putrid-loving crocodile refused him. Aye, the very air itself. Even the scorching wind of the Indian desert refused to rot him, and there he lay, and there he lies still for aught I know, (*'faugh' shuddering.*) No, I'll touch, but never drink Gunga's most holy water.

*Robinson.* Then you'll hang.

*Bloodie Persad.* So be it then. (*shudders and trembles.*)

*Robinson.* But you can keep your oath.

*Bloodie Persad.* So I can now, I never thought of that, but perhaps, if I did, the first shock would kill me though (*laughs.*)

[*Exit Robinson.*]

(*Robinson returns bringing a naked and ash-covered Brahmin with a decorated vessel of Gunga water.*)

*Bloodie Persad.* If that isn't Gunga water, my oath is nothing.

*Robinson.* It's out of the most holy well in Benares.

*Bloodie Persad.* How do you know?

*Robinson.* Because it stinks so;—this Brahmin (*points to him*) is the *nakedest*—therefore, holiest in Benares.

*Bloodie Persad.* Holy! How do you know?

*Robinson.* Because he stinks so.

*Bloodie Persad.* Ha! ha! ha! (*Brahmin swears.*)  
*Bloodie Persad on Gunga water.*)

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Robinson in his Quarters, alone.**Enter NATIVE SERVANT with a letter.**Servant.* Two natives are waiting for an answer, sahib.*Robinson.* Let them wait. (*Reads letter.*)[*Exit servant.*]

This is indeed new. Qui Hai.

*Servant (entering.)* Sahib!*Robinson.* Let the two men in.[*Exit Servant.*]

Now what about arms? There are heaps of pistols about somewhere, but I think this little ruler will do. I'll make them think it's a pistol. (*Puts little ruler near him.*) Arms indeed; I feel that were I headless, my quivering limbs should strike them dead, but I'll take good care he shan't bolt (*gets up and stands near door.* As *Bloodie Persad and Brahmin enter he shuts the door, and puts the key in his pocket. The Brahmin is disguised.*)

*Brahmin.* Very nice house this, Persad Sahib; the civilian Sahibs have all nice houses. (*Brahmin looking nervously about.*) I am so glad to hear that accursed Robinson sahib is dead. (*Robinson stands suddenly before him and tears off disguise.*)

*Brahmin.* Salaam, sahib, (*salaams*) I have prayed that you might live.

*Robinson.* Pray now, if fiends can pray, that you may die aright.

*Brahmin.* Sahib, sahib, spare me, sahib. (*Approaches Robinson, on his knees, with out-stretched hands*)

*Robinson (retiring.)* Spare thee! Fool! there are craving millions thirsting for thy noxious life, and I am only one of thousands, that can enjoy neither healthful rest nor food, till thy baneful life leavest thy vile carcase. Crawl no further, or I'll shoot you with this (*takes up ruler.*)

*Brahmin (getting up, with two hands uplifted and with cringing body.)* Sahib, kind sahib, spare me, if it be but till the warrant is signed.

*Robinson.* Warrant? your warrant has been sealed, and signed, and worn next my heart, for years. Here it is (*pulls out a document.*) I'll translate it. "Taking into consideration the discipline of our forces, &c. and so on, be it enacted that the individual called the Nana, when captured, be put to death quickly, before the news of his capture can reach our soldiery." So prepare (*points ruler.*)

*Brahmin (kneeling and crawling snake-like towards Robinson.)* Oh! sahib, sahib, give me but one short half hour; promise me, sahib. The sahib loque are always generous, even to their enemies. Oh! Brave sahib, look at your watch, only half an hour, only half an hour!

*Robinson (retreating.)* Faugh! the fellow crawls like a serpent.

*Bloodie Persad.* His mother's curse works upon him.

*Robinson.* His mother? did she curse him?

*Brahmin.* My mother? Never mind what he says, sahib; Women are not as us. They pine not in the dreary solitude of the zenana, joyfully they endure a mother's agonies, and willingly ascend the funeral pyre, on the death of their husbands.

*Robinson.* Willingly? Forcibly! You devil.

*Bloodie Persad.* Yes, sahib; he forcibly burnt his own mother. (*Aside.*) When he is dead, I shall get the Government reward!

*Robinson (aside.)* How am I to kill the fellow? A sword is too good for him.

*Brahmin.* Oh, one half hour, sahib, one short half hour. Women don't care to die, sahib, but we do; one half hour. (*Crawls, snake-like, after Robinson, who retires behind a table in the centre of the room.*)

*Robinson.* I must do something to stop him; here goes—(*gives him a kick on head.—Brahmin is stunned.—Takes a pistol off a table and pointing at Bloodie Persad.*) Now, do what I tell you, you villian, or look out. You'll

have to kill this brute, as I shan't soil my fingers with him. (*Goes to a drawer, and takes out a long skewer and throws it at him.*) You've been a cook boy in a European Regiment. You must know well what this is; undoubtedly you understand barrack language. Listen and obey. Stoof that into his gizzard. (*Points pistol at him.*) Or I'll na'e gie a saxpence for your life, yer Bloody hathen. (*Cocks the pistol.*) Ram it into his heart, I say.

*Bloodie Persad (stabs Brahmin.)* And now, sahib, give me the Government reward.

*Robinson* Ram, cram, and drive it into the depths of his most damnable heart! Down with it, I say. List (*A groan is heard.*) Let his death-cry wring a joyful melody to my willing ear. List again (*A groan is heard.*) How feebly he dies! Years have I dreamed his death-howl would pierce the ear of affrighted nations, and now hark you, but a gentle murmur, less loud—less mournful far than the helpless wail of my murdered son! So be it! At any rate, my son's avenged! But who or what shall efface from my shuddering soul, the despairing, dying shriek of my dying, my beloved one! Ah, dark fiend! (*Goes towards Bloodie Persad.*) Were ten thousand thousand limbs like thine rent asunder on ten thousand jarring racks, whose melodious music in concerted harmony with a million groans should breathe soft melodies in the ears of the lost—then methinks one brief hour of joy would be mine. So be it. Ten thousand thousand like thee and thou first (*catches Bloodie Persad's wrist who struggles, his wrists are both secured in the grasp of Robinson's right hand.*) Thy struggles are vain! Thou art in the grip of death! (*Takes out clasp knife with left hand, and opens blade with his teeth.*) Soon shall I lave my parched skin from thy flowing veins. I'll disport me—swim, revel, and dive me deep in seas of blood of thine, and ten thousand like thee, and the dark and villainous stream shall be icy chill to my ever-burning, ever-aching brow! Be it but one hour, I shall rejoice and sing aloud. The wind shall no more be

burdened with horrors, nor the birds of heaven ever sing a death song in my listening ear!

*Bloodie Persad.* How fierce he looks now for my military experience.

*Robinson.* Therefore, dark fiend, thou must die. *(Raises his left hand to strike.)*

*Bloodie Persad.* Sir, are you a British Officer?

*Robinson.* British Officer! Ai. Who calls? Methought I was a champing wild boar at bay and rending ten thousand dogs.

*Bloodie Persad.* Look at my wrists *(showing them bleeding.)*

*Robinson.* Now I remember Government reward. The Government reward? *(Laughs.)* You're included in that Government warrant I read, may be I'll have to reward you. You are too vile to live, while I would but too gladly die. You have kept your oath, and shall have a chance. My life is naught to me. *(Takes down a box and opens it.)* Here are two pistols—one of which is loaded, you can have your choice of either. *(Holds pistols towards him. Bloodie Persad trembles.)* Choose, or stay, I'll choose myself.

*Bloodie Persad* *(hastily snatches the one that Robinson was going to take.)*

*Robinson* *(smiling.)* Perhaps, you have the right one?

*Bloodie Persad* *(putting his finger down the barrel and speaking triumphantly.)* Yes, I have the right one, and now, brave Briton, prepare to die.

*Robinson.* Well, fire away, and have done with it. Fire here *(points at his heart.)*

*Bloodie Persad.* No, brave Briton, no. You gave me too great a fright just now; I shall break your spine. Ha! ha! ha! The Nana's mother said he should die as the scotched snake, and so he has, but the snake alive and in all its hooded dangerous beauty, seems to be my lot. Like many a fair beauty, it raises its hooded shining crest, a revengeful hiss, a lightning dart, the prick as it were of the finest needle, and

naught can save; and so chivalrous, and about to be broken-backed Englishman, shall be thy lot. Here's Shakespeare for you. In this glittering barrel, behold the shining crest, this little bullet the sharp, envenomed fang, and in my honied words, the revengeful hiss. I hate you, I always did hate you and yours, and now slowly dying, as thou wilt, I shall despise you, ha! ha! ha! you, the noble, the admired, the good, but soon now crawling, writhing, and helpless. Turn round, chivalrous one, that I may shoot you, as I wish. I can well spare half an hour to see you die so gloriously.

*Robinson.* Shut up (*pretends to fling ruler at him.*)

*Bloodie Persad* (*retreats a step and looks frightened.*)

*Robinson* (*smiling contemptuously.*) I believe now I could get the best of it. You have won my life, take it, fire, and fire at my heart, attempt aught else, and wounded and all, methinks you'll die too.

*Bloodie Persad* (*approaches.*)

*Robinson* (*partially turning his back towards him, his right hand holding the pistol firmly planted against his heart, while his left hand points at his back where Bloodie Persad is to fire. Looking heaven-wards and smiling.*) Dear wife! little son!

*Bloodie Persad* (*aside.*) Ho smiles, he has befooled me. Ah, (*looks at pistol*) the pistol has no cap.

*Robinson.* One short pang, and eternal joys are.....

*Bloodie Persad* (*springs at Robinson's pistol with two hands, throwing down his own.*)

*Robinson* (*hastily picks up the fallen pistol and looking at it.*) Great God, I thank thee, how sweet is life.

*Bloodie Persad.* Ha! ha! ha! You have no cap.

*Robinson.* Cowardly fool! it is a breech-loader. (*Fires.*)

*Bloodie Persad* (*drops but struggles.*)

*Robinson.* I must give him another. (*Puts-in cartridge from case.*)

*Bloodie Persad (struggling.)* Don't fire, your son lives.

*Robinson.* Just like you niggers, it's always sons. Where is she who is to me as a thousand sons?

*Bloodie Persad.* She—she. . . . (*drops back with death-rattle in his throat*)

*Robinson.* That's another lie, I suppose. (*Feels him.*) However, he's dead enough now. What a clever villain he was ' but like them all, o'erreaches himself at last. I must be off to the civil authorities to report the business. I'll take precious good care it's not known too soon this time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II — *A Durbar.*

*Native Officers all seated—Two young European Officers named Timmons and Simmons.*

*Enter ROBINSON—They all rise.*

*Robinson.* Sirdars, be seated. It has pleased the Government to place me now in command of the Regiment, and I have to make you acquainted with their wishes. Ressaldar Major Beiram Khan, your name is Beiram, but that's no reason why you should be so fond of 'aram'. (*To Simmons*) 'Aram,' Simmons, means rest, or laziness. (*To Beiram*) However, Government have granted you a pension, so Beiram, go and 'aram' to your heart's content. Mahommed Buksh, your name is Buksh. (*To Simmons*) 'Buksh' means generosity. Simmons, (*To Mahomed Buksh*) but you should give away what is your own. You have been suspected of the contrary, you'll be dismissed with a gratuity. (*To Simmons*) I wish it was with an ignominy. Ressaldar Heera Sing, you are indeed a 'heera'. (*To Simmons.*) I must tell you Simmons 'heera' means diamond, though sometimes a rough one. (*To Heera Sing*) I think you killed too many men in the last battle.



I have requested Government to fine you heavily for every Hullabulloo you killed, (*native officers smile*) and that will make a large hole in your ancestral property. (*All laugh.*) However, as it was you who first remarked that, that Brahmin was the Nana, here's the Government reward of a lac of Rupees. (*Throws him a bundle of notes, and shakes hands with him.*) You are a brave man, Heera Sing, and you are a loyal soldier of Her Majesty, Heera Sing, and here's the Government Gazette, (*shows Gazette order*) making you a Sirdar Bahadur, Heera Sing, and here's a Cutcherry document restoring all ancestral lands that ever belonged to you or yours, and a great deal more, Heera Sing, and you are granted a year's furlough in the bargain. So go home and enjoy yourself, old chap, (*Heera Sing salaams and smiles,*) and think how the British Government rewards brave soldiers. And now Plucky Sing, Government mean to recognise your services. You are a young man, but that is no reason why you shouldn't be some day older. You're gazetted Ressaldar Major of this Regiment. You too have received a grant of land. Allow me to congratulate you (*shakes hand with him.*) To the rest I have not very much to say. There are a great many good soldiers amongst you, and some bad who will be dismissed. A system of espionage has been introduced unfortunately into the Regiment, which I totally disapprove of, and which shall cease. I shall look to the constituted commissioned authorities in the Regiment to let me know any facts touching the discipline, or welfare of the Regiment, and now warn them, the withholding of such will most likely cost them their commissions. Sirdars, you may go.

[*Exit all.*]

And now, I have attained unto what was once the height of my ambition. I stand at the head of my Regiment with glory and honor, and riches showered on me, but I stand desolate and alone. My fevered and ever thirsty lips have drunk deep of the cup of revenge, and yet I thirst again. This prosperity it killeth me.

Would that I could tread again the dismal swamp, or with bared head and arm stride along the burning Simoon-swept deserts, if peradventure, from among the dank, noxious, creeping malaria-bred plants and parasites of the reeking jungle, or from the dry thorn bush of the scorched plains, mine enemy might creep forth to find that no land, not e'en this ancient, cursed, and mysterious country of dread and wonders, contained either cave or hiding place so awful, so remote, or Sahara so broad or desolate sufficient to stay my unwearied avenging feet, or blind my eager and wandering ken. But, now with the lost hope of revenge vanished is the one joy of my dismal life. Nor honor, nor riches, nor summer breeze, nor soaring lark, nor autumn fall, nor winter fire, for a moment, turn from their accustomed channel my ever-brooding thoughts, so long allied to darkness and death, and fury. Would that I could again rejoice. Rejoice with what? With whom? Once, ah! how long ago, the enlivening breeze of morn and eve wafted unto me glad thoughts, and the laughing prattle of the little children, the golden hair and blue eyes, and merry laugh of the mother; but now the horror-burdened wind shrieks into my distorted and desolate ears sounds of sighs and cries, and recalls sights of woe and agony unutterable to a father's heart! Verily vengeance belongeth not unto me. His body have I ground to powder, and his soul lingers in the regions of the damned, but the accursed arm still liveth, it creepeth, it ever creepeth and crawleth. Behold now the snaky arm and claw-like grasp, it cloudeth, it rendeth the fair, the golden-haired visions.

MRS. ROBINSON *appears with little Boy, held back by a European Servant.*

*Servant.* No ma'am, the doctor says it would kill him to speak to him now.

*Robinson.* Fiend, touch her not. Devil, spare him! My son, my little son! Orderlies, Britishers! They come.

Rejoice once more my heart. Brown, my good lad, quick. There, let him go; thank you my man. Aye Duncan, McDuff mon, be canny mon, be canny, her hair is long and golden, but aye Duncan, mon how tangled. Blake yer sowl, you be aizy now, and now my good lads together a long pull, a strong pull. Tear out his heart. Show good—how good! (*Falls into the arms of his wife.*)

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SCENE III.—*A Drawing Room.*

CAPTAIN ROBINSON *and wife, and child.* *As the curtain rises—laughter heard.*

*Child (eating an apple.)* Oh! papa, such fruit, such big fruit in Cashmere, and oh! papa, I learnt to swim there. Mamma taught me, and she said, papa, you could swim too, but not like me, you know, and papa, Nubbee Bux made me such a beautiful whip. I'll shew it to you (*runs off.*)

*Robinson.* And so my pet, we owe all our present happiness to our old servant Nubbee Bux?

*Mrs. Robinson.* Yes, the dear old man! After I fired the pistol amid the confusion, he hurried us away to his own house, and eventually took us secretly to Cashmere. Oh! Tom dear, let us go to Cashmere. I never dreamt there could be anything so lovely near this horrible country. How happy we shall be again!

*Robinson.* Aye, how happy! methinks I was always happy, and but dreamt the contrary for a brief space. But I must see Nubbee Bux.

*Mrs. Robinson.* But, dear, we should never have got out of Cashmere, but for a rich and beautiful girl, called Perbuttee. She said, she'd seen you, and you looked ill and wretched, and she hurried me down, and is coming to see us; but I hear that old chatter-box Nubbee Bux coming.

*Enter NUBBEE BUX.*

*Robinson.* Shake hands, Nubbee Bux Sahib, Bahadur. Salaam, Nubbee Bux Sahib, salaam—a thousand salaams. What would your son do, Nubbee Bux, when he first saw you after a long absence? I know, Nubbee Bux, he would salaam to your feet. There, ~~Nubbee Bux~~ (*salaams to his feet.*)

*Nubbee Bux.* Nehin, sahib, nehin.

*Robinson.* He would embrace you, Nubbee Bux. There, Nubbee Bux, come to my arms, my buxom boy (*embraces him.*) Don't be ashamed of me, Nubbee Bux, though I am an infidel. I feel now Nubbee Bux, that that fiend is dead, and you alive, that every native is my brother. God bless them all, I say, Nubbee Bux, and make us good masters. Mary dear, give Nubbee Bux Sahib Bahadur the keys, (*gives keys*) all keys, of cash box, of sideboard and Simpkin. (*Robinson suddenly starts, and appears excited.*)

*Mrs. Robinson.* What, darling! we are all here!

*Robinson.* Yes, we are all here, but where's the sugar? our Nubbee Bux's particular weakness, next to cash payments and Simpkin. (*Mrs. Robinson gives keys of sugar*)

*Robinson* (*giving them to Nubbee Bux.*) There, Nubbee Bux, that's for Mrs. Nubbee Bux and all the young Buxes,—sherbet unlimited.

(*Little Boy runs in with official letter.*)

*Little Boy.* Here Papa—(*Robinson reads and whistles, and leaves the room followed by his son.*)

*Mrs. Robinson.* Well, Nubbee Bux, how do you think the sahib is looking?

*Nubbee Bux.* Ah mem sahib, there are few sahibs, like my sahib. Now all the wicked men of the bazaar, budmashes, will salaam to him, and give me dustoorée, when I walk behind him.

*The Nana,*

*(Perbuttee is announced, and embraces in Oriental fashion Mrs. Robinson, looks earnestly into her eyes and kisses her.)*

*Enter ROBINSON in full dress and with aigrettes of a Queen's Aid-de-Camp.*

*Perbuttee (goes towards him and kisses his feet, and takes her place on a footstool near Mrs. Robinson.)*

*Robinson (salaaming.) Salaam, Perbuttee, a thousand Salaams.*

*Robinson (pointing to his uniform and speaking to Mrs. Robinson) Now, madam, order your diamonds and feathers for Court. Look here (points to his aigrettes.)*

*Mrs. Robinson. Ah, there is something extra, but what does it mean?*

*Robinson. Perhaps, the young son knows.*

*Little Boy. Yes, I know, Papa is Aidescamp to the Queen.*

FINIS.





